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Poetry.

ROSE-LEAVES.

LEANDER RICHARDSON.

Rose-leaves from your bosom are falling,
Rose-leaves in a shower of red,
And your eyes brim with tear-drops of pity
For the rose-leaves all shrivelled and dead.

Yet it was in the fire of your bosom
They bent to the finger of doom;
In the hot, scorching flame of your passion
They burned out their fading perfume.

O, my love, as the rose-leaves I tremble,
When I hold you close to my heart,
Lest the flames of your desperate loving
Shall burn us, my dearest, apart.

And if, like the rose-leaves, I fall, dear,
Cast down by death's cruel decree,
Will you know 'twas my passion for you, love,
Will your eyes brim with tear-drops for *me*?

THE HAPPY DEAD.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

"The seasons come and go, and the dead are at peace."

The happy dead—like you and I
When all our earthly years have sped—
In sweet, unbroken slumber lie;
The happy dead!

O'er them the kindly seasons shed
The beauty born of earth and sky,
And peace to perfect silence wed,
The happy dead!

They do not need a tear or sigh,—
Pain from the dreamless dust has fled—
They rest beneath the Eternal Eye,
The happy dead!

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to-day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is death and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The night will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing, golden crown,
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round, red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept.
Along the moonlit highway,
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'Twas thus the king came home.

Our Story Teller.

OUR SPARE ROOM.

For some time after we had been married we lived at Finchley.

Finchley is not a particularly interesting place in itself. It is not town; neither by the utmost stretch of the imagination could it be called country. It is exceedingly difficult to get to the city—where I go every day—from there; or to get anywhere else, for the matter of that. But I think our chief reason for going there to live was that we had the chance of taking a house that had been built by a friend of mine for his own occupation, who found, after it was finished that he would have to live abroad for two or three years. Houses that people build for themselves are always so much nicer than those they build for other people. So we at once decided to take it, and ever since have been trying to get away from it.

We both wanted to live in town, in London proper. I wanted my club handy, and Margaret wanted the bonnet-shops. Choosing a new house is a weighty and important matter, and we braced our minds beforehand by many conversations on the subject, and at last began seriously to house hunt.

We looked at a good many "desirable residences" in the regions of South Kensington and Bayswater, and saw a few that we liked pretty well, and a large number that we did not like at all. A good many of the houses had just been newly and smartly done up for the season—it was the month of February when we began our search—with an evident view of attracting the public. But although they were magnificent with paint, paper, whitewash, and Jacobean mantelpieces, we frequently found that they were deficient in the less apparent details of drainage, cisterns and boilers, with which unimportant trifles the landlord had evidently considered it not worth while to busy himself.

Some houses, on the other hand, were not "done up" in any way, but were dark, dirty and cobwebby, and haunted by cadaverous care-takers. It was useless to try and investigate any of these species, as Margaret refused to go any further than the drawing-room floor, and would not entertain the idea of them for a single instant. "First impressions are everything," she would remark emphatically, when I tried to convince her that painting and papering were not yet lost arts, and that the care-taker would not, of necessity, form part of our establishment.

Our house-hunting was, therefore, a long business, and we made quite a picnic of it, Margaret declared, for we frequently retired to a confectioner's for afternoon tea, instead of going back to Finchley for that meal, which was always a great point with Margaret. She would not have thought the day complete without it. So, as the afternoons at the end of February are long and light, we frequently walked about looking at houses until nearly 6 o'clock.

One evening, as we were sitting together in my smoking-room after dinner, talking, as we usually did, about our prospective new house, Margaret seemed suddenly to be struck with an idea.

"Charley," she said, leaning forward in her chair and placing her pretty little forefinger on her pointed chin as she spoke, "there is one thing that our new house must not have, and that is a spare room."

"No spare room!" I cried, nearly dropping the end of my cigar in my surprise. "Why, where shall we keep all our boxes, my dear; and your sewing machine, which you never use; and——"

"I mean spare bed-room," interrupted Margaret, reprovingly. "And I wish you wouldn't say 'my dear,' it makes me feel so old."

"Old!" I said, astonished and mystified.

"Yes," returned Margaret. "Mr. Whitelock calls his wife 'My dear,' and they are both over 70."

This argument was unanswerable. I did not attempt to refute it.

"Well, then," I continued. "My—my love," ("Ah! that's better," said my wife), "would you mind explaining to me your objections to that time-honored institution, a guest chamber? Are you afraid of a ghost taking up its quarters with us?"

"No," answered Margaret, still keeping her finger on her chin and regarding me with a fixed and steadfast gaze. She had not even blanched when I alluded to the sewing machine. "But in London, he who keeps a spare room keeps a hotel."

It was too true. I dropped the end off my cigar into the grate outright, while visions of Aunt Georgina, from Leamington, "just running up from Saturday till Monday," with her maid, her asthmatic pug, and her array of imperials, coursed through my brain.

Aunt Georgiana—she was Margaret's aunt, not mine—had frequently performed this athletic feat since our marriage, and we had soon found out that her "Saturday till Monday" was not by any means the same as that period of time recorded in the almanacs. It was sometimes a week, but more often ten days, and it had been known to extend itself to a month. I do not think we either of us absolutely disliked Aunt Georgina. In fact, if any one had asked us what we particularly objected to in her, We should have been somewhat puzzled to reply; but she was like a rich plum-pudding—a little of her went a long way.

They say that everything comes to those who wait. Still more does everything come to those who search long and diligently enough, and in due time our house was found. It was in every way satisfactory. It had been freshly done up with paint, paper, and the newest things in mantelpieces and dados, and a proper attention had been paid to such things as drainage, gas-pipes and boilers. It was in the Bayswater direction; it was close to an omnibus route; it was only a shilling cabfare distance to my club, and there was a very tolerable bonnet-shop not far off. In fact, Margaret said that by putting her head out of the bath room window and craning her neck only a very little she could just catch a glimpse of it.

But in this world of ours, unfortunately, there is no rose without a thorn, no supreme good without some drawback. Our house had a spare room.

To be sure, as Margaret observed, when we talked this over after quite settling upon the house, we might have known that we must have a spare room, as there were only our two selves, the servants, and a very limited assortment of boxes and trunks to stow away. "And you know you wouldn't like to live in a very small house, Charley," she added, "even if we could have found one in this part of London."

I assented to this.

"Anyway," continued my wife, "I shall not furnish the room as a bed-room."

"Well, that was the original idea," I replied.

At last we were settled in our new house. I will not attempt to describe our removal and subsequent establishing of ourselves and our furniture. It was not pleasant to go through the experience, and it is not pleasant to recall it. I think Margaret and I came as near having a quarrel as we ever did in our lives—at that time. It all floats through my mind as I think of it. A confused dream of bedsteads and sideboards in the drawing-room, wardrobes in the dining-room, Dresden china and mirrors in the kitchen, Maple's men and strange cats everywhere, tinned-beef dinners, and a general all-pervading atmosphere of straw.

But at last it was all over, and Margaret triumphantly declared that the house looked as if we had lived in it for years. I thought it rather a dubious compliment, but I did not tell her so.

One morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, a letter was brought in and handed to my wife. "The postman is late this morning," she said, as she took it. I said nothing; I had caught a glimpse of the handwriting and a huge golden monogram on the envelope. It was from Aunt Georgina.

I laid down my knife and fork and looked blankly across the table at Margaret, who looked blanker still. She had just spread a piece of toast with marmalade—although she was in the middle of eating an egg—in sheer desperation and self-abandonment.

"I can't read it," she said presently, tossing the letter across to me. "It looks as if she had written it with her left hand and her eyes shut."

I deciphered its contents with some difficulty, and then read it aloud to Margaret. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR MAGGIE ("I wish she wouldn't call you Maggie," I said): So I hear you are established in a new town house. I think of running up next Saturday till Monday, just for a change of air for myself and Boulotte (Boulotte was her pug), and to have a peep at the fashions. May I occupy your spare room? Of course you have a spare room. I know the delightful plan of all London houses. All news when we meet. Your affectionate

AUNT GEORGINA.

To-day was Monday; she had not given us a long notice of her coming.

"To think of her trying to make us believe that she is really only coming from Saturday to Monday," said Margaret, scornfully. "I don't see how she could 'peep at the fashions' between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, unless she means she is going to study the bonnets in church."

"Well," I said, dividing my morning paper into two, and giving Margaret the part with the births, deaths and marriages, which she always likes to see; "It's awkward, her wishing to come to us just as we have decided not to have a spare room, but we can easily write and say we haven't one."

"No," said Margaret, shaking her head sagely, "that would never do. In the first place, she would be very much offended, and she mustn't be offended, for you know, Charles, I have some expectations from her—though it is not much." That was very true. "Then," she continued, "our not having her to stay in this house will not prevent her coming up to town. She will come all the same, and stay at a hotel. She will walk in upon us directly she arrives—Saturday afternoon, very probably. She will, of course, expect to be shown all over the house; and it will strike her as rather peculiar why we have left our large front bedroom on the third floor empty. You know the horrid way she always notices everything. She will bear down upon me with an avalanche of questions, and probably get everything out of me before I know where I am. No! What we must do is to turn that room into some other kind of room—not a bed-room," she concluded somewhat vaguely.

It was time for me to go to the city, so we did not discuss the matter any more just then.

As I have said, this was Monday, and by Wednesday evening we had not come to any decision about our spare room. But Margaret had written a polite though I am afraid, rather hypocritical note to Aunt Georgina, saying that unfortunately we possessed no spare bed-room and entreating her to take up her quarters at the Paddington Hotel and give us as much of her society as possible.

On Wednesday evening we began seriously to discuss our spare room; time was getting short. Margaret could suggest nothing but a picture gallery or a private chapel; but as we had no pictures worth speaking of, and there was a church in the next street, the suggestion could hardly be called a good one; and my idea of turning the room into a kitchen—as the sanitary-folk tell one that the kitchen should be at the top of the house—was received by Margaret with scorn and contumely.

"Fancy one's dinner coming down to one instead of up," she said; "how dreadful it would be. I'm sure I should never be able to eat a morsel."

"I don't quite see the objection," I replied mildly, "unless you think it would be a 'come down;' and, in any case, your dinner must go down when you eat, you know."

Margaret took no notice of this remark. It is always a point of honor with her not to see any of the jokes when they are at her expense. She did not even smile.

"It would be horrible," she went on. "I should feel that the next thing would be I should have to wear divided skirts and stockings with toes to them."

"I thought stockings always had toes," I said, but Margaret vouchsafed me no reply, not condescending to inform me that she referred to Dr. Jaeger's new system, where the toes of the stockings are separated like the fingers in a glove.

The next day, as I was sitting in my office, a brilliant idea suddenly rushed posthaste into my mind. It was so brilliant, and also I felt that the time was getting on so fast, that I decided to go home at once and communicate it to Margaret. I was rather proud of it, for, as a rule, I do not have so many brilliant ideas as she has. Therefore I at once left the office, although it was only 3:30; and hailing the first respectable-looking hansom that I could see, drove rapidly home.

I dashed up stairs into the drawing-room.

"Oh, Charley!" she said; how you startled me. I was altering a dress, and I thought you were a caller." And she pulled out her paraphernalia from under the sofa, where she had hastily huddled it.

"Margaret," I cried, "I have an idea!"

"What?" she said, and looked as astonished as if I had said I had got a megalosaurus in my pocket.

"I have an idea about the spare room," I gasped, for I was very much out of breath with my rapid ascent of the stairs. "We will—make it—into—a billiard room." And I sank into an arm-chair. "Get on your hat and we will go out and order a billiard table at once."

"A billiard-room! Of course! The very thing!" ejaculated my wife. "Why didn't we, either of us, think of such a simple thing before?" I was not quite so sure about the simplicity of it—as regarded the cost, at any rate.

When Margaret had got her hat and I had recovered my breath, we sallied forth, my wife perpetually wondering all the way into Oxford street why we had not thought of such a simple thing before. "Besides," she said, "only think of the cheapness of furnishing a billiard-room. Why, you absolutely want nothing except a table and a few seats."

"A carpet, though, would rather improve the appearance of the room, would it not?" I ventured to put in.

"Well, yes, but a carpet is not furniture."

I was silent, but I did not feel so thoroughly convinced of the cheapness of the arrangement. The cost was certainly the least brilliant part of my idea, I could not help thinking.

Before we went home to tea that afternoon we had ordered a square of Turkey carpet, a capital second-hand full-sized billiard-table and a few leather-covered seats to put round the room. The carpet was to be made a fixture the next day; there was no difficulty about that part of the business, but the table and seats could not be sent till Saturday morning.

It was running things very close! Suppose Aunt Georgina and the billiard-table were to make their entry into the house at the same time? We were not a stone's throw from the Great Western Hotel, and she was sure to come round directly she arrived—she was one of those people who must air their tongues.

But no, On second thoughts such a horrible rencontre would be unlikely. Saturday is only a half day, and the men would be sure to want to get their work over early. It was also extremely improbable that Aunt Georgina would arrive before the afternoon. Still, in spite of all this, we both felt a little nervous, and we talked a good deal about it during dinner, and afterwards when we retired to my little snuggery of a smoking room, opposite the dining room.

About 9 o'clock we heard the postman's knock, and Margaret flew to get the letters. She brought back a post card from Aunt Georgina, and we nearly tore it in two with both trying to read it at the same time—though there was not much to read: "I shall arrive to-morrow morning at the G. W. Hotel, and shall look in upon you some time in the afternoon," was all the information it gave us.

I drew a long breath of relief.

"By Jove! What a blessing!" I said. "By the time she arrives here our spare room will be a full-fledged, business-like looking billiard-room, and she will suspect nothing."

I am sure we both slept better that night than we had all that week.

Directly breakfast was over and the next morning we began to expect our men. I had taken a whole holiday—or I should say a half one, as I always came home early on Saturdays—in the honor of the billiard-table and Aunt Georgina. When 10 o'clock struck, Margaret affirmed it as her opinion that the men were not coming at all. I tried to disabuse her of the idea. But when 11 and 12 had struck and still there were no signs of them, I began to be alarmed myself, and Margaret walked up and down between the back and front drawing-rooms like a bear in a cage or a tragedy actress rehearsing her scene.

I had just gone to my study for a newspaper, when, half way down the stairs, I heard a shriek from Margaret. I hurried back at once. She was standing at the window. "Come! come!" was all that she could say. "What is it?" I cried, rushing to the window. "The billiard table?"

Alas! it was no such vision of bliss. A four-wheeled cab had just drawn up at our door, from the windows of which was seen protruding the crumpled black face of a pug and a huge nosegay of flowers.

"Perhaps it is some one come to the wrong house," I said faintly, catching at a straw. But the next moment this straw was swept away from me, as a stout, fair lady in a towering floral bonnet stepped gingerly out of the vehicle, pug in one hand and flowers in the other. It was no optical delusion. It was Aunt Georgina.

In another minute she would be in the drawing-room. What were we to do? Margaret, however, did not lose her presence of mind even in this unlooked-for and awful crisis. In all the five years of our married life I have never known it desert her.

"Now, Charley," she said emphatically, "what we have to do is to occupy her and keep her in this room till the billiard-table arrives." She looked pale, but dauntless, and I felt my courage rising by force of example.

"Supposing the table doesn't come at all?"

"It's sure to come," she said, catching her breath; "and try not to look as if anything was the matter."

"Well, and here I am, you see!" cried a high-pitched voice. And Aunt Georgiana sailed into the room, pug dog, flowers and all, diffusing an overpowering odor of patchouli around her. "I thought you wouldn't mind my dropping into lunch. I really couldn't wait any longer to see my dear Maggie." (Here she rapturously kissed my wife.) "Besides," she added, candidly, "they had nothing I could eat at the hotel; so I left Hawkins there with my luggage and came on to you straight. I've brought you some flowers out of my garden. Of course I know London florists are perfection, but, after all, there's nothing like the real article."

One might have supposed from Aunt Georgina's speech that London florists were in the habit of supplying their customers with artificial blooms. We both murmured our thanks and our delight at her premature appearance, while I stooped down and patted the pug's broad back, by way of conciliating its mistress.

"Ah, isn't she a dear creature?" cried Aunt Georgina, seizing her in her arms to kiss her. "You're a beauty, aren't you, my lovey-dovey?"

The lovey-dovey snorted and wheezed so apoplectically, in answer to this endearing squeeze, that it seemed as if it woul dnever be able to get its breath again. So Aunt Georgina deposited her in a velvet-covered arm-chair, while she went round the drawing room, with Margaret's arm locked in hers, her gold double eye-glass up, exclaiming at and admiring by turns everything she saw, while I followed in her wake, trying not to look as nervous as I felt.

Suddenly, in one of the few and distant pauses in Aunt Georgina's conversation, or rather monologue, I again heard the sound of wheels stopping at our door; very heavy wheels this time. By ill-luck she was just nearing the front windows, after having made the tour of the room. At once her gold eye glass was up in its place.

"Why, I declare!" she exclaimed. "That huge thing looks as if it were stopping at your door. You don't mean to say you've been buying a grand piano, you extravagant children?"

It was the billiard-table!

I looked at my wife, feeling as if my heart, and, indeed, the whole of my inside, were slowly but surely sinking down into my shoes. I wished the earth would open and swallow me up. But the earth, which is seldom as complaisant as one would desire under such circumstances, refused to budge.

Margaret was clasping her hands behind Aunt Georgina's brown silk back. In another moment I felt all would be lost; when all of a sudden, in the back drawing-room, arose an unearthly howling and screeching. Margaret's Persian cat had just strolled lazily into the room, in search of a particular arm-chair which she loved, when she was roughly accosted, almost on the threshold by Boulotte, who, though somewhat averse to attacking her own species, was not particularly afraid of a cat. But Mrs. Flug, not appreciating the fun of the thing, boxed her ears soundly two or three times, and a regular scrimmage ensued.

Aunt Georgina flew to soothe her howling favorite, while the cat, who had jumped on to a neighboring cabinet, to the imminent peril of Margaret's collection of gimcrack pottery, glowered with angry green eyes at her cowardly assailant, her tail the size and consistency of a sweep's chimney-brush.

It was none too soon! As I looked out of the window, the men were just hoisting the table out of the cart.

"You keep her here," Margaret whispered hurriedly to me. "I must go and look after them, and tell them not to tread heavily." And she vanished from the room.

It is not too much to say that at this moment I was fairly terrified. If I failed, I was responsible to Margaret. I felt a violent desire to seize Aunt Georgiana by the by the arm and march her up and down the room, as they do a person who has swallowed a narcotic poison. A minute more, and the men's feet were distinctly audible tramping past the drawing-room door. If my wife had told them not to tread heavily, they were certainly not observing her injunctions.

"Dear me!" said Aunt Georgina, putting up her eye-glass as if it enabled her to hear better. "You don't mean to say that you have workmen in the house still?"

"I think it is some men coming to look at the pipes," I replied. Pipes seem usually the things that workmen come to a house to look at, so I felt it was a safe thing to say, though not strictly true.

But Aunt Georgina seemed bent on investigating things for herself. In fact, her hand was already on the door, while a thrill of horror shot through me, when, fortunately, the door itself arrested her attention. Margaret, who is an adept at painting—on anything but paper (that is to say, she paints on wood, china, terra cotta and plush; but paper she says she can never manage)—had spent some weeks in decorating the drawing-room doors, and the result was eminently charming.

"It is very well done, indeed—very well done," she said, peering through her glasses at my wife's artistic productions. "Those fox-gloves seem growing up quiet naturally out of the ground. By the way, where is Maggie gone to?" she exclaimed the next moment, sinking down on a sofa which stood near.

"I—I think she has gone to look after the luncheon," I stammered. "You see, we are young housekeepers even yet." And I smiled a destiny smile. I caught a reflection of myself in the mirror opposite, and it seemed to me that I had absolutely *aged* since I had got up that morning. "My hair will be white soon," I thought, "if this sort of thing goes on much longer."

"Dear me!" said my Aunt Georgina, suddenly starting up from her seat, and dropping the eyeglasses through which she had been steadfastly regarding me for some time. "While Maggie is busy, why should you not show me all over the house? It will be a capital opportunity, and the stairs will give me an appetite for luncheon."

I groaned inwardly. I had been dreading that she would make this request all along.

"I—I'm afraid there's nothing to see," I stammered lamely.

"Nothing to see!" echoed Aunt Georgiana. "I conclude, if there is nothing worth seeing in the rooms, there are the rooms themselves? Are you afraid of its taking too long? I should think if, as you say, you do not possess a single spare room to offer a visitor, that is not likely."

This was said rather stingingly, and I felt that it required a decided answer of some kind. Another crisis had come. I screwed up my courage to the sticking point; though, like "Macbeth," I felt that I was nothing without my wife.

"To tell you the truth, aunt," I began, in desperation, "I am afraid Margaret would not at all like my showing you over the house without her. Indeed I am sure she would be awfully disappointed. She has been talking about your coming all the week," I went on, warming with my theme; "and looking forward to taking you all over the house and showing you the new furniture herself, and would be awfully cut up, I'm sure, if I were to play cicerone without her."

I felt my own man again after thus asserting myself, and Aunt Georgina at once looked mollified. It was a happy thought of mine.

I had still another *mauvais quart d'heure* before Margaret made her appearance, during which I industriously piled my charge with photograph albums and books of prints. As for the billiard-table men, I thought they must have taken their departure up the chimney, for I heard no more of them on the stairs.

Words fail me to express how delighted I was when the dear girl came back to relieve guard. I don't think she had ever made me so happy since the day she said she would be my wife. The luncheon bell rang very soon after, and as we were going down stairs she managed whisper to me, while Aunt Georgina was attending to her pug, that the table was all right, but the seats had not come.

"So I took the large arm chair out of your dressing room, and one or two chairs to put against the walls, and the room looks all finished off. They've fixed the rack up, too, and it looks lovely. I made the men take off their shoes before they went down again. I told them there was some one ill in the house."

"Margaret!" I said reprovingly.

"It's all right," she replied; "the cook's got the toothache. There's no deception."

Our ordeal was over and we were safe. We had a most delightful luncheon. Aunt Georgina, who always enjoys her food, thoroughly appreciated it, and I opened a bottle of my best champagne in her honor. She was in high good humor, and when afterward we escorted her in triumph over our house, she did not turn up her nose at a single thing, not even at Margaret's many colored early-English bed-room candlesticks, which I own I can never hold without a shudder.

Her one disparaging remark was made when, just as she was leaving the house, she turned round to my wife, who was standing in the hall, and said:

"Your house is absolutely perfection; the only drawback to it is, that you have no spare room."

AN ANTE-WAR ALGEBRA.

Gen. D. H. Hill's Plan of Making Yankeedom Odious to School Children.

A friend has handed in an old volume which is old enough to be new. It is a treatise on algebra, and a very good one in the main, written by Gen. D. H. Hill, the well-known Confederate corps commander, when he was professor of mathematics in Davidson College, North Carolina, just before the war. The examples by which he illustrated his text, while interesting, cannot be as highly commended as the plan of his work. They indicate the kind of sectional training which the youth at this institution received. The following are examples:

"A man in Cincinnati purchased 10,000 pounds of bad pork, at one cent per pound, and paid so much per pound to put it through a chemical process, by which it would appear sound, and then sold it at an advance price, clearing $450 by the fraud. The price at which he sold the pork per pound, multiplied by the cost per pound of the chemical process, was three cents. Required the price at which he sold it, and the cost of the chemical process."

"The field of battle at Buena Vista is six and a half miles from Saltillo. Two Indiana volunteers ran away from the field of battle at the same time; one ran half a mile per hour faster than the other, and reached Saltillo five minutes and 54 6-11 seconds sooner than the other. Required their respective rates of travel."

"A Yankee mixes a certain number of wooden nutmegs, which cost him one-quarter of a cent a piece, with a quantity of real nutmegs worth four cents apiece, and sells the whole assortment for $44, and gains $3.75 by the fraud. How many wooden nutmegs were there?"

"A gentleman in Richmond expressed a willingness to liberate his slave, valued at $1,000, upon the receipt of that sum from charitable persons. He received contributions from 24 persons; and of these there were fourteen-nineteenths fewer from the North than from the South, and the average donation of the former was four-fifths smaller than that of the latter. What was the entire amount given by the latter?"

How to Avoid Nightmare.

I advise self-examination to commence with: Are you infringing any of the simple rules of health? Do you go to bed in time, after a day in which occupation, rest and exercise have each been attended to—a day in which nothing indigestible has been either eaten or drank? How about the morning bath? Is your appetite weak? A cupful of hot water and a little sugar with a slight squeeze of lemon taken before breakfast and dinner is an excellent and safe digestive tonic. For the young—I do not refer to children—a teaspoon of syrup of the phosphates, taken twice a day in a wineglass of cold water for a fortnight at a time, will be found a wonderful spirit-raising and nerve-soothing tonic.

Is your heart weak? This may be merely functional, but if you suffer from palpitation or fluttering, by all means consult a medical man.

As to the medicines; everything in the shape of narcotics and stimulants must be sedulously avoided. The very mildest aperients do good if taken occasionally, those that act on the liver to some extent being the most effectual. Tonics may also be used, but never longer than a fortnight at a time, then miss a week. A warm bath occasionally, just before going to bed, may also be advisable; at all events, the maintenance of the skin in a healthy, working condition is imperative, if we would avoid all nightmares and their depressing consequences.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

The Age of Women.

Some years ago a certain will left the sum of 10,000 francs, the interest of which was to be given annually to a young unmarried woman of the working classes, who, by her capacity and good conduct should be in a position to marry with the help of a little money. In carrying out the will it became necessary for the Prefect of the Seine to determine the exact significance of the words "young woman," and he has decided that they include the period between 21 and 30. This will meet with only contemptuous rejection from the sex at large, at least that portion of it which has passed the fatal limit. A woman is as young as she looks, just as a man is as young as he feels, and a really capable woman is never 30 until she is 40 or married.

The Parrot Talks.

Rev. Mr. ——:—My dear, I've brought you this pretty parrot to cheer your hours when I am away. He can't talk yet, but we'll soon teach him; won't we, pretty polly?

Pretty Polly—Not by a —— sight!

A Gentle Shower.

She—Is it raining very hard?

M. le Baron (who has just heard the expression "to rain cats and dogs")—Non, only a leetle; it is raining kittens and puppies.

Humor.

SHE EXCITED THEIR CURIOSITY.

The Romance of a Lockport Girl and What Came of It.

At Lockport a pretty and stylishly-dressed young lady boarded the train and it was not long before a gentleman with whom she was acquainted sauntered through the car, and spying her, seated himself by her side, according to the Rochester *Herald*. They immediately began making inquiries of each other concerning the whereabouts of mutual friends. A commercial tourist who sat just ahead was endeavoring to read, but the continued clatter made it impossible. At last her companion made some inquiry about some individual named "Charley," and straightway her tongue wagged faster than ever.

"We quarrelled a while ago," she said. "He told me once he did not smoke or drink, and I believed him until a friend told me something which made me think that he had deceived me."

At this statement the commercial man gently smiled, as he pretended to bury himself still deeper in his paper.

"Yes," continued the young lady, "for over a year I thought he didn't smoke or drink. I hadn't been around much, had always lived at home, and when he told me that he had no bad habits, why I was ignorant of the world and I believed him."

The commercial man was getting deeply interested in the little romance, and another of the profession, a few seats ahead, laid down his paper and quietly became one of the audience. As the girl continued the number of listeners increased until all those in her vicinity had ceased their efforts to kill time and were anxiously wondering whether it was going to "end well," as they would of a novel. The girl, all unconscious of the interest she had excited, continued:

"Well, one day a short time ago, a friend of mine told me he had seen Charley in a saloon, right up to the bar. Why, I was so dumb-founded I could hardly believe it. But he said he could not have been mistaken. He knew Charley well and had spoken to him. I went right up to my room and took off my engagement ring and sent it back to Charley with a note saying that I wished never to hear from him again."

The audience looked deeply pained at this announcement, but a sense of delicacy refrained from expressing its disapproval. Her companion, however, said:

"Yes, I was just going to tell you more. About a week ago I——"

"Rochester, change cars," screamed a diabolical brakeman.

The conversation was interrupted and the young lady began to gather up her wraps and bundles. As the train pulled into the depot the commercial traveler just in front of the maiden heaved a deep sigh and button-holing a fellow-traveler, he said anxiously:

"Say, ask her whether they made up, will you? I bet you the cigars you dare not."

"I'd like to know myself, but I don't see how we can find out," was the response. The two looked at the young lady as she passed into the waiting room. For once they were sorry that Rochester had been reached so soon.

The New Servant.

A down-town housekeeper secured the services of a female servant and three days' experience led to the impression that she had got a veritable jewel. She was industrious, careful and reticent. The female servant was particularly reserved with the daughters of the mistress, and the young ladies were congratulating themselves upon the fact of having in the house a domestic who knew how to attend to her own business. They soon discovered that the aforesaid servant regarded herself as an individual who would stand no familiarity from any person of a lower degree than the master or mistress of the house. It came about in this way:

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" called one of the young ladies, directing her voice to the locality of the exemplary domestic.

There was no response.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" again called the young lady. Not a word, not a movement indicated that the call had been heard, and it was repeated. Then the exemplary servant condescended to move toward the caller. When she reached her she said:

"My name, young lady, is Mrs. ——, and that is the way I am usually addressed by persons or strangers. The privilege of addressing me by my Christian name is accorded only to the mistress of the house and to my very intimate friends." And she bestowed upon the offender a look of haughty disdain.

The young lady was crushed.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Gentle Woman's Revenge.

Husband and wife had had a little tiff. He buried his nose in a morning paper, while she gazed out the car window with persistent intentness. Thus an hour and thirty miles passed. A lady entered the car. Husband dropped his paper and looked at her admiringly.

"Ah," said he, "that's a fine woman. And a widow, too. Don't you think she's handsome?"

"Yes, rather. You seem to like widows."

"Indeed I do. They're just charming."

Husband evidently thought this would pique his partner. But it didn't.

"Alfred," said she, tenderly, and placing her hand softly on his arm, "Alfred, I guess I was in the wrong a little while ago, when I became angry at you, and I'm sorry, so sorry. Will you forgive your little wife?"

"Certainly. Don't say another word about it."

"And will you grant a little request I have to make of you, hubby dear?"

"Of course. Anything that lies in my power."

"You say you think widows are so charming?"

"Yes; I did say so, but—"

"Then make me one; that's a good husband mine. Oh, I shall be so happy."

A Very Bad Give-Away.

The *Carson Appeal* reports a jury trial in Nevada: "A few days ago there was a small civil suit tried before the justice of Pizen Switch. It is always customary in such cases to have the winner of the suit pay the fees. The plaintiff, a big, raw-boned rancher, was called on to pay the jury of six $2 apiece. He immediately stood up in court and queried:

"Pay the jury $12?"

"Yes," replied the court.

"Look a-here, judge, ain't this sorter piling it on thick? I just paid four of them fellers $20 apiece. Do they want the earth, summer fallowed?"

The dead silence in the room was broken by a slight snicker from defendant's attorney. The bailiff called everybody to order and the jury filed out without asking for fees.

No Fear of the Future.

A little New York boy was found by his mother crying bitterly.

"What is the matter?" she asked tenderly.

"Why, mamma, I am so young."

"But what of that, my child?"

"I—I—I—am afraid all the offices will be all gone in Dakota before I am big enough."

"Never fear, my son," replied his brave mother, "we have captured the legislature and it now makes new offices every time it meets. Cheer up and remember that the administration will provide."

Martial Discipline.

As the bearskin companies stood in th Garfield circle on Thursday at the unv eil ing of the statue, the hot sun made the boys wilt, and a good many hats came off. "We would put those fellows under arrest if they were regulars," said an old officer on the platform.

"You bet," replied another. "I sat on a court martial at West Point when a cadet was tried for brushing a fly off his nose while on parade."

"Who was that?"

"That little rooster over there in front dressed in a brass foundry."

"What! Phil Sheridan?"

"No other. And he got three days for it, too."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mamma Generally Has Her Own Way.

Lady—Dick, you haven't told me all about that new baby.

Little Dick—I don't know much about it yet. It only got here this morning.

"But you haven't even said whether it is a sister or a brother."

"Well, it looks like a little brother, but mamma says he is goin' to be a sister, an' I suppose he will."

Not a Pugilist.

"There goes the champion light weight."

"That so? He doesn't look like a fighter."

"He isn't; he's a coal dealer."

Her Button-Hook Feller.

Scene—Interior of a variety store. Enter a tall, beardless, cherub-faced youth wearing a six-inch collar, a cape overcoat, a single eye-glass and a crook-handled cane. He saunters toward one of the counters with an assumed air of unconcern.

"There comes your button-hook feller, Grace!" calls out a girl at the opposite counter. Grace looks up and smiles. The proprietor of the store from a dark corner takes in the situation and smiles benignantly. Grace is one of the prettiest girls in the establishment, rejoicing in the possession of a confiding pair of eyes, a sweet expression and a very captivating dimple.

"Au now," says our apology for a man, "see heah, Gwace, doncherno, weally I cawnt say what's become of me button hook, doncherno; now that's a deah good girl, let me have another, doncherno." And with some difficulty he extracts a dime from a capacious but consumptive-looking imitation alligator pocket book and pays for his purchase, all the while shooting destructive glances from the focus of his eye glass in the direction of the sweet smile and the captivating dimple. Then he pockets his package and walks out with his elbows at an angle of 45 to his center of rapidity.

"Why," said girl number two to the somewhat mystified reporter, "that's a regular horse-chestnut. The dudes come in here every day to look at Grace, and, as an excuse for coming, buy some cheap article that they don't want. That's the sixteenth button-hook that feller has bought within a week to my certain knowledge."

An Inducement to Early Marriage.

Constance is very young, but she is also better worth quoting than most grown people. Her envy was somewhat aroused by the fact that a wedding was about to take place in the family of her little playmate, and that the playmate thereby had the advantage of her; so she remarked, very complacently, to her little friend's mamma:

"Mrs. ——, did you know that I was engaged to be married?"

"Why, no, Conny. Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm engaged to Fritz Ward" (small boy of her acquaintance.) "He doesn't know it, but I've got to explain it to him."

Well, Conny, do you expect to be married soon?"

"Well, I hope so. The fact is, I'm tired of being spanked, and I think we'll be married very soon."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Might Give Them Away.

"Now Nellie, I cannot restrain myself any longer," whispered a lover to the girl of his heart. "I must tell you how much I love you."

"Not now, Harry dear," said she. "Not now. It is not the proper place nor the time."

"Why, my darling, we are secluded from the gaze of the idle world and it is just dusk, the most delightful time in the world for uttering love secrets."

"But Harry, I pray you desist; do not whisper love to me at this time for the dew is falling."

"Nonsense, little girl," replied he; "the dew will not hurt you."

"I know that Harry, but the dew will 'get onto' the secret."

That's the Way They Do It.

Lady—Of all things! Mr. Blank, the dry goods man, has bought that beautiful house across the way.

Husband—He can well afford to. He is worth a million.

"Why, who left it to him?"

"Nobody. He made it in his business."

"Don't see how. He's always selling goods below cost."

Nature's Mysterious Ways.

Western Man—"From Delaware, eh?"

Delaware Man—"Yes, I have been sent out to confer with railroad officials on the possible effect of the inter-state commerce bill in moving the Delaware peach crop this summer."

"Ah! I see. What are the prospects for the crop so far this spring?"

"Well, if the freight rates are low enough it will be a success, but if rates are high you may expect to hear that fully one-half the trees have been nipped by the frost."

He Didn't Go.

"Going abroad this steamer, sir?" asked the captain of a gentleman who was surveying the boat as she was making ready to leave the wharf in Buffalo.

That depends. Captain, what is your boat insured for?"

"Sixty thousand dollars, sir."

"Ah. Sixty thousand, and she is worth about $35,000. Captain, you needn't wait on my account. I'll take the railroad."

Anti-Poverty Men.

Any man can organize himself into an anti-poverty society upon this basis:

Resolved, That industry and economy mean prosperity.

Resolved, That a loaf of bread is better than a loaf about the streets, waiting for something to turn up.

Resolved, That two dollars deposited each week in a savings bank pays better as an investment than any sums risked in gambling schemes.

Couldn't Excite Him.

Excited Wife—Oh! John! John! Quick! Stop fumbling behind that bureau and run for a doctor.

Half-dressed Husband—What's the matter with you, anyhow?

"Baby has swallowed your collar button."

"How on earth do you expect me to get ready to go for a doctor without that collar button?"

What Her Mind Was Running On.

Teacher (to Miss Spoony, who is engaged)—"A conjunction is something that unites. Miss Spoony, please give me an example of a conjunction."

Miss Spoony—"The little word yes is a conjunction."

"How so, Miss Spoony?"

"If yes is spoken by both parties at the altar or before a justice of the peace it unites, don't it?"

"So that's what you think about during school hours, is it?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Drawing the Line.

Tommy—"Does your mother allow you to kiss the nurse girl?"

Johnny—"Oh, I guess she don't care. Does yours?"

Tommy—"I don't think she does. I never asked her, but you'd a died to hear her lay down the law to pa when she saw him do it one day, an' she lets him do lots o' things she wouldn't let me."

The Reigning Sensation.

"I should like to know," said the belated suburban passenger to the station agent, "why the 8.15 train is late every morning?"

"Because the Smithville way-freight gets in its way."

"What makes the freight get in its way?"

"The inter-state commerce act," mildly answered the station agent as he shut down the window.

Not Suspected.

An indiscreet young man once asked a lady her age.

"Wait while I count it," she replied. "I married at 18, my husband was then 30. Now he is twice that—then I must be 6."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the other, aghast at this method of feminine computation. "Well, I never should have expected it."

Popular Science.

Susie—O! mamma, I'll never disobey you again.

Mamma—Why, Susie, what have you done?

Susie—Well I drank my milk at lunch and then I ate—a pickle; and the milk said to the pickle, "Get out;" and the pickle "I won't;" and they are having an awful time!

A Boom as is a Boom.

Eastern Man—Yes, business is very brisk out my way.

Western Man—You refer to real estate, of course?"

"Well, in my town we expect to build 1,000 houses this summer."

"That's nothing. Why, in my town there is one lot in the business section that has already been bought and sold 1,000 times."

A Thoughtless Physician.

Doctor—"Ah! Little One, tell your mamma I have come to vaccinate the baby."

Refined Child—"I'm afraid you can't see baby now. Mamma is giving him a bath."

"That won't matter. It won't take but a minute."

"Yes, but he's entirely decollete."

Miscellany.

PLEADING FOR HER FATHER.

How a Baby Girl Saved Him from Going to Prison.

There was the usual morning crowd of idlers and witnesses in the court-room. One after another the cases were called and disposed of, until a big, brawny fellow stood before the judge with a crest-fallen countenance and an unkempt appearance.

On one of the seats inside the railing sat a pale little woman with tear-reddened eyes that told their tale of woe in a language all could understand.

A rosy-faced little girl of three or four years stood close behind her, and with baby curiosity, scanned the faces of the crowd.

The big man in the dock glanced nervously toward the little woman and the child back by the rail.

The judge looked down upon the stalwart prisoner with his most severe judicial frown.

"You are here again John, I see. Now, why can't you behave yourself like a good citizen, and not get drunk and act like a great big brute?"

The last remark of the judge attracted the attention of the little girl, who had been amusing herself in childish fashion. The big brown eyes turned toward the man in the dock and a look of intelligent recognition came in to them.

Without a word, the little toddler started from her mother's side and pushed herself through the knots of attorneys who were chatting in an undertone, and made her way toward the big man in the dock.

"Oh, papa, take me," said a sweet voice, and two chubby hands were held up over the railing.

The big man's strong arms quickly enfolded the baby form and the baby face nestled close to his rough cheek.

"Is that your child?" said the judge.

"Yes, Yer Honor, this is my little girl, and that's her mother sitting back there. They always come to me when I'm in trouble."

"Well, John, I will reiterate what I said before," continued the judge, "that you are a great big brute, and don't deserve a good wife and a sweet little girl like that. Why, man, you ought to be sent up for ten years. You have no excuse for these drunken vagabondage, and I—"

"You mustn't talk that way to my papa," broke in the indignant but musical voice of the little girl, and the brown eyes were aglow with an angry flash. "He's my dear old papa, and I love him—don't I, papa?" And then the chubby little hands went up in a tender caress to the rough face of the prisoner. There was a moment's silence, and the court's eyes displayed a suspicious moisture, and the court's voice was subdued, and a little husky when it addressed the prisoner again:

"You can go this time. That little girl is the best lawyer that ever raised a voice in behalf of a client. I leave you in her hands now, and if you have got a heart or a conscience, for her sake at least, you will never be seen here again. Now you can go home with your wife and child, and remember that you owe your liberty to the baby pleader in your arms."

With a low murmured, "Thank you, judge," the big man with the loyal little defender in his arms moved over to where the pale little woman sat, and the trio quietly left the court room, with every eye upon them, and every heart applauding the action of the judge.

AN OLD SOCIETY OF GHENT.

Last Meeting of the Ancient Guild of Crossbowmen—It Lived Many Centuries.

A link which bound modern Europe to the middle ages has just been severed at Ghent by the dissolution of the Ancient Guild of Crossbowmen in that city. It had existed since the eleventh century, says the London *Standard*, but with ever-diminishing utility, since crossbows and long-bows are no longer in fashion, and the society lately came to the conclusion that it has ceased to have any raison d'etre. Its rare old plate has all been sold, including a superb chased silver cup, presented to the association by Archduke Albert and the Archduchess Isabella, which has now become the property of Baron Rothschild at a cost of 25,000 francs.

The closing hours of the old guild were celebrated by a banquet, at which it is not to be doubted that the burghers feasted as proudly as did those of Antwerp, who, when they were entertained by the Prince of Orange, finding their benches hard, spread their jeweled velvet cloaks over them and afterwards left them to the lackeys, saying, "We do not carry away our dinner fashions!" After this final act of comradeship, when the antique crossbows were hung upon the tapestry for the last time and the great parcel gilt goblet of the association, brimmed with spiced Rhenish, went round for the ultimate toast, the members still had a matter of 10,000 guilders in hand. This sum they transmitted to the charity commission of Ghent and therewith the existence of the antique confraternity terminated.

Great and famous are the men who have belonged to it in bygone days. Its sturdy burghers and the stalwart men-at-arms maintained and drilled by them were the terror of the Duke of Alva—if anything could ever terrify that fierce and arrogant soldier, who in 65 years of warfare was never once beaten or surprised. In his time the society was a power in the state. We slay each other now by neater means, and these ancient weapons have no longer any existence, except as toys at archery meetings and in the sport of little boys. They were grimly useful, nevertheless, in the days when this guild of Ghent was flourishing, and in their time have sent about as many souls of heroes to the other world as any invention of that eminently destructive animal, man.

She Would be a Widow.

A remarkable story is told of a woman's freak which brought her a surprise which she had not counted upon. The story comes from Oakland. Frankie Brown fell heir, on the death of her father some years ago, to a comfortable fortune of perhaps $50,000. Frankie yearned for the approach of the day when she should become of age, and chafed under the restraint of a legal guardian until last October when she was 18 years old. With her fortune in her own hands she began to spend it in extravagant living and expensive fancies. Meeting a dashing widow she envied the freedom which widowhood seemed to confer upon her new acquaintance and resolved to be a widow herself. She accordingly consulted a doctor in San Francisco and asked for an introduction to one of his patients who had but a brief time to live. The doctor knew of a consumptive printer with the chances against him of surviving more than a week at least. Miss Brown said she would pay the physician's bill of $700 for attendance on the sick man, and the introduction given and the parties married. The husband, however, to Frankie's great alarm, began to recover, and now manifests no symptoms of an intention to shake off his earthly coil. The unwilling wife sought a lawyer, and is engaged in trying to undo the complication in which her desire to be a widow involved her.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Rich Smugglers.

At this time of the year many wealthy Americans go to Europe, where they spend much money. In September or October they return with less money but abundantly provided with personal apparel, household goods, presents for relatives and friends, etc. It is a well-known fact that a large proportion of these pleasure seekers omit to pay duty when they come home. Their expenses abroad have been exceedingly heavy, so they think that Uncle Sam can go without his share. There is no doubt that the United States treasury is literally robbed of millions of dollars every year by these high-toned and luxurious travelers.

The man who, on an order from his wife's cousin, brings from Paris a diamond worth $500 without declaring duty on it is just as dishonest as the importer who smuggles a bale of merchandise. Respectable retail dealers in this country are continually deprived of their legitimate profits because so many things are brought here by travelers free of duty. It is not an unheard-of thing for a custom-house inspector to accept a $10 bill and thereupon pass trunks and boxes on which hundreds and perhaps thousands of dollars of duty should have been paid. We are not discussing the merits or demerits of our complicated system of custom law, but merely advocating the enforcement of the law with a nearer approach to impartiality and honesty than is at present the rule.—*The Epoch.*

How Did They Get There?

The Santa Catama Mountains in Arizona are covered with petrified turtles, lobsters, and clams. The mountains are 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A GOOD JOKE.

One of the Few that Can be so Called, Benefitting both Joker and Jokee.

Boys are often fond of playing practical jokes. Such may sometimes be done, but never to anyone's inconvenience. In one of our colleges a professor who made himself very friendly with the students was walking out with an inteligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a corn field. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes; we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes and see what we will do."

"No," said the professor, "it would not be right. You have money enough; just put a dollar in the man's shoes; then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly.

When the laborer had finished his row of corn he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around him, but saw no one and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe and found another dollar. He looked at it, and looked all around him, but saw no one. He the knelt upon the ground and returned thanks to God for the blessings that had been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor, so that the $2 were a great relief sent to them from heaven.

"There," said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hidden the old man's shoes."

Two Good Dog Stories.

The other day our Newfoundland dog was playing on the porch with our little girl, four years old, when she opened the gate and went out. The dog did not follow her. Some time afterward the child's mother came out, discovered her absence, and said to the dog:

"Where is Nellie?" The dog looked as if he knew, and wagged his tail furiously. "Go this instant," said the mother, "and find Nellie and bring her home."

Out over the gate flew the dog and started down the street to a neighbor's house not far off. Nellie was playing there, inside the house, and saw the dog come and scratch at a veranda window.

"I know what he wants," said the little girl; "he wants me to go home, but I'm not going to do it!"

The dog was not admitted, but he lingered near, like Mary's little lamb, and when two ladies called presently he brushed in past them through the door. Then, rushing up to Nellie, he seized her dress with his teeth and began dragging her to the door. An attempt was made to drive him off, but he growled and held his place. The little girl, beginning to be frightened, gave up all resistance and trotted home by his side, and he delivered her with an air of triumph into her mothers hands. What "instinct" would lead a dog to do that?

A suburban resident was walking at night not long ago across a meadow, and losing the path in the darkness fell into a ditch. His dog, a collie, had been running about in an aimless way over the field. Gathering himself up the gentleman called the dog, and crouching over him said, sharply:

"Now see here, Mac, I want you to show me the path across this meadow. Go right ahead of me, do you hear, and show me the path—show me the path!"

The dog obeyed to the letter. With his nose to the ground he followed the path faithfully with his master at his heels, clear across the meadow, until he had approached to within two or three rods of the limits of the field. Then he began to waver from side to side as if looking vainly for the path, and showed great confusion and even shame. Next day the gentleman went over the ground by daylight, and discovered that at the point where the dog began to waver the path was entirely lost in the thick grass.—*Boston Transcript.*

Garfield's Memory.

"By the way," said Mr. James, "as this celebration is in the light of a Decoration Day performance, let me tell you an anecdote about Garfield's power of memory. He related it to me himself. It seems that when Decoration Day was first started, by the voluntary action of the people at Washington city, and before it became a legal celebration, Garfield was chosen to deliver the oration over the dead at Arlington. It was to him an important occasion, for General Grant was to be there, and that galaxy of people who would rule events for some time to come.

"Garfield was a good deal pressed by work in Congress, and he finally had to sit up most of the night to write his speech out. He got it done somewhere about 3 o,clock in the morning, and, going to his wife's chamber, he woke her up and read her the manuscript. It was his habit to communicate to her his performances and get her criticism. After he read it he went to bed and slept. The next morning he went over to Arlington with the procession and had the manuscript in his pocket. When he arose to speak he put it down before him, and said to himself: 'I will watch the eyes of Grant and these other people and see how long they are interested before I take my manuscript up.' So he commenced and delivered his whole address without looking at that paper at all. There were short hand writers present, and when they wrote their notes out that afternoon these were sent to Garfield to be revised.

"He was astonished himself to find that he had delivered almost literally a transcript of the manuscript he had composed, and that in the few instances where he had departed from that mode he had strengthened the expression.—*Gath.*

Sunday in a Western Town.

The present terminus of one of the many railroads now stretching out towards the Pacific coast, from all accounts, is a lively place, where "they worship six days in the week and raise cane on Sunday." A gentleman from Rockford, Ill., who spent last Sunday in this place, tells some great yarns of his experience there. He says:

The calm of the Sabbath is not known there; 4,000 abnormally healthy residents and the cowboy community will not permit it. There are 47 saloons in the place. Last Sunday while I was there some 25 cowboys, armed cap-a-pie and mounted, rode into town. Plug hats being scarce as targets, they hit on a novel method to raise the wind. They collected by force into one group all of the soiled doves, rounding them up just as they would cattle. When a woman stepped out of the ranks she was lassoed just as the boys would handle a cow and brought back. Then they were driven through the main streets to the White Bear saloon and loaded with beer. This diversion growing wearisome they were paraded through the streets until they were ready to drop through exhaustion. The night wound up with the killing of a man. It was the most beastly desecration of the Sabbath that I ever met with. Everybody enjoyed it except the girls, but their feelings were not questioned.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Mexican Street Cars.

Another amusing oddity is that the street cars run in groups, one car never seen alone, nor two together, but always three or four in a row, less than half a block apart. Instead of starting from the terminus one every five or ten minutes, several are started at once every half hour. To run each car it requires two conductors besides the driver, and also in many places two or three soldiers armed cap-a-pie. The first conductor approaches a passenger, sells him a ticket and pockets the money, and soon the second conductor comes along and takes up the bit of printed pasteboard; meanwhile the brass-buttoned guardians of the peace stand glowering upon you with suspicious eyes and loaded carbines. In some respects this double conductor system is better than the "punch in the presence of the passenjaire" mode of the United States; but though the soldiers have been provided to insure the safety of passengers from robbers and revolutionists, a timid person is more worried by their presence than by the possible danger they are supposed to avert.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Horn Stave Factory Failure.

ST. LOUIS, May 19.—Benjamin F. Horn, proprietor of the East St. Louis stave factory, on Missouri avenue, yesterday made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors in the county court. The assets are estimated at $93,684 84, and the liabilities at $56,742.48.

John W. Gates, vice president of the Pittsburg Wire company, was named as assignee.

Among the principal creditors are: The Eagle Stave company, of Ohio, $3,448.56; F. Schwelkerf & Co. $4,415.39; Buckley Stave company, Leipsig, O., $3,723.79.

Recent Literature.

"A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher," is the title of a book just issued by Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, New York. It includes the sermons and public addresses given by the noted pulpit orator in England during the summer of 1886. There is an account of the tour, the expressions of English public opinion, etc., all of which will be particularly interesting to the people who are mourning his loss. The book is edited by Maj. Pond, who was Mr. Beecher's business manager and constant traveling companion. He shows that from the time of entering the harbor at Queenstown until their embarkation for home three months later, Mr. Beecher's every hour was spent amid cordial greetings from strangers, with admiring tributes from public associations, and receiving both public and private hospitalities, in short, amid such an ovation as few men have been offered. The simple, straightforward narrative shows too, how simply and without conceit, Mr. Beecher received and enjoyed all these honors.

The photo-artotype portrait is a characteristic picture of Mr. Beecher, taken last year, and showing the strength and mature intellectual beauty of his face. The seven pages of manuscript *Fac-Simile*, given with the Address for which the notes were jotted down, will be a point of much interest to all who like to see how such a master did his work.

In the series of "American Statesmen," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is recently issued the life of "Thomas Hart Benton," by Theodore Roosevelt. The leading events in both the private and political life of this great man is given with precision, clearness, and a graphic delineation that render it most fascinating reading. Of especial interest is the part devoted to Jackson's and Benton's war upon the United States bank which resulted for them in such a signal victory. The book is well written.

"Hints on Early Education" is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Six years ago the same work was brought out anonymously in London. Its authorship has been attributed to a sister of Elizabeth Fry, the eminent philanthropist; but although it passed through eighteen editions in England, the name of the author never appeared on the title-page. The practical good sense, clear insight, intelligent discrimination, and high moral standard of the "Hints," make the book very helpful. Cloth, 60 cents.

Mrs. Rorer, the author of the "Philadelphia Cook Book," and an authority on such subjects, has added a little volume on the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, drying and pickling, and the making of marmalades, jellies, syrups, etc. It is published by Arnold & Co, of Philadelphia.

In Lippincott's Series of Select Novels is "Aunt Hepsy's Foundling," by Leith Adams, the author of "Jeoffrey Stirling," "Madelon Lemoine," and other popular stories. It is published in pamphlet form, uniform with others of the series, which is issued monthly. Price 25 cents.

Literary Notes.

The June *Atlantic* contains a poem by Sarah Orne Jewett—"The Caged Bird."

General Fremont is writing the life of Kit Carson, the scout who guided the "Pathfinder" across the Rocky mountains.

In one of the Thackeray letters which appear in the June number of *Scribner's Magazine*, is a charming four stanza poem called "A Failure."

Mr. William Lee, of the Boston publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the book trade.

"Fragile" is the title of the illustrated article which Mr. George H. Boughton, in the most gorgeous of studios, is preparing for the Christmas "Harper."

A change has taken place in the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the special partner, retires, and Mr. Walter Howe takes his place.

Mr. Cable has just completed the first draft of his story, "Au Large," which is a sequel to "Cyranco," and "Grande Pointe," and which will be twice as long as either of the other stories.

There have been over 4,000 new books published in the United States during the last twelve months—books relating to every phase of literary effort and appealing to all sorts of tastes.

Charles L. Webster & Co. are illustrating the Pope's memoirs after a liberal fashion which few subscription books can boast. A great quantity of unusually fine engravings are in preparation.

Capt. Charles King, one of the cleverest of modern American writers, as he is one of the most daring Indian fighters, has written a paper for the July *Harper* on "Cadet Life at West Point."

Mrs. Gen. Logan denies that she is writing a novel. She says her talents do not lie in that direction, and that even if she had the ability she has not the inclination at present to indulge in the production of fiction.

Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of Robert Louis Stevenson, and joint author with him of "The Dynamiter," will contribute to the June number of *Scribner's Magazine* a story of strange intensity and power, entitled "Miss Pringle's Neighbors."

Various guesses are being made as to the authorship of "A Club of One," it having been attributed to the Rev. T. T. Munger, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, and Mr. F. Marion Crawford; while a critic in the Boston *Journal* says: "Can it be Dr. Holmes himself, we wonder, who perplexes us with this mask."

A memorial volume of the late Prof. Youmans is to be prepared by his brother and sister, W. J. and Eliza Youmans. It will contain a number of important and hitherto unpublished manuscripts and letters by Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Lubbock, Agassiz, and other distinguished persons.

C. W. Moulton & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., issue a prospectus of a new magazine, the first number of which will make its appearance January 15, 1888. It is entitled *The Modern Muse*, and is to be issued quarterly. It will be devoted exclusively to poetry and its study, cosmopolitan in character, and covering the field of current and classical poetry. Should the plan be carried out fittingly, the magazine will be a valuable addition to the literature of the day.

A Jewel of a Butler.

A queer story was told yesterday by a well-known society man. He said: "A lady, who had grown tired of the setting of her diamond ring, called at Tiffany's this week, and described the setting she would like. The attendant casually examined the ring, and greatly astonished the lady when he remarked: 'Madam, this is not a diamond, it's glass.' The lady replied that it couldn't be possible, the ring was her engagement ring, and added: 'My earrings were given me at the same time by my husband.' The attendant asked her to permit him to examine the earrings, and these also were discovered to be glass of very fine quality. The lady told the young man that the ring and earrings were bought at Tiffany's, and the books proved that she was correct, and that the young man whose wife she was on the day he gave them to her had paid a mighty good price for them. The mystery deepened, but all that the clerk could say was that the diamonds had been out of Tiffany's place for a number of years. The lady returned to her home. She then recalled that she had dismissed her butler several weeks before, and questioning the servants about him, she learned that he had frequently mentioned that he was a jeweler in France or Germany. The lady suspected that he had removed her diamonds, and Inspector Byrnes is looking for the jeweler-butler."—*New York Sun.*

If Your Lungs Are Destroyed

do not expect that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will make new ones for you. It can do much, but not impossibilities. If, however, you have not yet reached the last stages of consumption, there is hope for you. But do not delay, lest you cross the fatal line where help is impossible. The Discovery has arrested the aggravating cough of thousands of consumptives, cured their night-sweats and hectic fevers, and restored them to health and happiness.

A Conscientious Servant.

First Domestic—"An' are ye goin' to leave that nice place ye have, Jane?"

Second Domestic—"Yes, Mary, I've given 'em warning."

"I never heard a word agin them."

"No, Mary, but the mistress is so perlite that I'm gettin' lazy."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

NO WONDER IT COMES HIGH.

The Manufacture of Cut Glass—The Reason it Costs so Much to Produce.

Cut glass comes high, and it is no wonder. Down at Corning the other day I saw them making it, and though the hill-girdled village of the southern tier is a very difficult place to reach from Syracuse, I felt repaid for the hardship of travel in what I had the privilege of seeing. Corning, N. Y., is getting bold advertisements the world over from this industry. Until the manufacture of cut glass was begun there several years ago by James Hoare, it was thought to be as much a secret of foreign art as the making of hair springs for watches. Thos Webb, of London, was the master of crystal cutting, and on the tables of half the monarchs of the old world his wares have an honorable place. Nowadays connoisseurs in these things concede that as fine cutting is done at Corning as abroad. The imitation of glass in this form has ceased almost entirely. Corning happened to have a glass works where a prime article in transparency was made. "That's what took me so far out of the world," said Mr. Hoare, as he stood in the midst of his treasures, clad in a frowsy working blouse, with his sleeves rolled up. It is the greatest pride of the celebrated cutter that no man in his establishment can do so good a job as he can himself. All his riches will not take him out of the realm of buzzing wheels where the glass is going through the cutting process. There are seven of these, all of which require skilled labor of a high order, and at none of which can hurry be indulged. The prismatic intricacies of the ware are completed on a variety of wheels, supplied with sea-sand and dripping water. The most delicate figures are produced by the employment of wheels of various sizes. While I stood by, an artisan was cutting in relief the crest of the Prince of Wales upon a set of goblets ordered by a wealthy Anglomaniac. The three wavy plumes in this heraldic sign were brought out with all the effectiveness of a cameo under the dainty touch of the workmen. Mr. Hoare told me that the lead glass used for cutting costs him 60 cents a pound. There is a loss of over 50 per cent. in weight in producing the finished piece from the uncut vessel. The manufacture of this glass is in itself very interesting. The establishment is entirely distinct. All the bulbs used in the millions of electric lamps of the Edison plants throughout the world are made at these works. A small army of men were filling orders of this kind the day I walked through. At the Corning works the crucibles in which the glass is melted are now being made. For years it was thought necessary to import them, and as it is, their manufacture is a trade of itself. Talk about the mud-pies of our childhood, here is where you see the identical pranks of the gutter applied to a valuable industry. The wet clay is kneaded and mixed in troughs by men in bare feet, who give it the required consistency by repetitions of the process carried on for whole days. Then the clay is rolled into strips about the diameter of a bologna sausage and in the hands of modellers built little by little in the desired form. Each crucible represents labor worth over $100. They are left to dry in a store-room for 18 months before put to the fearful test in the furnaces.—*Syracuse Standard.*

What Caused the Great Chicago Fire.

The Chicago *Herald* says that it is positively known that the conflagration which destroyed Chicago in 1871 originated in the one-and-a-half-story barn of Patrick O'Leary, at the rear end on the east line of the lot numbered 137 DeKoven street. The flames first burst from the roof of this barn, which had been stored with hay the day before. These flames were seen at the same time by two witnesses—William E. Lee, 175 feet distant southwest, at the corner of Jefferson and DeKoven streets, and by Mary O'Rorke, who stood at the northwest window of her house, a point 70 feet southwest of the burning barn. There were in the barn six cows, a calf, horses, and other animals, and birds of various kinds. The only inmate of the barn that did not perish was a calf. It would probably be possible to follow the history of this noted animal. The barn was on an alley, and the O'Learys lived in the rear of a cottage that fronted on DeKoven. The front was occupied by Patrick McLaughlin. Mrs. O'Leary, a large and powerfully built woman, ran a milk business. She milked at 5 p. m., and was naturally in bed at 8:45 p. m., when the fire broke out. Milk sellers are probably the first people out of bed in a city. The McLaughlins that night celebrated the arrival of a relative from the old sod. Their late hours would naturally annoy the O'Learys. Some troublemaker told Mrs. O'Leary that her neighbors had gone to the barn for the purpose of getting milk for oyster soup. This Mrs. O'Leary never believed. A broken lamp was said to have been found in the barn. The celebrity that came to Mrs. O'Leary soured a nature which was bellicose at the best. The injustice of attributing to her a catastrophe in which she was a leading sufferer, hardened her heart against reporters. There also lingered in her mind a fear that there might be something criminal in the charge. Thirteen years later her estimable son, Puggy O'Leary, killed his wife and sister-in-law, and went to prison for it. This trouble turned the amazon into a fury. The last journalist who paid Mother O'Leary a visit barely escaped alive. She now lives in a shanty some three miles south of DeKoven street. The O'Leary cottage was not burned. It was demolished in later years, and a substantial two-story brick house erected at the fatal No. 137. The Chicago Historical society has put up a tablet on the front of this house. The exact origin of the great fire can never be known unless somebody other than any member of the O'Leary family shall reveal the secret. It is reasonably well established that the O'Learys were in bed.

Baby Insurance.

I saw a young man of my acquaintance emerge from a house in a crowded tenement section of New York. I was surprised, and asked what he was doing there.

"Oh, my employment now brings me here every day," he replied. "In fact, I spend most of my time in this district."

"And what is your business?" I inquired.

"Insurance."

"Life or fire?"

"Well, neither. To tell you the truth, I got rather hard up a little while ago and went into the baby insurance business. I'm doing right well, too, though it's hard work to collect the premiums from these poor people. We insure the funeral expenses of infants in case they die.

"As soon as there is a baby born in one of these tenements I go in and offer to insure it for a few cents a week. That is to say, we agree to provide the funeral facilities if the child dies within a year. The style of the thing depends on the amount of premium money paid. Some insure for a plain coffin and one carriage; others for a handsome casket and half a dozen vehicles. It is a great comfort to these poor parents to know that, no matter what may happen to baby, it will have decent burial."

"But the city authorities always bury the poor free of charge," I remarked. "Why do these folks buy what they can get for nothing?"

"Bless you," responded my friend, "you don't know them. They've got as much pride in this matter as you have. They consider it an everlasting disgrace to a family if any member of it is buried in the Potter's Field. Their neighbors would never let them hear the last of it."—*Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

She Carried too Much Sail.

A well-to-do old man was Dr. Osgood, parson of the First church. In his time Springfield was a mere village and Indian Orchard a sheep pasture. The parson owned the main portion of that ward, conducting it as a farm and sheep ranch, and employed John Corey and his wife to run it. The parson drove out there to view his possessions one day and found old Corey drunk, beating his wife. "Well, well, Mr. Corey," said the parson, "a man whipping his wife!" "Yes." "Mr. Corey, recollect that a woman is the weaker vessel." "Well, d—n her, let her carry less sail then!" Dr. Osgood used to tell this story often and never omitted a word of old Corey's reply.—*Springfield Homestead.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt.,
Green Spring, Ohio.

Peculiar People Out West.

"At the funeral services of the late Colonel Winchester on Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Winchester administered a well-deserved rebuke to the officiating clergyman. The Rev. Dr. Wheezer had just remarked in the course of his sermon that the colonel was the fourth husband buried by that lady, when the sorrowing widow dried her tears for a moment and drew a large blacksnake whip from behind the sofa, and struck the reverend gentleman over the head several times. She was assisted back to the sofa when she again wept bitterly. It seems that the colonel was only her third husband."—*Dakota Bell.*

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.

"OLD KATE'S" VICTORY.

How a Wise Mule Looked to Her Interests in a Narrow Mountain Pass.

In 1850, says the author of "Pioneer Times in California," Bill Liddle had a pack-train of eight large mules at work for a trader in one of the northern mines. One day he loaded his train heavily and started for a mining camp far in the interior. On this trip he was obliged to pass along a dangerous trail some two miles in length. It was cut into the side of a rugged cliff that overhung the river. It was just wide enough for a loaded mule or horse to walk on safely, with the cliff on one side and a fearful precipice on the other.

Bill started his train in on this pass, with old "Kate," a heavy, square-built bay mule, as usual on the lead. Old Kate was an animal of rare intelligence.

He had not advanced far on the narrow trail when Kate gave a loud bray, and in a moment all the mules were standing still. Just ahead was an unloaded train of fifteen California mules, approaching from the other direction on a jog-trot.

It was impossible for Bill to turn his mules around with their loads on, and there was no room to unload nor was there room for the mules of the two trains to pass without almost sure destruction.

Bill raised himself in the saddle, and, in a furious tone, called on the other conductor to stop his train. This he did, but told Bill that he would not go back on the trail, because it was two miles to the end of the cliff and Bill would lose only a few hundred yards by going back. He explained the impossibility of turning his large American mules, or unloading them on such a narrow trail.

All this time old Kate stood right in the center of the trail, her forelegs well apart, as if to brace herself, her nose lower than usual, and her long, heavy ears thrown forward as if aimed at the head mule of the other train, while her eyes seemed fixed on the animal's motions.

"Well," said the conductor of the California mules, surlily, "I don't care. I won't go back. It's your place to get out, and if I lose a mule you'll have to pay for it. Then, cracking his whip, he called to his lead mule, "Get up, Sal!"

His mules seemed to know that there was danger. Sal, the leader, hugged close to the rocks and made an excited rush forward to get inside Kate.

Old Kate had not moved a muscle, and stood just in the center of the trail as at first. Bill feared for a moment that she did not see the danger of letting Sal get the inside, and, again raising himself in the saddle, he called at the top of his voice: "Kate, go for them! Pitch 'em all overboard!"

Before Bill's order was out old Kate gave an unearthly bray, as if in answer; at the same time she dropped on her knees, with her head stretched out close along the rocks, her neck and lower jaw rubbing the trail and received Sal across her neck.

In a second more poor Sal was high in the air, and then dropped heavily into the river below. Kate, keeping her kneeling position, waited for the next mule, which she sent after Sal.

The California mules huddled close together in fear of the kneeling monster before them, but their driver, maddened by his loss, halloed and whipped them on. He was hoping that by a sudden and furious rush they could be made to leap and dash over Kate, and then he could dislodge the rest of the train and get even for his loss. But he did not know old Kate.

In a minute one, two and three more of the mules went after Sal into the river. The remainder sat back sullenly and refused to move for shouting or whips.

Old Kate rose to her feet and stood as before, with her ears dropped forward, as if nothing had happened. The discomfited conductor, seeing himself worsted, turned his mules, one by one, on the trail, and went back with five less than when he started.

The two conductors went to have the affair settled before an alcalde, who promptly gave a decision in favor of Bill, and, with the rough-and-ready justice meted out in those times, ordered the other driver to pay an ounce of gold as the costs of court.

SHARP AND SHARPER.

An Essay on the Use of these two Expressive Words—Their Meaning Not the Same.

The word "sharp" comes from a Saxon root which means "to cut in pieces," and it is used in a great variety of ways. Thus we say that vinegar is sharp when it takes strong hold of the tongue; that a razor is sharp when it glides smoothly over the chin; that the notes of the piano are sharp when they are pitched a little above the ordinary key; that the wind is sharp when it rasps us with cold; that a person having acuteness has a sharp sight or hearing. We speak of a sharp voice, a sharp appetite and a sharp onset upon the enemy.

Sharp is largely employed in the construction of self-explaining compounds, as sharp-edged, sharp-cornered, sharp-featured, sharp-toothed, etc. To brace the yards as obliquely as possible, in order to bring a ship well up to the wind, is termed "to brace sharp."

Shakespeare says in "King Lear:"

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child!

Shakespeare also speaks of one Pinch as "a needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch—a living dead man"—which is certainly not complimentary. Mr. Pinch may be very sharp at a bargain without being a great merchant, or he may be very sharp in his practice as a lawyer without being at the head of his profession.

To call a man sharp is not conclusive, either for or against him, inasmuch as there are various degrees and kinds of sharpness. To call him a sharper is conclusive; but this belongs to an entirely different class of words and is derived from a Dutch rooth, equivalent to scroper, or a sort of moral scavenger.

Sharp people may have great success in life without really getting much out of life. To cut into another man's business and get it all away from him by sharp and unscrupulous devices may bring large returns in money, but it cannot bring much satisfaction of mind. To make one's self rich by cutting into railroad or any other kind of stocks and ruining a multitude of confiding and honest stockholders, is a very mean kind of success.

A young man who starts in life with the deliberate intention to make himself a sharp operator, and nothing more, sacrificing everything to the one purpose, may become a millionaire before he dies, and yet die a pauper, so far as incorruptible riches are concerned. The principle of getting the most out of everything that he can, with the least possible return, is a degrading one, and fatal to anything like good citizenship. Robert Browning, in the "Pied Piper of Hamlin," says:

> To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
> And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
> Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled.

And Tennyson speaks of "sharps and eddies." And the newspapers speak of one Jacob Sharp, who is a sharper.—*Troy Times.*

A Revolutionary Puzzle.

The following is taken from a collection of odd rhymes and curious stories. It can be read in three different ways. First, read the whole as it is written; second, read downward on the left of the comma in the middle of each line; third, read the lines downward on the right of the comma. By the first reading the revolutionary cause is condemned; by the other two it is praised:

"Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms,
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join,
The Acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast,
Who non-resistant hold, they have my heart and hand,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

A Pleasant Occasion.

During a marriage ceremony in Texas the other day the guests became involved in a general fight. Revolvers were being drawn, and the bride had crawled under the piano, when the officiating clergyman saw how matters were going and reached down into his surplice and began blazing away with his six-shooter from his pocket. Several of the guests made a break for the door, but the clergyman winged them as they went out. The groom was shot a couple of times through the back, and during the remainder of the ceremony was supported by a brother. The local paper referred to the wedding as being "a little informal affair, at which there were none but near and dear friends, and was one of the most quiet, but none the less merry, weddings ever celebrated in Texas. Funeral of the groom Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock."—*Dakota Bell.*

White teeth, sweet breath, a fragrant mouth,
There are no charms surpassing these;
Abroad, at home, east, west, north, south,
These three prime charms are sure to please.
All those who SOZODONT apply
Will have these charms—take heed and try.

JAW-BREAKING NAMES.

They Sound Better Than They Look, but There is Room for Improvement.

The trial of half a dozen of the Bay View rioters this week, all of whom, except one, have names which are, as printed, almost unpronounceable, has set many persons to wondering how these people get along without getting badly mixed up. A well-educated Polander in speaking of the matter, says that in many cases these alphabetical combinations, although at first sight meant nothing and represented less, were quite easy to decipher when once a person has the key to the matter: "We often get confused ourselves in the pronunciation of some of the names. This is especially so with those of us who have secured good educations in English, and in writing the name of Mr. Wawrzyniakowski, we are quite apt to spell it Wauzymakowski, for that is the literal way. Now, if I was to write it out as it is pronounced in English—as it should be—it would be in this way," and the son of Kosciusko took a pencil and paper and scratched it off like this:

WAU-ZE-NA-KOF-SKY.
(Wawrzyniakowski.)

"Now that name," he added, as he handed it over to a reporter, "is about the worst one I know of. Yet there are a great many others which look fully as bad and which require as great an effort for the English-speaking people to twist around their tongues. We have a man on the police force—Officer Niezerowski. That isn't very bad, but very few pronounce it as it should be—Ne-zo-rowky. Coroner Czerwinski's name is easy—Cher-winsky."

The gentleman said that "our own Theodore Rudzinski's" name was Roo-jin-ski, and that Mr. Sokolowski, of Mitchell street, would answer to Sock-o-lofsky.

Joseph Skrypezynski, who is on trial for riot, thinks there is nothing hard about his name. After it is reduced a little it looks this way: "Skrip-ni-jin-sky."

A Second avenue man whose name is selected from the part of the alphabet used the least by the English, is quite smooth after the rough corners are whittled off. He writes it Strzyzewski, but the reporter's informant said it was pronounced "Stretch-e-ne-off-sky." A Second avenue moulder inherits the name of Szczepankrewicz, which when hauled over a little, is "Che-che-pa-no-off-sky." Ex-Alderman Hanizeski is simply "Honey chef-sky," when his friends talk to him.

A Fifth avenue man has a sign in front of his house with the following on it:

LEON SZOYOCZYNSKI,
Boot & Shoe-maker.

People from the Seventh ward when strollin that way, look at the sign and gasp for breath. The wouldn't do it, though, if they knew it was simply "Leon Soo-zinski."

Mary Rozmarynoowski is a dressmaker at 753 Fifth avenue, and every one in the neighborhood will tell you it is simply Mary Ros-mare-nof-sky. A laborer living at 834 Seventh avenue, who may some day be coroner or a member of the council, sports the name of Wojciech Wesolowski. Mr. Wesolowski's given name, when translated, is George, but still it is pronounced "Wi-zow-ick." Joseph Wojcirchowski, a Second avenue tailor, spells his name "Wi-se-chow-ski," when he spells it. Mr. John Wykrzyk is a laborer, and lives on Garden street, and, although his name looks like a jawbreaker, it is nothing of the kind. A friend of his says it is Vick-crick. A Brady street laborer, by the name of Kazimir Zdrojewski, is "at home" to plain "Casimere Zro-yuf-sky."

The puzzling condition of the tongue when a person who is unfamiliar with these names is occasioned by the placing together by the Polanders of two letters which answer the purpose of one. That is, they are there as the sound of one. For example, "dz" produces the same sound as "g," cz the same as "c" and sz the same as "s," except that the prounounciation is more emphatic or longer when these letters are thrown side by side in a name. Where "az" is used the sound produced is "eng." There are three pronounciations for the letters. If it requires emphasis, the Polander will first write the letter s and then place a z beside it. The soft use of the letter is indicated thus s, while the ordinary use is s.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

DEATH OF A TENDERFOOT.

Bullwinkle's Great Ride Interrupted a Funeral.

Ben Bullwinkle led a lonely life in the wilds of Arizona, as this incident will illustrate: About three weeks ago the wife of a well-known business man and her friend, the daughter of a woman who is closely connected with a charitable institution in this city, were homeward bound from the slope. When about 10 miles from Flagstaff the elder of the two travelers, who was an intimate friend of the Bullwinkle family, said to her friend that she would readily give $10 for a five minutes' chat with Ben. A rough cowboy who sat in a rear seat overheard this conversation. When the train pulled up to the station at Flagstaff, the travelers saw a funeral procession winding its way around the mountains. The cortege was so far away that the faces of the mourners could not be recognized. The cowboy was the first to leave the train, which was under orders to remain on a sidetrack for three hours. He jumped upon a mustang, swung his sombrero with a whoop, and started up the mountain side after the funeral at a furious rate. The wild rider reached the mourners just as they were about to lower the coffin into its last resting place. Without waiting for the minister to finish his prayer the cowboy yelled to Bullwinkle, who was standing by the open grave, that two of his Chicago friends were at the depot and desirous of seeing him.

"Cut her short," shouted the ex-chief of the fire patrol as he dashed past the minister and leaped upon his buckboard. Then waving his hat Bullwinkle yelled to the parson to come on if he wanted to ride back to town with him. Then the minister quit the services and fell upon the elastic seat of the buckboard. A few moments later the ladies who were promenading on the platform of the depot beheld a great cloud of dust approaching them from the mountain side. Five minutes passed and then a foam flecked horse dragging a buckboard upon which were seated the gallant Benjamin and a parson, whose white cravat and well-worn plug-hat were all awry, flashed up to the depot.

Poor Bullwinkle was so glad to see his old friends that tears trickled down his bronzed cheeks. After the dust-begrimed parson had been introduced, one of the ladies ventured to inquire the name of the dead person.

"He was a boy from the East," said Bullwinkle, "a tenderfoot, as they call them out here."

"I hope we did not disturb the services," the good woman continued.

"Oh, no," chirped the parson, "we can put the dirt on him to-morrow just as well."

Ten days later Bullwinkle himself lay a corpse in Flagstaff.—*Chicago Herald.*

The President Got a Veto.

A western Republican Senator, who has come to Washington to have the plans made for the postoffice building in his town, relates a pleasing anecdote showing the President's shrewdness. "I got my bill through Congress," said the Senator, "and went to the President to see if he was going to sign it. It called for $100,000, and our town has about 15,000 population. 'Are you going to sign the bill, Mr. President?' I asked. 'I haven't signed it,' he said, 'but I will sign it if you will give me your word that the building shan't cost the United States a cent over $100,000.' 'I could not do that,' I said. 'Mebbe $100,000 won't build a suitable building. I will agree that the site shan't cost over $10,000.' 'That's good,' he said, 'but go and see Bell about the building and let me know if he says he can't give you a good building for $90,000.' I went and saw Bell, the supervising architect, and he said he could put up a very pretty and convenient modernized brick building for the money. Then I went to the White House again and reported. 'Well,' said the President when I got through my story, 'will you promise the building won't cost over $100,000? I want your word; that's good enough for me. If I sign this bill your people will get some other Congress to increase the appropriation. If you will veto that I won't veto this.' 'It's a bargain, Mr. President,' said I, and that's how I got the bill through when so many others were vetoed, although they were just as meritorious as mine. I made our folks at home chip in $5,000 on the site, and Uncle Sam paid on $10,000 toward it. If the building costs over $90,000 my neighbors and I will give our checks for the excess."

Mutual Recognition.

Quarrel in a cafe: "I know you. You are a loafer!" "And you are a liar!" "You appear to know me, too!"—*Paris Figaro.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It has been said and generally believed that Mrs. Logan wrote her gallant husband's speeches, that, though great in war and clear-headed in considering questions of state he was yet no writer, and his orations were simply words put into his mouth by her prolific pen. This the friends who knew and loved them best, declare is not true. Though one of the most devoted and helpful wives that man ever had, her work for him did not comprise any such duty. He was brusque and outspoken; she delicate and full of tact. Often and often she healed when he had unwittingly wounded. Though she did not write his speeches, she was their inspiration. When he was to speak before the Senate, she always took a place, where a glance of his eye would bring her before him. She watched his audience, kept her finger upon the public pulse, as it were, and, at the first symptom of weariness telegraphed the fact to him instantly. She never failed in reading aright, and in that way as well as by the influence of her own presence, he owed to her much of the success of his speaking.

PEOPLE who understand how wholly these two persons lived in one another can realize how large a portion of what made up her daily life was swept away by his death. It is almost as though the wheels of time had stopped for her and would not commence their turning again. Every great interest has gone forever. Brilliant in intellect as she is, there seems nothing worth spending effort upon, except what is connected with the past. In the home so loved by both she is preparing a memorial room, in which will be gathered all those things which were personally endeared to him by association, together with the thousands of beautiful mementoes received since his passing on into the next life. Arranged with the taste for which she is noted, to those who may be fortunate enough to be admitted into its sacred precincts, it will prove a veritable treasure-trove of interest.

"WHAT a set of old cats!" It was not a pleasant remark, proceeding from one of two young men that were watching the dispersion of an assembly of women who had met together for an important purpose. The salad-server felt for a moment an ardent desire to use her parasol over the speaker's head, for she knew that the majority thus spoken of were earnest, self-sacrificing women, working with singleness of purpose for the good of humanity. Among them too, were those who were even more than this. They were grand women with keen intellects, broad ideas and as far beyond the idle speaker as the stars are beyond the earth. Then she paused to see if a key could not be found to the remark, and the conclusion reached was that it was simply and solely because of the carelessness of attire, the lack of regard for style, and a sort of general "don't care how I look," which pervaded the greater number of the dispersing crowd.

"WHAT trifles," say the workers, "beside these great principles which are at stake. It would be wicked to spend time upon the details of what is called pretty dress, when there is so much to be done for the good of others that would then have to be neglected." Looked at in that way, and there is ground for such feeling, but the question comes, whether the influence of such persons would not be enough stronger, if they presented themselves before the world with all of their physical possibilities made the most of by tasteful and becoming dress, to make up for any loss of work resulting from diminished time. The flowers of the field that don their prettiest robes when they come out into the sunshine, attract the eye and touch the heart where the scraggy, ragged bush is beaten under foot. Whatever is pleasant to the eye will exert a much stronger influence than the contrary. The exponents of any great idea will push it forward into public favor with ten-fold rapidity, if they do not offend the eye of those they wish to convince by ugly or careless attire. It *is* matter of no small importance—this of being at the best always, both in looks and manners.

NO DOUBT much of the carelessness and homeliness which called forth the exclamation spoken of before are due to the fact that these women, good and true, keen of intellect, and determined to do all that in them lies for the cause they believe to be just, simply do not think about the matter at all. Personal vanity does not enter into their lives. They do not recognize the fact, that it is a duty to make the most of the body which is the temple of the indwelling spirit, just as it is to use the intellect, and that what will help in that direction is not to be despised or neglected. It is only when dress is made the chief and almost the only aim of life that it becomes reprehensible.

IT is strange how often people of real genius, those who command the world's admiration, neglect in the heyday of their popularity to provide for that time, sure to come to all, when there good gifts either cannot be exercised through physical disability, or have lost their power over a fickle public ever upon the watch for something new. It is an old, old story, that of some whilom popular man or woman dying of want and in obscursity, but the lesson thus taught goes unlearned by many now basking in public favor, and they spend as they go, all unmindful of the future. This is the case with Madam Janauschek, who has held great audiences spell-bound by her superb acting. It is said that she is now in absolute penury, having spent what money she had in caring for a husband who is unable to care for himself, and to add to her misfortunes, she has lately met with an accident which will confine her to her bed for many a day. What has become of the proverbial generosity of actors that it is not brought into play in this case?

Horn-Books.

One of the rarest, and certainly one of the most interesting books in the library of the British museum is what our ancestors called a "horn-book." It was, in fact, their primer, the ordinary means by which they began their education, and down to the reign of George II. must have been very common, for we see by an entry in the account book of the Archer family that one was sold in 1729 for two pence. At present there is no book more difficult to obtain. The one in the British museum was found a quarter of a century ago in a deep closet, built in the thick walls of an old farm house in Derbyshire. It is said a laborer engaged in pulling down the walls of the anbient house recognized it as that from which his father had been taught to read. Upon the back is a picture of Charles I. on horseback, giving some approximation to its date. It is a single leaf, containing upon the front side the alphabet, large and small, in Old English and Roman letters, ten short columns of monosyllables founded on the vowels, and the Lord's Prayer; all set in a frame of oak, now black with age, and protected by a slice of transparent horn, hence the name horn-book.

There is a handle by which to hold it, and in the handle a hole for a string, so it could hang from the girdle. A picture of 1720 represents a child running in leading strings, with a horn-book tied to her side. A cheaper kind of horn-book had the leaf of printed paper pasted upon the horn, and perhaps the greater number were made in this way. If so, it is not singular they should be scarce, for they would be very easily destroyed. Shenstone writes in 1742 of

> Books of stature small,
> While with pellucid horn secured all
> To save from fingers wet the letters fair.

The alphabet upon the horn-books was always headed by a cross, and so was frequently called the Christ Cross Row, or, in common speech, the Criss Cross Row, this being the title under which a very worn specimen is catalogued at Oxford.

Home the Place for the Sick.

Home comforts and the congenial society of loving friends will do more towards effecting a cure, if accompanied by proper treatment, than a long and lonely sojourn in some far away famed health resort. One of the saddest word-pictures ever drawn is that of the resort for consumptives described in Daudet's "Numa Rumestan." Visitors to Pau or Nice are constantly reminded of the futility of the climate cure by the deaths that thin the ranks of the hopeful patients. Drs. Starkey & Palen, therefore recommend the Home Treatment by their Compound Oxygen to patients suffering from lung or throat diseases as far preferable to a Southern or European journey, with all the attendant vexation and expense that traveling entails. They will send from their office, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., a complete treatise on the use of this new healing agent. It costs nothing.

Mortifying for the Colonel.

Mrs. Col. Yerger is a continued source of embarrassment to her husband. Col. Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select ladies and gentlemen. Of course, he was called on for an after-dinner speech. Col. Yerger got up and, assuming an imposing position, began: "Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared—" He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger saying: "Why, Colonel, you it perfectly this morning."—*Texas Siftings.*

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

WHO WOULDN'T BE A SOLDIER?

BY JOHN E. THOMPSON.

"Good night, dear brothers, I will sleep
On Tennessee's green shore;
Good night, dear sisters, do not weep
If I come home no more.

Who would not be a soldier brave
When his own country calls?
'Tis sweet to fill a soldier's grave
For him who nobly falls.

If I should fall upon the field
My country's flag to save,
I pray that its bright fold my shield
My lonely soldier grave.

The morning dawns—the foe is here!
We conquer, boys, or die!
Fight for the flag we hold so dear,
The fairest 'neath the sky.

The fearful strife, terrific, dread,
With horror fills the air;
The earth is strewn with mangled dead,
Each breath a curse or prayer.

I fall; and life ebbs fast away;
I never more may see—
But O! the stars and stripes, they say,
Still wave on the Tennessee.

Brave boys, farewell! go leave me now,
Your work is not yet done.
When twilight dews fall on my brow
My spirit will be gone.

Dear home, farewell! I hope to see
Thy hills and streams again;
But wild-wood flowers will bloom o'er me,
When falls the summer rain.

Dear country, best beloved, farewell!
May heaven's smiles be thine,
And all the stars we love so well
On thy dear banner shine."
—*Chicago Ledger.*

Bits From the Battlefield.

John Dawson, of Mt. Sherburn, Ia., has weaved the story of the Blakely fight into poetry. Its length alone prohibits us from publishing it.

Hills Smith, of Niles, Mich., cannot understand why Mrs. Logan was refused a pension, when one was given to Mrs. Hancock. He writes a red-hot letter, in which he scores the administration, but the length of the communication precludes its publication in full.

G. H. Short, of Blair, Wis., says that he has yet to see a line from a member of the 28th Wisconsin. The last reunion was held at Milwaukee, and was attended by Gen. Prentiss, who commanded at the battle of Helena, Ark., and Col. Kretz, of the 27th Wisconsin. The next reunion will be held at Whitewater.

Capture of Ft. Donelson.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The first great and decisive battle in the West was that of Ft. Donelson on the Cumberland river. The scenes there occuring are yet fresh in my memory, and, it being our first battle, are very lasting and impressive. Our regiment belonged to the first brigade of Gen. C. F. Smith's division, and had passed through and assisted in the capture of Fort Heineman and Fort Henry, and on February 12, with the 9th, 12th and 41st Illinois, under the command of Col. John McArthur, started for Fort Donelson.

Our 2d brigade remained at Fort Henry, while our 3d brigade, Col. John Cook, commanding, and the 4th brigade, Col. Jacob Lauman commanding, were sent to the left, while Gen. John McClernand's division and Col. McArthur's brigade were sent to the right of the fort, and towards the Cumberland river, southeast of Dover. We had just arrived when Col. Morrison and Col. Haynie, with the 48th, 49th, 17th and 25th Illinois made an assault on the Confederate works. The 45th Illinois was sent in to assist, but the works were too strong to be carried in that way, and the charging column was repulsed and suffered severely. On our way to the right we had to pass by the wounded from this charge, and it was the first wounded we had seen fresh from the battle field, and as they were carried down the hill on the stretchers with the red life blood dripping on the snow, our boys began to realize what war was. We stopped in the timber waiting orders when we thought it would be nice to see those rebel works. Accordingly about 20 of us got out into an open field to get a good view, while others climbed into the trees to look over. A puff of smoke was seen and soon a solid shot went screaming over our heads, passing through two black oak trees. It fell to the earth. Those in the trees let all holds go and the earth caught them while we had just made the fence as another shot ploughed up the ground where we had been standing. Our curiosity was satisfied, and I proceeded to hunt up the first ball fired at the 41st Ill. It was laying in the leaves and was yet warm. I took it to old Col. Pugh as a great war relic, but he scolded us for leaving our flags and drawing the enemy's fire, so I dropped the ball, and I suppose it is lying buried there yet, a silent witness of war. We planted a battery that night and went on picket and tried to do something to keep warm in the rain and storm that had set in, for there was no sleep for us. The next day, we skirmished with the Johnnies, and assisted "Berdan's Coontail" sharpshooters to silence rebel batteries. In the afternoon the gunboats made an attack on the water batteries below the city of Dover, and a terrible cannonade was kept up. Some of the gunboat's shells almost reached us, as they were sent over the rebel lines. We heard a terrific rebel yell inside the works, and we knew that the gunboats had been worsted, which proved to be true and some were badly injured.

Late that evening we were sent to the extreme right, near the back water of the Cumberland river. We had no rations, as we left all supply trains at Fort Henry. We were ordered to go into camp and to make no fire, and there, in the cold, with snow for a covering, we bivouaced. I succeeded in getting some popcorn and a haversack full of walnuts out of an old, abandoned house. I got an old skillet and popped my corn and divided it with comrades, taking old Col. Pugh a portion, which he said was all the supper he had. The walnuts were left hanging in a tree, and I suppose some Johnny got them the next day, for early on the morning of the 15th we were aroused by the firing of our pickets, and the keen voice of Col. Pugh calling to fall in 41st. We were soon in line, and he ordered us to make a charge on the advancing column of the rebels, as they were coming, 15,000 strong, to cut their way out, and go to Nashville. We advanced some distance and poured a volley into the rebel advance, which went back in confusion. There was a terrible commotion in their ranks. We could hear their officers yelling for them to rally, and they were soon in line under command of Generals Pillow, Floyd and Buckner. The troops on our left, the 9th, 12th, 8th, 18th, 29th, 30th and 31st Illinois regiments, with Schwartz's, Dresser's, Taylor's, and McAllister's batteries were in line. Col. Oglesby, commander of the brigade to our left, came up, and seeing our regiment standing in an open field, ordered it moved to the timber on the right. We had right-faced and moved about the length of our company, when the rebel battle line, that had formed just along the timber, consisting of the 26th Mississippi regiment, opened fire on us, and the first volley shot down some five or six men in each company, and wounded many more. We halted and, turning our guns left oblique, opened fire and there the desperate struggle of the 15th commenced. I can yet see that line of blue coats, as they lay on the snow after the regiment had been ordered to fall back to the timber for protection. Of my own company, we lost Morgan, Murry, Traxel, Connor, Crumpton and others who died that the Union might live. The regiment's loss was 200. Soon the troops on our left were engaged, and the entire right wing was being driven back, inch by inch, by overwhelming numbers. There was hand to hand struggles over the batteries, and they were taken and retaken. Gen Grant had been sent for, to see the wounded Commodore Foot on the river, several miles below, and was not aware of the disaster to the right wing, until he was notified of it, when he made all haste to return to the scene of battle. Meeting Gen. Lew Wallace, who had arrived from Fort Henry, he ordered him to bring a brigade to restore the lost ground on the right. Accordingly, the 8th Mo., 11th Ind., and 20th Ohio were selected, and ordered to charge the enemy, who were halting in the valleys along the Cumberland. In place of marching out to Nashville, they had concluded that their victory was complete, and that our army had gone back to Fort Henry, but when the gallant brigade of Gen. Wallace struck them like a cyclone with bayonets fixed, doubled back in great disorder, and driven into their works, and this, with the gallant charge of the left wing under Gen. Smith into the rebel works, ended the conflict for the day. During the night all the reserves were brought up, and we were ordered to be ready to assault the enemy's works by daylight, but a bugler was heard to announce the arrival of a messenger from Buckner, asking for terms of surrender. General Grant's only reply was: "I demand an unconditional surrender or I will move immediately upon your works." To this Buckner replied: "Your terms are accepted," and soon the white flags were waving over the rebel stronghold, and Donelson was ours—the first great Union victory of the war that sent joy to the hearts of the loyal North.—E. T. LEE, 41st Ills., Cerro Gordo, Ills.

Life at Belle Isle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was taken prisoner at Rogersville, Tenn., November 6, 1863, and taken to Belle Isle, Va. We arrived about the 12th or 13th of November, 1863, and remained until March 21, 1864. I did not eat any of the pup, for the good reason that I could not get any of it, but I saw one of my comrades eat a mouse.

His name is Thomas C. Connor, and I remember the cold new year of 1864, as I came very near freezing. The James river froze over, so we had no wood. At the best, we had but very little. I would like to know if any of the comrades remember the soup they gave us, made out of stock peas that were eaten up by the bugs; that is, all but the rind, on the outside of the bean, and the soup had neither salt or grease to season it. Hell would surely be a heaven to Belle Isle, Va. I suppose Comrade Dalton remembers the cold corn dodgers we drew from the rebel commissary and when eaten lay on our stomachs, nearly as heavy as the same bulk of lead would have laid. I had only one brother, and he and a brother-in-law were taken from Belle Isle about the 16th of March, 1864, to Andersonville, Ga. There were about 250 Federal soldiers from this Fentress county, and there are but two who vote the Democratic ticket. I think that we can elect the President in 1888, by putting on our ticket Senator Ben Harrison, of Indiana, and Robert Lincoln. We would have the son of a martyred President, and the grandson of William H. Harrison, who was elected November, 1840. It is to be regretted that we lost our heroic John A. Logan out of the Senate, by all Federal soldiers, in that we lost our strongest advocate. He knew our hardships, for he had slept in the leaves with us.—A. A. GOODING, late of Co. D, 2d Tenn. Inf., Jamestown, Tenn.

Morgan's Dog Meat.

J. Butorf, Co. B, 34th Ill., of Indianola, Ia., tells an interesting reminiscence of the 14th Army Corps, which occurred during its race after Hood. Gen. Morgan had given orders one night that no one should leave camp, but as the boys were hungry, they sneaked out on a foraging expedition. They succeeded in finding a large number of turkeys, chickens, etc., and knowing that trouble would follow their return to camp, one of them caught a dog which he dressed nicely. Meanwhile the absence of the men was noticed, and Gen. Morgan ordered their arrest. When they were brought to the general's camp under guard, they were made to pile up the booty in front of his tent. The dog attracted his eye; he thought that it was mutton and ordered his cook to prepare it for him. When the march was again taken up, the general rode out, look as slick and happy as you please. The boys could even imagine that he was licking his chops over that mutton. Suddenly some one yelled out: "Dog meat." Instantly the word was taken up all along the line. The general endeavored to hunt out the offenders, but it was no use, and the "dog meat" came to be the one thorn that was constantly irritating the general. It was a by-word of the 14th corps, and it was not long before Morgan understood the joke.

The Logan Pension Bill.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As your valuable paper of January 27 says: "Now let the people be heard from in regard to the rejection of the Mrs. Logan pension bill." I wish to say that my husband was in the army three years, was wounded in the calf of the leg, has three times been disabled from the effects of the wound so that he had to use crutches. He applied for a pension, and he received the enormous sum of two dollars per month. Now, of course, if he dies a natural death, the government would not continue even the two dollars per month to me. Now, I believe in honor to whom honor is due, and there are many soldiers who were just as brave and true as Logan, Garfield or Hancock, whose bodies are suffering with pain and their families suffering for the necessaries of life, and, through some uncontrollable circumstances, they are not able to furnish evidence to comply with our defective pension laws, so they may suffer on while some are receiving as liberal as my husband.—SARAH SKED, Howard City, Mich.

A Wholesale Murderer.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I saw in the CAMP FIRE department an article headed "An Inhuman Deed." Let me here add a pine knot to keep the CAMP FIRE going.

I was one of the guards that guarded Col. Champ Furgerson at his trial in Nashville, Tenn. His trial lasted about three months; we went every day with him, rain or shine, except Sundays. There were over 400 murders proved against him. He was a bad man. There was one who knew what would make him better. That was Mr. Blackman, who gave him (Old Champ we used to call him) rope around the neck. I not only have his picture from memory, but his photograph with the eleven guards. We were constantly in fear lest he would get away, as several of his band were present throughout the trial. He would pick them out for us as we were going to and from the jail. If any of the guards are readers of the CAMP FIRE, let them add a knot.—THERON GLADDEN, Co. D, 9th Mich. Inf., Owosso, Mich.

A Chicken Story.

The Twenty-fifth Wisconsin and two or three others had been sent off on a raid. In the afternoon the marching column was attacked by the Confederates, and Col. Rusk was ordered to take a small force and drive the enemy away. There was a swamp thickly grown with small trees and bushes, through which these troops had to march. There seemed to be some hesitency about entering the swamp. A sergeant said, "Colonel, I can take these men through there," and he did so. Col. Rusk and several other officers, half an hour after the enemy had been scattered, were riding past a farm-house, when they discovered some of the soldiers doing lively work in the way of capturing poultry. The lady of the house rushed up to Rusk and asked, excitedly:

"Are these your men, Colonel?"

"They are, Madam."

"Well, I wish you would tell them not to steal my chickens."

"Madam, your chickens are perfectly safe. The sergeant over there is in charge of these men, and he will allow no plundering. Why, Madam, that sergeant is a Methodist minister, and would not permit anything of the kind to be done."

The lady threw up her hands and said, "A Methodist Minister! Oh, Lord, I shan't have a chicken left."—*Chicago Ledger.*

How a Man is Impressed by an Advertisement.

The first time a man looks at an advertisement he does not see it.

The second time he does not notice it.

The third time he is dimly conscious of it.

The fourth time he faintly remembers seeing something of the kind before.

The fifth time he half reads it.

The sixth time he turns up his nose at it.

The seventh time he throws the paper down impatiently.

The eighth time he ejaculates, "There's the confounded thing again!"

The ninth time he wonders if there's anything in it.

The tenth time he thinks it might possibly suit somebody else's case.

The eleventh time he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has tried it, or knows anything about it.

The twelfth time he wonders if the advertiser can make it pay.

The thirteenth time he rather thinks it must be a good thing.

The fourteenth time he happens to think it is just what he wanted.

The fifteenth time he for a long time resolves to try it as soon as he can afford it.

The sixteenth time he examines the address carefully and makes a memorandum of it.

The seventeenth time he is tantalized to think he is hardly able to afford it.

The eighteenth time he sees painfully how much he is in need of that particular article.

The nineteenth time he counts his money to see how much he would have left if he bought it.

The twentieth time he rushes frantically forth and buys it.

Gave Himself Away in Sleep.

Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, you had better hide that milliner's bill, and I'll try to shave enough off the grocer's bill to pay it. Your pa is greatly worried over his business affairs. Aurelia—Oh, ma! you don't mean to say he is going to fail? Mrs. Bagley—I know nothing for certain, but last night I heard him talking in his sleep about being robbed by a man named Umpire, and about the men going out on strikes, and I fear the worst.—*Philadelphia Call.*

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

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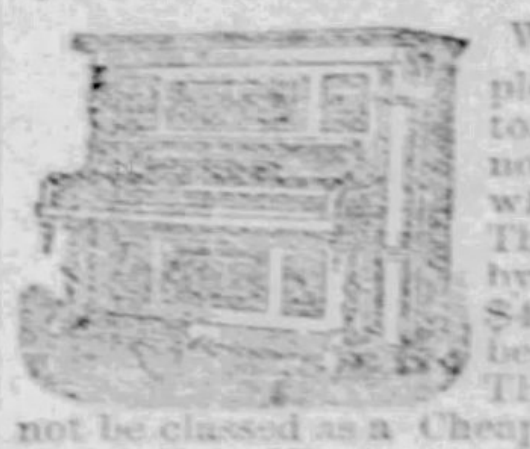

We will sell a sample piano in territory where we have no agent, at regular wholesale price. This piano is sold by our agents for $400. They give the best of satisfaction. THE ARCADE cannot be classed as a Cheap Piano, but it is the best medium-priced Piano made. A great saving by buying direct, but in no case will we sell at wholesale to consumers, where we have an agent. We have a few to place immediately. This is the last offer of the kind we shall make. Now is the time to buy a new piano at wholesale rate.
WHITNEY & CURRIER, manufacturers of the ARCADE PIANOS, Toledo, Ohio.
We refer to the Blade Company.

Summer Wear for Men.

Washable pique suspenders for summer wear are shown this season in uncommon variety.

A made-up Windsor bow is one of the season's novelties in neckwear. It saves the trouble of tying, which prevents many people from wearing Windsor ties.

The four-in-hand is drooping delicately to a modest size. Wide ties are entirely *passe*, and two inches is the popular size. Even narrower widths will be shown soon.

For men's outing dress, Knickerbocker trousers are rapidly growing in favor, and long stockings of tasteful designs are this season a more important part of manufacturers' stocks than hitherto.

French shirtings in linen and percale are less startling than last season, and the tendency is toward quiet and genteel effects. This does not apply to figures, which are more strongly colored than ever.

Link buttons are very small and delicate this season, and large or odd patterns are not recommended. Slightly ornamented gold tints for the street and plain white enamel for dress, are most in vogue.

Very high colors are no longer good form; 2½ inches is the extreme height, and some popular shapes are as low as 1½ inches in front. In straight seam collars the corners are sharp, with an opening straight or almost straight, and from ¼ to ⅜ inches in width.

Shirts embroidered in delicate colors will be leaders with high-class trade this summer and will probably be the proper thing for full dress this fall. The neatest of these have a tiny strip of embroidery down the flap, in dark blue and pale yellow. Cuffs are similarly embroidered.

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Tempora Mutantur.

"Dan," said the President, as he gazed musingly out of his study window over the Potomac flats, and seemed, by his placid smile, to discern with his mental vision a long line of instructed delegates coming up from the Southwest; "it is only two years since we went fishing together in the Adirondacks, isn't it?"

"Only two, sire," said Daniel.

"It was good bait we used in those days, Daniel," continued the President; "what has become of that old black bait bottle we had with us?"

"I believe Mrs. Cleveland has filled it with bed-bug poison, sire," said Lamont, mournfully.

"And where are the poles we fished with, Daniel?" asked the President, as the reminiscent smile gradually faded and his face commenced to express a feeling of sadness and longing that was not akin to pain, and resembled sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain.

"They have kindled the kitchen fire with them long ago, sire," responded Lamont.

"And the dear old suits of clothes that we used to rough it in, and never had to brush, and were full of darns and patches, where are they now, Daniel, where are they now?" said Mr. Cleveland, more pathetically than ever.

Lamont slowly raised his index finger and pointed to two plaster casts on the mantel—Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.

"Traded off to a peddler for those two things, sire," he answered.

"Well, Daniel," said the President, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "we won't do any fishing this summer; but as soon as the grass is dry enough, Mrs. C. and you and I will go out on the lawn and play croquet."

Indian but Not Savage.

A young lady at a ball called her escort an Indian because he was "on her trail" all the time.

Cholera
Cramps
Colic
all
Summer Complaints
and all
Bowel Troubles
are cured by
Perry Davis'
Pain
Killer
All druggists sell it.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Alum—Diamonds—Gun Powder.

Wonderer, Jacksville, Butler county, Pa.:

1. Where is alum found, and how is it prepared for market? 2. Where are diamonds mostly found? 3. How is gun powder manufactured?

1. Alum rarely occurs in nature, except in a few springs and in some extinct volcanoes, where it appears to be formed from the action of sulphurous acid vapours upon felspathic rocks. It is artificially prepared from alum-shale, obtained from coal mines at Hurlett and Campsie, near Glasgow; and alum-slate, which occurs along the east coast of England. When the shale is exposed to the air, the oxygen of the air assisted by moisture, effects a decided change upon it. The original hard, strong substance begins to split up into thin leaves, and becomes studded over and interspersed with crystals. When the alum-slate thus weathered is digested in water then dissolve into, the sulphate of alumina and sulphate of iron; this solution is treated with chloride of potassium, which decomposes the sulphate of iron, forming sulphate of potash and chloride of iron. When this liquid is evaporated to concentration, and allowed to cool, crystals of alum separate, consisting of sulphate of alumina, sulphate of potash and water. This operation is usually repeated three times. A more expeditious method is largely resorted to. The shale is broken into fragments, and piled up over brushwood in long ridges, shaped like huge potato pits, and the brushwood being set fire to, the coaly matter of the shale begins to turn, and the whole ridge undergoes the process of roasting, the results of which are the same as the weathering process. A new and valuable source of alum is the cryolite of Greenland. The Pennsylvania Salt company introduced this material to notice; manufactures a sulphate of alumina containing 2.82 parts of sulphuric acid to one part of alumina.

2. The diamond is found in alluvial deposits which are worked for gold, sometimes attached to loose pieces of brown hematite, and sometimes in a conglomerate of quartz and chalcedony, cemented by ferruginous clay; but it is not certain in what geological formation it originated. The diamond mines of India have the same character as those of Brazil. The diamond was long known in Asia, in Hidostan, Borneo, Sumatra, and in the Ural mountains before it was discovered elsewhere; the district from Cape Cormorin to the Bay of Bengal, including the famous mines of Golconda, furnished the world until 1828, when the Brazilian mines were discovered. The South African diamond fields were discovered through some children finding a diamond of 21½ carats on the banks of the Orange river in 1868.

3. Gunpowder is a compound of nitre, charcoal and sulphur. These are taken to separate mills and reduced by successive grindings to impalpable powder. These are then taken to the mixing house, where they are weighed out into their respective proportions. The charcoal is spread in a trough, and the sulphur and nitre sifted upon it. The whole are incorporated through imperfectly by the hands. The next process is in the powder mill, where the mixture is ground between millstones and thoroughly incorporated in a wet state; this is continued from one to six hours. The powder, completely pulverized and caked by the moisture and the pressure, leaves the mill in small lumps, called mill-cake. This mill-cake is then spread between copper plates in layers about three inches thick, and is subjected to an immense pressure either by a screw-capstan or by a hydraulic engine. The last process is drying, glazing and freeing from dust. The first is effected by heating the powder to a point sufficient to drive off moisture; the second, by the friction of the grains together in a revolving cylinder; the third, by the centrifugal action caused by the powder being twisted around at great speed in a gauze cylinder when the dust flies off through the gauze, and the bright grains remain as finished gunpowder.

Life of St. Patrick.

Miss Sarah Van Brocklin, Rockford, Ill.:

Please give an account of St. Patrick, his birth and what he did.

St. Patrick, the apostle and patron saint of Ireland. The place of his birth is uncertain. O'Curry discovered in the British museum a manuscript tripartite life of the sixth century, which affirms that Patrick was born in 372 at Bonauous Tabernia, thought by some to be modern Boulogne. Others maintain that he was born near Kilpatrick, in Scotland, in 373. He died in Down, Ulster, March 17, 493 or 495. The name of Patricius was bestowed on him in Rome by Pope Celestine, his original name having been Succath. At the age of 16 he was carried captive to Ireland by a band of marauders, but after six months escaped to Scotland. Carried off a second time and again escaping, he resolved to become a missionary to the Irish, was ordained in Scotland, and after a long preparation was consecrated bishop. Having previously, according to some accounts, visited Gaul, and perhaps, Italy, he passed over to his chosen field of labor about 432, and preached the gospel with such extraordinary effect that, although not absolutely the first to introduce Christianity into that country, he was always received the credit of its general conversion. He baptized the kings of Dublin and Munster, and the seven sons of the king of Connaught, with the greater part of their subjects, and before his death had converted almost the whole island to the faith. The Roman Catholic church keeps his festival for March 17. He devoted the lands bestowed on him to the foundation of churches, of cloisters for both sexes, and of numerous monastic schools, which flourished during the next three centuries. He was also jealous for the suppression of slavery, which was one of the incentives to the piratical expeditions so frequent in his day.

Alsace and Loraine.

E. J. Brown, St. Joseph, Mo.:

1. Please explain the duties of the surveyor of ports. 2. Where are Alsace and Loraine? 3. Where are the land offices of Arkansas located?

1. To ascertain the weight and quantity of goods subject to duty. 2. Alsace, a late province of France (now included principally in the German Imperial territory of Elsass-Lothringen,) comprising the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, between between the Rhine on the East and the Vosges mountains on the West, and extending South to Switzerland, and North to Rhenish Bavaria; area, 3,360 English square miles. In Cæsar's time, Alsace was occupied by Celtic tribes; but during the decline of the empire, the Alemanni and other tribes from beyond the Rhine occupied and completely Germanized it. It afterward formed part of the German empire, under various sovereign dukes and princes, latterly of the House of Hapsburg; till a part of it was ceded to France at the peace of Westphalia, and the rest fell prey to the aggressions of Louis XIV., who seized Strasburg by surprise in time of peace. It continued to be held by France until the close of the Franco-Prussian war, when Alsace and Lorraine (except the small district of Belfort) were annexed to Germany by the treaty of May 10, 1871. Originally the lands between the Scheldt, Rhine, Meuse, and Saone, were called the kingdom of Lorraine. The district now known as Rhenish Prussia was separated from Lorraine in the 10th century, and the remainder was divided into two duchies, Upper and Lower Lorraine. The latter came into the possession of Austria, and now forms one-half of the kingdom of Belgium, and the provinces of Brabant and Gelderland, in Holland. Upper Lorraine continued to be governed by its own dukes till 1736, when it was given to Stanislas, ex-king of Poland, and on his death in 1766, was united to France, forming the province of Lorraine. It was afterwards subdivided into the departments of the Meuse, Moselle, Meurtha, and Vasges. The inhabitants are of German origin, but speak the French language, with the exception of the district lying between Metz and the Vasges, which is called German Lorraine. This tract was ceded to Germany at the peace of 1871. 3—See notice below headed "Public Lands."

Tobacco The Mistletoe.

A. B., Bloomington, Ill.:

1. Please give a sketch of the life of Sam Jones. 2. Give some of the uses of the mistletoe. 3. Give a brief history of tobacco, how, when, where and by whom discovered and how first used.

1. Sam Jones is a self-styled evangelist, going about the country preaching. There is a widespread opinion prevalent that he is not doing the cause of religion any good. His language is course and uncultured, and his sermons consist chiefly of blackguardism. Some ministers have taken kindly to him, but many more have treated him with the silent contempt he doubtless deserves.

2. The mistletoe is a shrub of the evergreen pine and comprises some thirty different kinds. The mistletoe is succulent when young, but becomes woody when old; its branches are frequently forked and form together, making immense tufts, from 1 to 2 feet in diameter, and attaches to the trees by the thickened masses at its stem. The branches break easily at the joints at each point of which is born a pair of leaves. The mistletoe extends from Sweden to the Mediterranean sea and is very common in the southern and western portions of England, where it grows upon a great variety of trees. It is supposed to be disseminated by birds, which feeding upon the berries, wipe the juice from their bills upon the branches and limbs of other trees and soon the mistletoe appears. The superstitions and legends connected with the mestlitoe are numerous. It was held in high veneration by the ancient Britons and its collection by the Druids was attended with solemnity. It was cut on the sixth day after the first new moon, the king, or other high functionary, using a golden sickle. The plant was distributed among the fortunate who preserved it to drive away disease and every other evil. In England it is much used at Christmas time and if a gentleman discovers a lady beneath the "Mistletoe bough" he has the right to kiss her. This is a very old custom which descended from feudal times but its real origin and significance is lost. Within recent times it has been regarded as a valuable remedy for epilepsy, but at present is not employed. The chief use at present writing is for holiday decorations, for which purpose it is frequently brought to this country.

3. Tobacco (*Nicotiana* tobacum) commemorates the name Jean Nicot, a French embassador to Portugal, who, in 1560, sent the seeds from Lisbon to France, as those of a highly valuable medicinal plant which was then known throughout Portugal, having been introduced in 1520. The native name comes from tabago, or tobacco, the term in Santa Domingo for the tube or pipe through which the smoke of the leaves or stems was inhaled. There are about fifty species of American tobacco. Tobacco is largely produced in China, Japan, Persia, and other ports of the east. The influence of climate on plants is shown by its cultivation in the United States. It is grown from the borders of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and almost from ocean to ocean, and some states produce a leaf of such a distinct quality that good judges can very frequently tell the state the leaf grew in by examining it. The first European culture of tobacco took place in Portugal in the early part of the sixteenth century; it was raised in France in 1752. Its production in England in 1660 was restricted by law to a small quantity for medical purposes, and in many countries it was made a great source of revenue. The earliest Virginia settlers engaged in the cultivation of tobacco, as it was a salable commodity in England, but in 1616, when the colony numbered only 351 persons, provision was made against the neglect of food crops in its favor. There is a prohibition against its cultivation in England to-day, for any except medicinal purposes. The tobacco is prepared for chewing or smoking in pipes; and snuffs are made from it, and are used by those who would not use tobacco as well as those who do. Its physiological action is opposite to strychnine, and is sometimes used as an antidote. It is recommended for neuralgia and gout, and toothache is frequently relieved by smoking a cigar. The application of the infusion, or of the leaves, or powdered stems to the face when deprived of skin, has often proved fatal; these have even followed the inhalation of the smoke. The powerful nauseating effect suggests its use for an emetic, but it is seldom used. The best medical authority in the world are divided as to beneficial or harmful effects. Efforts have been made to show that its effects lessen mental vigor, but it would be hard to prove this, as so many examples are known where men and women have lived to ripe old age, who were habitual smokers all their lives. In Spain and Spanish American countries women smoke to as great an extent as men. Some physicians claim that continued smoking will lead to blindness; but this, like many other objections, was as much against as for it.

Mecklenburg—Declaration of Independence.

C. D., Wadsworth, O.:

1. Were the Mecklenburg resolutions the prelude to the Declaration of Independence? Tell all you know about them. 2. Who is considered the greatest poet living? Who is considered the greatest fiction writer of the present day?

1. On May 31, 1775, the inhabitants of Mecklenburg county, N. C., chiefly Presbyterians of the Scotch-Irish descent, met in convention at Charlotte. The dissatisfaction against English rule, and what they called tyranny had grown so great that this community concluded to take public action on the issue. After a long discussion their famous "declaration of independence," as they called it, was framed. It asserted in no unmistakable language "that their loyalty to the King was ended." The declaration was mighty popular among the colonists, and in June 8 the next year, 1776, Congress appointed a committee consisting of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia; John Adams, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York, to draw up a declaration of independence, to embody the substance of Richard Henry Lee's resolution, proposed the day before in Congress. Lee's resolutions were as follows: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political relations between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; that it is expedient forthwith to take the most effective measures for forming foreign alliances; that a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation." On July 4, same year, 1776, they reported the Declaration of Independence. It was from the pen of Thomas Jefferson, and chiefly defended by John Abams. The old bellringer in the belfry of the state house, waited anxiously to hear the announcement of the passage of the declaration. At last his little boy, standing below, shouted "Ring! Ring!" and the whole city was full of joy which continued to overflow until long into the night. Thus it was that the American government was formed. While the Mecklenburg resolutions did not enter into the act, it was their spirit, fostered by those early patriots, which caused the birth of this great country. 2 and 3. An answer can not be given. It altogether depends upon the literary taste of the reader. One person may favor one author while perhaps others would not.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

J. F. Fitzgerald, Dexter, Iowa: The Indian Territory is unorganized.

M. J. G. F., Linden, Mich.: Write to Hon. Joseph S. Miller, commissioner of internal revenue.

H. V. Gruble, Palause City, Washington Territory:

Is the City of Yeddo, in Japan, larger than this London, in England?

London has a population of 3,883,093; Tokio (formerly called Yeddo) capital of Japan, has 776,361 inhabitants. As to your other question you had better write to A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the General Land office, Washington, D. C.

Did, Treaty, Ind.:

Will you be so kind as to give some information on the Zodiac signs. From what did the old sayings in regard to planting in accordance with the moon and signs originate? Is there any true science in the belief? I am a strong unbeliever, and want some evidence on the subject before I can be convinced.

The traditions concerning the time of the moon to sow garden seed, to kill pork, to cut timber, and the like, are founded neither on fact nor rational theory of any kind, and need only be tested to show their entire absurdity. Also, see answer to G. Nurken, Graafschap, Mich., in Question Bureau of March 31, 1887.

Alonzo Driver, Frenso, Cal.:

Will you tell how to vulcanize rubber so as to make it hard?

India rubber in the crude state is prepared for manufacture by grinding the sheets in water, for the purpose of cleansing it. After this it is dried and subjected to the tearing action of toothed rollers, one of which revolves faster than the other. At this stage the vulcanizing material, consisting of ½ ounce of sulphur or more to the pound of rubber, according to the required hardness, is added and thoroughly incorporated. Various other ingredients, as sulphate of zinc, whiting, plaster of Paris, lampblack, pitch, etc., in addition to the sulphur, are also employed for the purpose of hardening. The selection of these depends on the peculiar ideas of the manufacturer and the destined application of the material.

J. C., Canton, O.:

1. Did a spring of water gush out of the ground at Andersonville in a miraculous way? 2. Why is it Jeff Davis has never been tried for the many crimes of which he is accused?

1. Such is reported to have been the case. There would be nothing unusual in such an action. All such springs must have come up at some time, and had persons been watching them at the time of their exit it would have produced a sensation. Those little streams of water are circulating all through the earth's crust, and when they find a weak spot, or, by internal changes their pressure is made greater, they burst out. 2. President Johnson issued two amnesty proclamations, which removed all the crimes of war. Since that time many of the leading spirits have had their political disabilities removed and are now holding office under the government.

J. M. Harden, Kendall, Kan.:

I think I saw in your paper some time ago a recipe for making cement to apply on roofs for outhouses. Will you please give it again?

Take the hardest and purest limestone (white marble is preferred) free from sand, clay, or other matter; calcine it in a reverbatory furnace, pulverize, and pass it through a sieve. One part, by weight, is to be mixed with two parts clay well baked and similarly pulverized, conducting the whole operation with great care. This forms the first operation. The second is to be made of one part calcined and pulverized gypsum, to which is added two parts clay, baked and pulverized. These two powders are to be combined, and intimately incorporated, so as to form a perfect mixture. When it is to be used, mix it with about a fourth part of its weight of water, added gradually, stirring the mass well the whole time, until it forms a thick paste, in which state it is to be spread like mortar upon the desired surface. It becomes in time as hard as stone, allows no moisture to penetrate, and is not cracked by heat.

I. F., Forks Creek, Colorado:

Please answer: 1. By whom was the Arabian Knights written. 2. Is Owen Merrideth's title Lord Lytton or Earl of Lytton.

1. The collection of stories commonly spoken of as the Arabian Knights, was first brought to the notice of Europeans by a French Oriental scholar, Anthony Gallard. Their publication by him was completed in 1717. Many persons looked upon him as the author of the stories rather than their translator, and so denounced them as forgeries. But their eastern origin has long been placed beyond all doubt. Manuscript copies of the stories in Arabic have been found and four Arabic versions have been published. What the real origin of the book or stories were cannot be said. Some believe that the original tales were few in number and were written in Syria, but that subsequently others were added from other countries—perhaps Egypt. Whatever their origin the stories have always been held in great esteem by the public, and will no doubt long retain their hold on the minds of those who like the fancies of a vivid imagination. 2. Lord Lytton.

E. B. D., Niles, Mich.:

1. Please publish and explain the Septennate army bill that is agitating Germany at present. 2. Why was Robespierre, the great French statesman, called "sea green?"

1. The Septennate bill has been repeatedly explained in the columns of this paper, both in answer to questions and editorially. In brief, it is a bill to provide the means of support for the German army over a period of seven years. 2. There is no special reason for calling him sea green. It may have been his complexion or it may have been the clothes or uniform he wore. He was more of a revolutionary monster than a statesman. Having lost his father in his childhood he was taken under the protection of the Bishop of Arras, who sent him to the college of Louis le Grand, after which he studied law and was admitted as an advocate into the council Artois. About this time he published a treatise on electricity and another on crimes and punishment in which he denied the right of society to put offenders to death. At the beginning of the French revolution he was elected a member of the States-General, where he obtained the name, "The Incorruptable," by his constant declaration against political corruption. The Jacobin club raised him to power when a scene of bloodshed followed, to which no parallel can be found in history. Robespierre and his creatures established the terrible tribunal called the "Committee of Public Safety," which spread dismay and death throughout France. At length a confederacy was formed against the tyrant and on July 27, 1794, he was arrested but not until his lower jaw had been broken by a pistol shot. The next day he suffered death under the guillotine amidst the execrations of the multitude.

W. H. G., Peck's Run, W. Va.:

1. Please inform me what the "Blue Laws" were in colonial times. 2. How deep is the Atlantic ocean?

Blue laws is a term sometimes applied to the early enactments of several of the New England states, but more frequently limited to the laws of New Haven colony. The origin of the term is not exactly known. The most probable derivation is that given by Prof. Kingsley, who thinks the epithet "blue" was applied to any one who, in the time of Charles II., looked with disapprobation on the licentiousness of the times. Thus, in *Hudibras:*

> "For his religion, it was fit
> To match his learning and his wit;
> 'Twas Presbyterian true blue."

In the colonies this epithet was applied not only to persons but to customs, institutions, and laws of the Puritans. Hence, probably a belief with some that a distinct system of laws, known as the blue laws, must somewhere have had a local habitation. The exisentce of such a code of blue laws is fully disproved. The only authority in its favor is Peters, who is notoriously untrustworthy. The traditions upon this subject, from which Peters framed his stories, undoubtedly arose from the fact that the early settlers of New Haven were uncommonly strict in their application of the "general rules of righteousness." 2. About 15,000 feet.

H. M. McL., Mobry, Ga.:

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Nathaniel Mason?

Nathaniel Mason was an American statesman, born in Warren county, N. C., in 1757, and died at his plantation in the same county, in 1837. He was studying at Princeton, N. J., at the opening of the war of the revolution. In 1777 he left college, and served for a short time as a private in a company of volunteers. Returning to North Carolina, he entered upon the study of law, but soon enlisted again as a volunteer, and though several offices were urged on him, served as a common soldier. He continued in the army till the provisional treaty of peace in 1782. For his military service he refused any pay, nor would he accept a pension. While yet in the army, in 1780, he was elected a members of the Senate of North Carolina, in which post he continued to serve through 1785, and though very young was employed on the most important committees of that body. He was a member of Congress from 1791 to 1815, and was the speaker of the house from 1801 to 1806, when he declined renomination. He was transferred in 1816 to the Senate, where he served till 1828, being president pro tem. in 1825 to 1827. Twice during Jefferson's administration he declined the office of postmaster-general. In 1828 he resigned his seat in the Senate and several local offices, having been a member of Congress for 37 years.

Willie J. W., Windom, Kan.:

Will you please tell me who invented the sewing machine, also the reaper, and the date of each?

The first needle suitable for use in sewing machines was introduced by Charles F. Wiesenthal, to whom a patent was granted in 1755. The first application of machinery was contained in a patent to Robert Alsop, in England, in 1770. Machine embroidery with a large number of needles was patented by John Duncan in 1804. In 1830 B. Thimonier patented a sewing machine in France, which was used until 1848, when he made improvements in it. The reaper was first suggested by the ancient Romans, though the first experiments toward practical results were made in Europe in the latter part of the 18th and early part of the present century. The first machines, however, which attained much efficiency were made in the United States between 1830 and 1850. The forerunner of the present form of machines, in which the gatherers or cutters were given increased velocity, was constructed by Pitt in 1786. In 1806 Gladstone, of England, patented a front-draft, side cut machine, having a revolving knife. Oglo, in 1822, made the first reciprocating knife, which was also attached to a forward-draft machine. The names of Adams, of New York; Ten Eyck, of New Jersey, and Lane, of Maine, are among the first connected with the invention in the United States.

Eugene Lemmon, Washluckna, W. T.:

1. Please give a brief description of the battle in which a woman performed the office of artilleryman? 2. How came this woman to accept this position?

1. In the month of June, 1778, 28th day, occurred the battle of Monmouth, N. J. It was a severe battle on a hot Sunday when the mercury stood at 96° in the shade. At the first attack the American van under Gen. Charles Lee gave way. Washington came up and by almost superhuman efforts stopped the flight. The battle continued until way into darkness when patriots were left on the beach and the soldiers laid down to sleep. The Americans lost 362 in killed, wounded and missing and the British lost 355. Gen. Charless Lee was court-martialed for his lack of bravery and for his insolent replies to Washington. He was superseded for one year and at a later date, upon further proof of treachery to his country, he was dismissed from the army. It was in this battle that the brave Mollie Pitcher gained her national reputation. Her husband was an artilleryman, and she had followed him to the battle and made herself useful in carrying shot to the cannon's mouth. Her husband was shot dead, and over his body the brave Mollie stood and took command of the piece. She loaded and aimed with a precision that was wonderful, and on the next day, Monday, June 29, 1778, she received from Washington a sergeant's commission with half pay for life. The British continued their march toward New York and lost nearly a thousand men on the way by desertion.

C. T. L., Stewart, Minn.:

Please explain anarchism and socialism?

Socialism attempts to solve the problem of suffering without eliminating the factor of sin. It says, "from each according to his abilities; to each according to his wants." Both anarchists and socialists seek to overthrow existing social and economic institutions; both propose a cooperative form of production and exchange, as a substitute for the existing capitalistic and competitive system, and both expect a great and bloody revolution. The latter does not, as a party, attack the family or religion, and is opposed to anarchy. The ideals of the former, however, are common property, socialistic production and distribution, the grossest materialism—for their God is their belly; free love in all social arrangements, perfect individualism, or in other words, anarchy. Negatively expressed—Away with private property. Away with the family. Away with religion." In an article on "Revolutionary Principles, printed in the *Freiheit*, the organ of the anarchists and advanced socialists in the United States, contained the following: "He (the revolutionist) is the irreconcilable enemy of this world, and if he continues to live in it, it is only that he may thereby more certainly destroy it. He only knows one science—namely, destruction. For this purpose he studies night and day. For him everything is moral which favors the triumph of the revolution; everything is unmoral and criminal that hinders it. Day and night may he cherish but one thought, only one purpose—namely, inexorable destruction. While he pursues this purpose, without rest, and in cold blood, he must be ready to die, and equally ready to kill every one with his own hands who hinders him in the attainment of this purpose.

They All Do That.

An effort will be made to secure the passage by the legislature of a bill restoring the whipping-post. Up in B—— a good many years ago a new family moved into a house on an isolated road. They had had the benefit of city culture, and some of their ways seemed peculiar to their new neighbors. One day "Aunt Eunice," a good old soul whose life had been spent in single-blessedness, went to call on the newcomers, but did not stop. As fast as her feet could carry her she hastened to the house of the town squire. "Squire Sim, there's awful carryin's on down at ——'s. You must go right down." "What's the matter, Aunt Eunice?" "I dunno, Squire, but I see him throw a kittle at his wife, and I come right after you." "Lord a massy, Eunice, they all do that, they all do that," was Squire Sim's curt dismissal of the case.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

Just to Change a Quarter.

Some one has taken the time and trouble to figure out the various combinations of coins that might be used in changing a quarter, and places them at 215. The pieces used in making the changes are the 20 cent piece, 10 cent piece, 5 cent piece, 3 cent piece, 2 cent piece, and 1 cent piece. To be able to make all these changes would require one 20 cent piece, two 10 cent pieces, five 5 cent pieces, eight 3 cent pieces, twelve 2 cent pieces and twenty-five 1 cent pieces, making in all 53 pieces of money, representing $1.38.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with Loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease, sustaining elements, and thus removes the CAUSE.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

☞ PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

Lydia E. Pinkham

For Weak Women.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham; "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it, and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsis Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose. Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, etc. The hemorrhage is very much better, and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been wonderfully benefitted, and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same, and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sakes we allow our names to be used.

C. W. EATON, Thurston, N. Y.

Marriage and Health.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 5, 1883.—Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham: "As is frequently the case with mothers who have reared large families, I have tried the skill of a number of physicians, and the virtue of many medicines without relief, and as an experiment I concluded to try yours. I am not a seeker after notoriety, but I want to tell you that I have been wonderfully benefitted by your medicine. I am now using my fourth bottle, and it would take but little argument to persuade me that my healt is fully restored. I should like to widely circulate the fact of its wonderful curative powers."—Pheba C. Roop.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

Authors to Whom the Authorship of Many of Them is Traced.

Many of our comm on sayings, so true and pity, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the work of Shakspeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place," (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives "The almighty dollar."

Thomas Murgan queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles Pickney gives "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens" (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the 16th century, gives us "Better late than never," "Look ere you leap" and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

"When Greek joined Greek then was the tug of war," came from Nathaniel Lee.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and, "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the aggreable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and Macintosh, in 1791, the phase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety is the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear, "Cowper, "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas a Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love," while Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

—Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Chauncey Depew and the Reporters.

Mr. Depew is at all times an agreeable talker, and to reporters he is especially so. "I never but once refused to be interviewed," said he, talking to the *Journal*, while here the other day, "and I gave in on that finally. It was very late at night, and I had gone to bed more than usually tired. I was in the midst of my first sleep, which is my best, when the door-bell rang. I made up my mind I wouldn't answer, hoping that whoever he was he would tire out and go. But he didn't, and I finally got up and went down to the door and ushered in a young man. 'Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I am a newspaper reporter. My wife is very sick and the doctor says I must take her to Clifton Springs to-morrow. I don't come to you for a pass; I don't ask you for money. One of the newspapers (naming one of the leading dailies of New York) has given me a column and a half. I've got to fill it. The money I will get for it will, perhaps, save my wife's life. I have walked the streets an hour wondering what I would write, when I thought of you. Now, I want you to fill that space.'

"'But,' said I, 'what shall I talk about?'

"'Anything,' said he. So I walked up and down the room and commenced to talk upon a subject. 'No,' said he, 'I don't think they'd like that.' Then I started off on another. 'I'm afaid of that,' said he. He suggested a topic, but that was professional, and I could not talk to him about it. Then I rambled off a category of different things until he interrupted me on one. 'That'll do,' said he; 'give me something on that,' and I fired a speech at him. In a few minutes he stopped. 'That's enough, Mr. Depew,' said he, 'I've got my column and a half,' and he had. The next morning the interview appeared, and my night friend's wife no doubt received the benefit of it."

Clear the Way

Without loss of time, when the intestinal canal is blocked up by reason of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and breed other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the blockaded bowels, a consequence always to be apprehended from the use of violent laxatives, which are among the most pernicious of the cheap nostrums swallowed by the credulous and misinformed. The fiat of experience, and of the medical fraternity, sanctions the claims of this standard aperient. Not only as a source of relief and permanent regularity to the bowels, liver and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

Making Tears Pay.

A distinguished belle is a book agent. Her method consists of the ability to shed tears at will. At precisely the time and place for tears to be of value they drop from her eyes and trickle down her cheeks. She has been fooling the brokers especially. She enters an office quietly but firmly, and, with no circumlocution, tells the boss that she wishes him to buy a book. He says no, unhesitatingly and perhaps crossly. Then she turns away in tears.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," she replies, making toward the door.

But he sympathetically begs her to voice her grief, whereupon she tells that she has been unable to sell a single book that day, that her poor her old mother is dependent upon her, and that she is downright discouraged. He purchases one or more books instantly.—*Chicago Herald.*

Not in the Laundry Business.

Barkeeper—You don't need a drink. Take ten cents and get your shirt washed. Guzzler—Can you get a shirt washed for ten cents? Barkeeper—Yes. Guzzler—I didn't know. I wear nothing but a necktie.

ITCHING FIVE LONG YEARS.

New Bloomfield, Miss., Jan. 2, 1886.

HOP BITTERS CO.:

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief from your medicine and torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, I am well and my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

GOOD WORDS—FROM GOOD AUTHORITY.—* * * * We confess that we are perfectly amazed at the run of your Hop Bitters. We never had anything like it, and never heard of the like. The writer (Benton) has been selling drugs here nearly thirty years, and has seen the rise of Hostetter's, Vinegar and other bitters and patent medicines, but never did any of them, in their best days, begin to have the run that Hop Bitters have. * * We can't get enough of them. We are out of them half the time. * * From letter to Hop Bitters Co., from BENTON, MYERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Cleveland, O.

GOOD FOR BABIES.—"We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength."—THE PARENTS.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and miraculous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness that no one knows what ails them (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose, and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—REV. E. R. WARREN, Scipio, N. Y.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness and suffering, costing $200 per year, total, $1,200, all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."—JOHN WEEKS, Butler.

Never Forget This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are nervous use Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath and health.

The poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter, can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Pright's Disease. $1000 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A PASSENGER'S RIGHTS.

Summary of the Law and Rulings of the Courts in Railway Cases.

Why, when and where may be a passenger ejected from a train is frequently a perplexing question for conductors, and the exercise of the right is certainly humiliating to passengers.

For instance, it is one thing to prevent a drunken or disorderly person or a "bad character" from boarding a train, and quite another to expel such a one after being lawfully on board.

But having lawfully allowed a drunken man to get on board, he cannot be expelled during the journey unless he misbehaves.

Then, too, a company may refuse to allow a passenger to board a train without a ticket, but if he succeeds in getting aboard he cannot be expelled for want of a ticket if he tenders the legal fare.

But if you refuse to pay your fare and the train has been stopped for the purpose of putting you off, a subsequent offer to pay does not give you a right to remain nor take from the conductor the right to exclude you from the car.

Nor having been put off do you gain a right to re-enter immediately on tendering either the fare or a ticket. You forfeit your right to continue on that train.

Except that if the train stops at a regular station and before being ejected there the fare is offered, the conductor should receive it.

It is a familiar rule that in case it is lawful to expel a passenger, it must be done with as little violence and force as possible, and in a manner so as not to injure him.

In some states a statute provides that the expulsion must be at a regular station or near some dwelling house. A violation of such a provision makes the company liable.

You must exhibit or deliver up a ticket when properly requested. You cannot ride upon a bogus or improper ticket, nor on a forged or stolen ticket, nor yet on one purchased with counterfeit money. An Illinois decision makes you liable to expulsion, without redress, if you, having no ticket, refuse to pay fare, even though the fare asked be more than the price of a ticket. You may be ejected for violation of law, or for willful breaches of any reasonable rules made by the company. You cannot ride on a ticket purchased with counterfeit money, if the company's agents are apprised of that fact.

Where there is no such statute requiring expulsions to be made at some regular stopping place or near a dwelling, the passenger may be put off at any convenient point, except that he cannot be expelled where or in a way he will be knowingly exposed to injury.

The moral of all this is to buy a clean ticket, providing you can't get a pass, and then behave yourself.

The Boston Idea of Gehenna.

One of the best and brightest girls of the Back Bay teaches a Sunday school class in a certain famous orthodox church. Last Sunday she grew very earnest picturing to the eager infants who surrounded her the joys of heaven to be won by those who live and trust in a way to deserve them.

"You must love the Lord," she said, "and be just as good as you know how to be. You must never get into tempers, you must never tell naughty stories, you must always mind your mammas, and be good in every way you know how, and then you will be sure to go to heaven when you die. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes, ma'am," lisped all the babies before her.

"But if you are bad," and she looked relentingly into the innocent faces before her, "you won't go to heaven. If you are bad," and she took a firm grip on the doctrine she felt called on to teach—"if you are bad, my dear children, you will go to hell, and that—that" she groped for a word and ended eloquently, "and that would be perfectly ridiculous."

No Gentleman—Only a Bishop.

Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, tells this capital joke at his own expense. He says that as he stepped off the cars one day at Jackson, Miss., he was approached by an enterprising dusky drummer for a local hotel and informed that all "gemmen stop at the Lafence House." Another darkey standing near by said: "Dis no gemman; dis Bishop Tomsen."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

BLACK WOLF!

Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC—now known all over the world as S. S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of

LEPROSY

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities. Her fingers festered and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for several years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Perhaps some faint idea of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Cosmoline or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physicians acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

Her husband hearing wonderful reports of the use of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was becoming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued the S. S. S. until last February; every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches, and was for the first time in twelve years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. C. A. Bailey, is in business at 17¾ Blackstone Street, Boston, and will take pleasure in giving the details of this wonderful cure. Send to us for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

MAN'S HARNESS.

The Little Inventory Taken by a Shrewd Wife.

This is a very funny story told of a husband and wife. The husband thoughtlessly said something reflecting on the feminine dress of the present day. "A woman is all steel springs and wires and complicated harness now, always," he said, tossing a corset from the chair he wanted to sit down in and flinging a wire bustle into the corner. "Why don't you get a white suit of steel armor and be done with it?"

She said nothing—so the story runs, but waited until he went to sleep, and then began an inventory on his "harness."

Leaving out his eyeglasses and chain she began at his neckwear. Here she found two gold collar buttons to secure the collar, two patent spring catches to keep the necktie from slipping over the head and another to secure the end of the scarf to the shirt bosom. On the sleeves of his shirt were two elastics with spring clips at each end, and his cuffs, besides being held together with link-buttons, were provided with nickel-plated holders, with which they are secured to the shirt sleeves. Three spiral studs decorated the front of the shirt and a pin was stuck in his scarf. She made entries of all these things and then began on his clothing. His patent shoulder-brace, pulley-action, snap-jointed suspenders were noted, and her keen eyes observed that one of the suspender buttons was one of the kind that is attached with a safety pin and is known as a bachelor's button. She also found that he had $4.75 in his pocket, and she divided it as fairly as possible, taking out pay for her trouble in making the inventory. Examining the vest she found that it had a metallic compensating back strap composed of four spiral springs and two buckles. In one pocket she sound a patent lead-pencil guard, in another a combined button-hook, glove-button and ring. The back of his coat was provided with a patent chain-hanger, his stockings were equipped with supporters of elastic cord with metal snaps, and his shoes were secured with buttons which were put on with patent metal fastenings. She studied his hat for some time without noticing that the brim was wired, but she did not fail see that his gloves were fastened with steel springs, and when she added his watch and chain and finger rings to the list of hardware and harness she retired to sleep with considerable satisfaction. He read the list in the morning in silence, and when he came home to dinner in the evening he gave her a pair of ear-rings which she had been teasing him for.—*New York Graphic.*

THE GREEN ISLE.

How Ireland Has Suffered Under Queen Victoria.

Mr. Mulhall, the noted statistician, who is connected in some capacity with Lord Randolph Churchill, has just published a jubilee book entitled "Fifty Years of National Progress." This book shows that while all other portions of the British Empire have prospered Ireland has retrograded. Under the heading, "Ireland," for instance, occurs this significant passage:

The present reign has been the most disastrous since Elizabeth, as the following statistics show: Died of famine 1,225,000; persons evicted, 3,668,000; number of emigrants, 4,186,000. Evictions were more numerous immediately after the famine, the landlords availing themselves of the period of greatest calamity to enforce their *rights*. Official returns give the number of families, and these averaging seven persons, we ascertain the actual number of persons evicted.

Years.	Families.	Persons.
1849-'51	263,000	1,841,000
1852-'69	110,000	770,000
1861-'70	47,000	329,000
1871-'86	104,000	728,000
Total	524,000	3,668,000

The number of persons evicted is equal to 75 per cent. of the actual population. No country, either in Europe or elsewhere, has suffered such wholesale extermination. And the blood-letting still goes on. Truly the Irishmen have reason to throw up their hats and toast good Queen Victoria this jubilee year!

Some Very Heavy Engines.

The heaviest locomotive in the world weighs 160,000 pounds, and is on the Canadian Pacific. The next heaviest is the Southern Pacific's, 154,000 pounds; the third weighs 145,000 pounds, and is on the Northern Pacific; and Brazil owns the fourth, weighing 144,000 pounds.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER. Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Est'd 1870.

Ohio Improved Chesters. TRADE MARK. Warranted cholera proof. Express prepaid. Wins 1st prizes in the States and Foreign Countries. 2 weighed 2806 lbs. Send for description and price of these famous hogs, also fowls. THE L. B. SILVER CO., Cleveland, O.

LAND IN IOWA, Situated in Dickinson and Lyon Counties the last railway grant in that State, is now brought in the market on easy terms by FREDERIKSEN & CO., 187 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

CLUB ORDERS

We have made a Specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc. Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 Club Orders each day. Silver-Plated Castors as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. White Tea Sets with $10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with $13. Gold Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with $20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention Toledo BLADE, and we will send you Illustrated PRICE AND PREMIUM LIST. As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to publishers of Toledo BLADE.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

G. A. BANNER STATIONERY PACKAGES, Watches, Revolvers, Magic Lanterns, Eagle Claws, Staple, Reliable goods for agents. Sample Banner Package, with piece of jewelry for lady or gentlemen, sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. Liberal premiums.

EAGLE CLAWS, made of blued brass, and will not rust. For catching fish and game used with a fish line, or baited and set under leaves, or hung on a tree. Release effected without soiling the hands. May be used [illegible] No. 1 for fish, mice, weasels, etc., weighs 1 oz., 25c. each. No. 2, for larger fish, rats, weasels, crows, etc. weighs 5½ lb., 75c. each. Sample by mail, on receipt of price, or the TWO FOR $1.00. Postage stamps taken. Liberal discount to agents. Send for samples and commence canvassing. J. BRIDE & CO., 28 Canal st., New York. Box 2775

CARDS.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Band Ring, 275 Scrap Pictures, Verses, [illegible] 10c. Austin Card Co., New Haven, Ct.

CARDS FREE. Book rich new samples and our big terms to Agents free. Send 4c. for mail. 12 lovely Basket Hidden Name, 10c. 25 plain gilt edge, 10c. Club 7 packs, 50c. HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN WANTED—Good pay. S. A. McOmber & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

100 Salesmen wanted. Best terms and wages. Write J. Austin Shaw, Rochester, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted—Grand inducements. Write Stonewall & Graham, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted on Salary or Commission. JAS. E. WHITNEY, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 free. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

LADY AGENTS [illegible] Immense success. MRS. E. E. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.—Permanent employment and good salary [illegible] Address, giving age and references, A. D. Pratt, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

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THE PERSONAL LIBERTY ISSUE IN PROHIBITION.

In every contest in which a great moral question is involved, it seems to be a favorite method of the party which has the weaker side of the abstract question itself, to confuse the minds of the masses by placing the issue in a false light. The cuttle-fish, on being attacked, ejects the contents of its ink-bag, thus beclouding the waters and rendering escape possible. The cry of "personal liberty" is as useful to the supporters of the Rum traffic as is the bag of ink to the cuttle-fish. It serves to darken the real point of attack, and confuse public opinion. We propose to discuss this matter of personal liberty briefly.

It is a fact known to all men that drunkards and drinking men are made by convivial drinking, and especially by the abominable habit of "treating" which prevails so extensively. Two men meet in a saloon, or perhaps several come together; one invites the others to drink at his expense. Then another of the party, not wishing to appear churlish, proposes another drink at his expense; and so it goes round the circle until as many drinks have been taken as there are persons therein. It is plain that such a course of training will very speedily beget in the system of one subjected to it, the abominable Drink Thirst—that craving, gnawing desire for alcoholic stimulus which is incomprehensible to any one not yet its victim; yet which is a most awful reality to those who are.

There is no human appetite so terrible in its cravings as this. One of its slaves told the writer a few years since, "When this infernal craving comes upon me, if a glass of whisky were set before, and I knew, to an absolute certainty, that I would be stricken dead one minute after I had swallowed it, I would gulp it down." The Drink Thirst is the only earthly approximation to the tortures of the damned in perdition. It is a consuming fire within the vitals, which can only be extinguished for the time being by alcohol and this in turn increases the internal thirst on the next occasion. It is plain, too, that, as the very great majority of our drunkards—and a drunkard is nothing but a man in whom this Rum thirst has been established—are caused by this convivial system of drinking, if the opportunity for treating were removed—if there was not on every square of every city of the land, on every street of every village, places in which this conviviality can be indulged—those men who have not yet established this fearful Rum thirst, this habit of drinking, all of the rising generation who are as yet too young to have commenced, would be saved from all danger of ever becoming drunkards.

The taste for liquor is not a natural one. There are some persons who are under an inherited curse, in whom the taste for Rum is a horrible legacy left them by an intemperate father or grandfather; but they are as yet only a small proportion of the entire community. The taste of liquor, to an unaccustomed palate, is generally unwelcome. A young man, to become a drinking man, has first to overcome this repugnance. In very many cases, probably nine out of ten, this would never happen if the opportunity for convivial drinking were taken away. How can this be done? Simply by closing the places devoted thereto. Shut up every saloon, every public drinking place, and nine-tenths of the next generation of drunkards would be saved.

But when such a subject is broached, up comes the cry that there is an invasion of "personal liberty." Now, so far as the rights of the Rumseller are concerned, or the individual right of each separate drinker to indulge his taste as he may choose, they are but a small proportion of the question at issue. It is not a question whether A has the right to sell a glass of whisky to B, or whether C has a right to buy from D a schooner of beer and drink it; but it also embraces the question whether the wife and children and other dependents of B and C, the drinkers, have any rights which A or D or B or C are bound to respect.

The question is whether A has a right to fill his till with the hard earnings of B's daily labor in exchange for the vile body-rot in which he deals, while B's wife and little ones are starving at home, and after getting from him his last nickel, and stealing from him his brains as well, turning him out, to stagger home and beat and abuse them. It is not a question whether JOHN SMITH, when sober, is a good citizen whose right to an occasional glass is not to be interfered with; but whether JOHN SMITH, having a weakness for an occasional glass and bearing a grudge against his neighbor, may go to the doggery, and after having roused all the baser passions of his nature by indulgence—having gotten himself "fighting drunk"—may happen to remember his grudge, and, meeting his neighbor, may murder him in his drunken rage.

Again, it is a question involved in this issue of "personal liberty," whether a man is not a public enemy who keeps open, day and night, a resort which becomes the gathering-place for the vicious and dangerous elements of society, whose sole occupation it is to sell to them, as long as they can beg, borrow or steal the money, his vile decoctions, which cannot fail to render these persons still more vicious and dangerous to the peace and welfare of the community. The question comes up whether the community has not a right to guard itself against such a manifest danger.

Our friends who believe in taxation and high license have reached the point at which they can see danger to the public from such establishments. They seek to eliminate the worst class of saloons and dives by the imposition of a license, or the levying of a tax, sufficient to close the majority of these low resorts. But the imposition of any license at all, or any attempt of regulation of the tariff, is a veritable admission that the tariff itself is wrong and vicious, and a menace to society. There is not any other human occupation, except perhaps one, which is limited and hedged about by legal precautions, save that of Rum-selling. All other means of livelihood are open to all people; any one may enter upon them, untrammeled by legal restraints and unfettered by bonds. The plain, honest view of the matter is, that if the business is right for any, it is right for all; if it is wrong for any, it is wrong for all. It should not be limited nor regulated, but destroyed.

There is no doubt but that taxation and high license do a good work in closing the lowest and worst of the saloons. Hence, these methods may have their place in the grand work of building up a public sentiment hostile to the Rum traffic. All great moral reforms are slow in their progress. It was so in the anti-slavery struggle, but the end came at last. Progress seems slow in the battle against Rum, but the ultimate victory is not the less sure and certain. Taxation, regulation, and high license are not ends in themselves; they are merely mile-stones on the road to absolute Prohibition. As we have pointed out above, when the people give assent to the restriction of the Rum traffic—admit that it is an evil and unmitigated curse, something which has to be chained and guarded—when it is once admitted that it is good to restrain this evil, to hedge it about with limitations, there is no escape from the logical conclusion that it would be better to destroy it utterly.

When the question of personal liberty comes up, the point to be considered is not the liberty of the one man to drink and of the other to sell, but the right of these men to bring misery upon others. In this case, as in all others, the duty of the state is to so legislate as to do the greatest good to the greatest number. Now, the only men who are benefited by the Rum traffic are the dealers and manufacturers; the drinker is ruined in mind, body and soul, and his family is reduced to penury and want. For every Rumseller there are at least one hundred drinkers; and it is certainly a low estimate to say that each drinker has a influence upon the lives of at least two other persons—it may be wife and child, it may be a dependent father and mother, it may be a sister or younger brother. From this it seems that while the Rum traffic is a profit to one person, viz: the saloonist, it injures three hundred other people. What shall our law-makers do—legislate in favor of the one, or in favor of the three hundred?

The "personal liberty" cry is the mere resource of the demagogue. It is his intention merely to confuse the real issue in the minds of the voting population. The highest liberty is the liberty of doing right. The rum traffic is all wrong. There is not one shadow of real excuse for its existence. It is a traffic which depends entirely upon the frailties and follies of humanity. It is evil in itself, and its results are evil. There is but one thing to do with it, and that is to crush it out. Let not the senseless iteration of the "personal liberty" plea, or of any other makeshift argument, deter any honest citizen from aiding with both voice and vote to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

The department of Agriculture at Washington will soon publish an elaborate report upon the English sparrow. It will contain the experience of about 3,200 observers regarding the habits of this destructive little bird. Dr. MERRIAM, who is the ornithologist of the department, and is preparing the report, says there is not one of these 3,200 people who says anything in favor of the sparrow. In California, the damage done in the vineyards is enormous. The sparrow is fond of grapes, always selects the finest bunches, and invariably eats the very best of the bunch. From the great grain-growing regions the testimony is universal that very great damage is done to all the smaller grains. The market gardeners in the vicinity of cities, and the raisers of small fruits everywhere, say that the sparrows destroy so many berries, etc., as to seriously injure their business. The toll the sparrow takes is equivalent to the profit of the entire crop. This bird was introduced from England because he was regarded as a remedy for caterpillars and other insect pests. But he has changed his habits since crossing the Atlantic, and now appears to live on grain, seeds and fruits, rather than on animal food. He has become a veritable pest. Epicures in the Eastern cities have discovered that the sparrows are good to eat, and that they are fully equal in savor to the famous reedbird. The best method of exterminating them would certainly seem to be to encourage their use at the table. Once let boys of the nation loose upon the sparrows with shot-guns, and their numbers would be very limited.

THE W. C. T. U. of Texas is going vigorously into the Prohibition campaign in that state. The BLADE has been requested to publish the following appeal:

> To the friends of Prohibition Everywhere:
>
> DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—The W. C. T. U., of Texas will work vigorously for prohibition during this campaign. We wish to take up the work by districts. We want to send out speakers, and literature, and Legal Legion organizers. We purpose holding many district conventions. We have 30,000 Germans in the state. These must be converted. There are 70,000 colored people in the state. We must try to win them. No class will be neglected. We are weak compared to the opposition. Help us, friends, with your donations, your prayers and your money. Remember, we have five big states in one. Texas gained or Texas lost is a tremendous issue.
>
> JENNY B. BEAUCHAMP, State President.
>
> ANNIE HORNER, Corresponding Secretary, Denton, Texas.

MR. JACKSON, secretary of State of Iowa, passed through Cincinnati a day or two ago, *en route* for Washington. Being asked whether Prohibition prohibits in Iowa, he replied:

> Prohibition in Iowa is a practical success, except in the river towns, where it is ignored. Of course we have had a great experience between the extreme temperance cranks, who think that all whisky should be turned out of the way to eternal perdition, and on the other hand the free whisky cranks, who shoot down those who dare to differ with them. But we are getting along all right now, and there is general good feeling.

THE struggle which is now going on in Chicago in the building trades will be watched with interest all over the country. The workmen of that city and everywhere else are correct in claiming that it is every man's right to control his own labor. They seem to forget, however, that the employer has exactly the same right to control his own business. When each of the two parties is perfectly willing to concede this right to the other, the present dispute will be in a fair way to be adjusted.

THE most important decision that has been made by the Supreme court of the United States for a long time is that declaring the validity of the "driven well" patent. These wells are in use all over the country, especially in the West, and those who did not pay a royalty to the patentee will have to settle.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial or Decoration Day, in the general observance which it receives on May 30 of each year, in every city, town and hamlet of the North, is the refutation of the common assertion that we Americans are too practical, too much engaged in money-getting and the affairs of life, to take time for sentiment. It is true that we are a rushing, busy people, very intent upon the struggle for wealth and position—a struggle more intense than it has ever been at any previous period of the world's history; yet every year the nation pauses in its pursuit of living interests to think tenderly of those who, a quarter of a century ago, bared their bosoms to the storm of war that the nation might not be dismembered, and who went down to glorious death in that sacred cause. Each year we pause to reverently lay upon the low green tents wherein reposes all that was mortal of them, the flowers of May, and thus we pay tribute to their loyalty and patriotism. We hold them in affectionate recollection, and think of our heroes tenderly and kindly. As a national holiday, Memorial Day is the antithesis of the Fourth of July. It is not a time of exuberant rejoicing in recognition of the nation's birth, but is a sacred day of remembrance, devoted to a recognition of the unfaltering self-sacrifice the life of the nation demanded, and which these our heroes made freely. The garlands we lay upon their graves are our pledge that, if need be, we are ready to follow the example they have set us.

Decoration Day, May 30, was originally proclaimed by Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN while he held the office of Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. The observance of its ceremonies by this organization touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the American people. Its ceremonies, year by year, grew in popular favor, and state after state, including our own Ohio, acted in response to the patriotic feeling of the people, and made it a legal holiday. Congress had nothing to do with its establishment; and it is not a national holiday except in the sense that the spontaneous action of all the people makes it so.

It is a pleasure to note that this anniversary was not allowed to remain merely one observed by the comrades of the Grand Army alone. Each year adds to the number of soldiers' graves in the cemeteries of our land, at the same time thinning the ranks of the G. A. R. The sacred duty of decorating the graves of those encamped on the other shore grows larger each year, while the ranks of the surviving veterans have been more thinned by the great reaper's scythe. Year by year the army of the dead will be recruited until the last surviving veteran of the mighty host that battled for the Union will have joined his comrades gone before, and the sacred service of covering their last resting places with floral offerings will pass into other hands. The promptitude with which the patriotic people of the country accepted Memorial Day and the sacred rite of remembrance which is its chief feature, shows that when the veterans of the war have all passed away, Memorial Day will not fall into desuetude; the patriotism of our people will not allow its observance to die.

It is pleasant to see that the American people have never adopted the practice of turning the anniversaries of great victories into national holidays of rejoicing. Instead of glorying in military success they pay due honor to the heroic dead. It is eminently proper to recall, at this time, Gen. GRANT'S remarks on this subject, which we quote from his memoirs:

> I would not have the anniversaries of our victories celebrated, nor those of our defeats made fast days and spent in humiliation and prayer; but I would like to see truthful history written. Such history will do full credit to the courage, endurance, and soldierly ability of the American citizen, no matter what section of the country he hailed from, or in what ranks he fought. The justice of the cause which in the end prevailed will, I doubt not, come to be acknowledged by every citizen of the land in time. For the present, and as long as there are living witnesses of the great war of sections, there will be people who will not be consoled for the loss of a cause which they believed to be holy. As time passes people, even of the South, will begin to wonder how it was possible that their ancestors ever fought for or justified institutions which acknowledged the right of property in man.

THE reports of our foreign trade show a great excess of imports over exports. This means that we are buying more more than we are selling. There is a heavy decline shown for April in the amount of cotton exports, as compared with the same month one year ago. The exports of provisions, cattle and hogs have also declined heavily, while those of grain, in the presence of largely improved conditions, have merely held their own. This is an unfavorable outlook; and with an abundant currency, steadily increasing in volume, its relations to our foreign trade are far from satisfactory. There are those who believe that we are on the edge of a period of inflated currency, caused by the unceasing addition of $2,000,000 worth of silver every month to our circulating medium.

ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND evidently realizes that his reputation is smirched beyond help, and sensibly concludes that he will retire from public life as soon as his official term expires. With reference to the suggestion that he be appointed to the Supreme bench, he says: "I do not want the place, and would not take it if offered me." GARLAND announces his intention to retire permanently from public life at the expiration of his present term of office. He adds also that the President requested him to take a place on the inter-state commerce commission, a fact not before made public. All of which shows that he has a much better conception of his status before the country, and the odium that attaches to him on account of his connection with the Pan-Electric swindle, than his stiff necked friend in the Presidential chair.

THE recent rise in the price of coffee is a serious thing in the aggregate to the people of the United States. We are a nation of coffee-drinkers. Last year we use 552,000,000 pounds—something like ten pounds to each person in the country. This is an increase since 1881 of nearly 800 per cent. Coffee has risen enormously in price within a short time, and is now about 150 per cent. higher than it was a year ago. The recent tremendous increase in its consumption, and the prospect of a short crop in Brazil, are the two factors to which this is to be attributed. The increase in price means an additional expense of between $50,000,000 and $75,000,000 per year to the people of this country.

EVERY candidate on the Kentucky Democratic state ticket, from BUCKNER down, was in the rebel service. Yet the Democrats of the North, and their soft-headed mugwump allies, howl frantically whenever any Republican convention in the North puts an Union veteran on the ticket. They object to it because it is "trying to catch the soldier vote." It seems to be all right, though, when the same thing is done by Democrats in the states of the late lamented Confederacy.

THE best way to "solve the labor problem" is to go to work steadily, let whisky alone, be economical, and let it solve itself. If each man would go in to establish an "anti-poverty society" of one member in the above way, the world would be a great deal happier and better. It is the lazy asses who want work, but expect others to support them, who are raising the trouble.

IT is now said that Great Britain has given such assurances to the United States government that it is entirely probable the fishery dispute will be satisfactorily settled with credit to ourselves.

UNION LOSSES IN THE WAR.

It may be of interest to those who took part in the Decoration Day exercises this year to know how many men of the national armies lost their lives in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union. The records of the war department present the startling array of figures, the total number of enlistments being 2,859,132. Making a due allowance for those who re-enlisted and are thus counted twice, the actual strength of the Union army was probably above 2,250,000. The official record of deaths while in service is as follows:

WHITE.	
General officers	209
Died in action	41,227
Died of wounds	31,264
Died of disease	107,368
Died of other known causes	10,779
Died of other unknown causes	38,056
COLORED.	
From all causes	33,586
REGULARS.	
From all causes	4,859
Total	267,348

It will be seen that this does not include the number of those who died in prison or soon after their release therefrom. The War department, in its latest estimate, gave these at 36,401. This estimate however, did not include the deaths in a number of the smaller Southern prisons, notably at New Orleans, Florence, Cahaba and Belle Isle.

It is probable that, counting these, and those that died immediately after their release, the total footing of deaths among prisoners of war is not less than 50,000; adding this to the figures given above and we have a total of over 317,000 deaths from April, 1861, to May, 1865. But death has been busy in the ranks of those who returned at the close of the war. There are to-day not over 1,000,000 of the survivors of 1865 yet among the living. At least a million and a quarter of the men who wore the blue, during those four years of conflict, are sleeping their last sleep upon the eternal camping-ground. It is estimated that over 10,000 die each year, and the rate increases as time passes on. The average age of the members of the G. A. R. is 48 years; so, within 22 years more, there will be but very few of the loyal army yet among the living.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE America's cup races are appointed for September 27 and 29, and the courses will be the same as last year. There is an interesting suspicion that the Thistle, the new Scotch yacht that is coming over to compete for the cup, is really built with a center-board. This was first engendered by the inexplicable mystery which has attended her building. The secrecy with which her lines were guarded from publication, and the exclusion of every one but workmen from the yard while the boat was on the ways, was matched by the precautions taken at the launch. According to the cable reports, pieces of scantling were fastened beneath and about her sides, over which canvas was drawn, and she took the water with the appearance of an oblong white box. Only the members of the syndicate and the designer were present at the launch. It was also recalled that Mr. WATSON passed several months on thi side examining models of our center-boards before designing the Thistle.

THE extinction of slavery in Brazil goes on at a snail's pace. A law for its gradual abolition was passed September 28, 1871. The law enacted that children henceforth born of slave mothers shall be of free condition, though bound to serve the owners of their mothers for a term of twenty-one years as apprentices. The same act emancipated the slaves formerly held as government property, but they were required to hire themselves out, in default of which they rendered themselves liable to compulsory labor in the public establishments. Manumission under these statutes has been an exceedingly slow process. There are still 1,000,000 black people in bondage. The work of emancipation will not be much accelerated during the next five years, but after that time it will go on rapidly. Thirteen years from the present date slavery will have ceased to exist in Brazil.

THE rebellion in Afghanistan has reached serious proportions. The Ghilzais, who have risen against the authority of the Ameer, are numerous, and their effective fighting force is estimated at 30,000. Up to 150 years ago they were the ruling tribe of Afghanistan; and even now there is but one other which is stronger than they. The scene of the struggle between the rebels and the forces of the ameer is along the direct route between Candahar and Cabul. Kelat-i-Ghilzai is a town about 80 miles from Cabul, which was recently captured by the rebels. They are now surrounding Ghazin, a town further on the road to Cabul. The English government in India so far seems to have taken no steps to actively aid the ameer.

THE railroads are beginning to fight among themselves over the inter-state law. The Lake Shore has asked to have the "long and short haul" clause suspended in its favor, when behold, the Pennsylvania comes in with a protest against its being done. The Boston & Albany has filed a complaint against the Lowell and other roads, which make up the National Dispatch line, declaring that this line is carrying long distance freight in competition with the Boston & Albany and its connections at lower rates than they take it, and that these rates are less than rates charged for less discances (non-competitive) over the Dispatch line. We may expect to see things get lively when the roads get to watching one another to prevent violations of law.

CAPT. BARTLETT, of the Hydrographic office, proposes that an international convention be called to take steps for the destruction of all derelict vessels. A "derelict" vessel, it may be explained, is one which has been wrecked and abandoned at sea. It is a common opinion that these sink and disappear at once, but this is incorrect. Many of these hulks float about the sea for months and sometimes even years; and the number floating has increased so of late that they are a menace to navigation.

ONE of the chief causes of collisions upon the ocean is the fact that it requires so long a time to bring one of the great steamers to a full stop. The *Scientific American*, of New York, has been making inquiries in this direction, and the testimony of the captains is to the effect that any of the great trans-Atlantic steamers will run from one to two miles after her engines are reversed. In view of this, the frequency of collisions in fog should excite no wonder.

ALL of the three per cent. bonds are now called, the call maturing after July 1. After their redemption at that date, there are no other government issues which can be called for about four years, and if the surplus is to be used in paying the debt we will have to go on the market and buy bonds, at the prevailing rates. But, as we showed some time ago, this would be an economical proceeding.

ARE PENSIONS TO SOLDIERS MERELY CHARITY TO PAUPERS?

His Highness, the President, received, a short time ago, a set of resolutions which had been adopted by a Grand Army Post in Delaware, commending him for his veto of the dependent pensions bill. He wrote a reply, thanking the members of the Post for their indorsement of his action, and going on to say:

> It sometimes happens that official conduct, clearly demanded by an imperative obligation of public duty, is made difficult by counter influences and inclinations which grow out of sympathy, or by a disposition to follow with ease and comfort the apparent current of popular opinion.
>
> Those of our citizens not holding office, and thus entirely free from the solemn obligation of protecting the interests of the people, often fail to realize that their public servants are to a large extent debarred in official action from the indulgence of these charitable impulses which in private life is not only harmless but commendable.

The assumption is here made that pensions to broken-down soldiers of the Union army are a mere charity on the part of the government; that they have no just claim upon the nation, and that pension-money is just that much public alms given to beggars. There is in this position of the President an utter misconception of the relations of the soldier to the government.

A pension is not a charity. It is a recognition of a just claim upon the government on the part of its recipient. Such duty as a soldier performs is not one that can be paid for in full at $16 per month. The men who faced death on many a well-fought field were inspired by that noblest of human emotions, patriotism. They did not enlist for the sake of the beggarly wages they were to receive. No money consideration alone could have induced men to leave the farm, the shop, the mill, the forge, the office, and adopt the hard life of a soldier. It was the love of country, a devotion to the Union, that caused them to respond to the call to arms, and join the ranks to do battle for the Union.

Tens of thousands of them sleep to-day on Southern soil, having sealed their devotion to their country by yielding up their lives in her defense. And of those who survived, there are unfortunately many, very many, who in their later years are in desperate need. The Union army was composed of the flower of the young manhood of the North. The years of conflict were a time of toil and privation. Those who returned after the overthrow of the rebellion often bore in their systems the seeds of future sickness and suffering. Wounds that were counted but slight in the hey-day of early manhood have made their effects felt now that age comes creeping on. Sickness, and the privations of a soldier's life, left their impress upon the men who endured them, and thousands of men who deemed themselves sound when mustered out, now suffer from disease, or a general break-down of the physical system, which is clearly attributable to their army experience.

Then the fact must not be forgotten that these heroes of the war, when they returned to peaceful avocations, were placed at a disadvantage. The places they had vacated when they obeyed their country's call were filled by others. Men who were side by side with them the war began were far ahead of them when they returned home. Four years of campaigning had not been the best possible school of worldly advancement. They found themselves handicapped in the race of life; and though many of them have achieved success, there are many more who have not. There are thousands of them, with nothing but their hands as their capital, who have fallen into poverty through disease and bodily infirmity.

It seems clear to us that these men have a far stronger claim upon the government than the President is willing to admit in the letter quoted above. It is, in point of fact, an insult to them to class them as paupers, and to say, in effect, that pensions to them would be more charity. They have as sacred and valid a claim upon the country as a helpless child has upon its parent. It is but a just recognition of a just obligation to grant these men, rendered incapable of self-support through bodily infirmity, proper pensions, that they may not become the inmates of county infirmaries and poor farms. The President takes an unpatriotic view of this matter. Every true American citizen should blush for shame at the sentiments expressed in Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter. The dependent soldiers ask simple justice, not charity; and it is a burning shame the the Chief Executive denied it them by his official act.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

THE best and most respected labor organization in the world is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. At the recent social reunion of the order in Louisville Chief ARTHUR, in his address, made the following statement, which shows one great reason for the strength and stability of the Brotherhood:

> Twenty-five years ago, when there was no engineers' association, it was no uncommon thing to see railroad employes and employer go to the bar and take a social drink together. To-day that is changed, and no member of our order dare take a drink without danger of expulsion, and some of our great railroads will employ no men who drinks.

THERE is a general movement in the cities of the country in the direction of better municipal government. New York, the commercial metropolis of the Union, is enforcing its Sunday closing laws upon the saloons, and cleaning out the low dives. Philadelphia is actively prosecuting the war against the dives and gambling-houses. Baltimore is battling against election frauds and the policy shops. Chicago, Minneapolis and Pittsburg are all agitating similar reforms. The Sunday closing law is settled in Toledo, and our city will, we hope, soon move in the direction of other needed reforms.

THE Red sea is rising in strategic importance since the completion of the Suez canal. There is a general disposition among the naval powers of Europe to acquire coaling stations upon its banks. Italy and Spain have recently acquired such stations, and Russia is suspected of desiring to do the same. In case of a general European war, there will be livelier times along the Red sea than have been seen since the vast army of RAMESES II, in pursuit of the flying Israelites, was drowned in its waters.

UNDER the new high license law, which takes effect in Minnesota on July 1, saloons in the two principal cities will have to pay a license fee of $1,000, and those in other parts of the state will pay $500.

POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

We believe it to be a fact that the number of voters in the United States who are independent of party ties and affiliations is larger now than at any other period for the past thirty or forty years. While the line of division between the Republican and Democratic parties is as clear as ever, that division is based on their attitude toward abstract questions; and there is no issue of such overmastering force as to compel all men to take sides. During the war, a man had to be either one thing or the other; there could be no neutrals. It was not possible, in the highly excited state of public feeling, for a man to remain indifferent to the political issues of the hour. But the war, the question of reconstruction, and all the other points which compelled every man's attention, are in the past. The questions which now divide the parties do not call forth such strong personal feeling; men's souls are not stirred to the very bottom in discussing them.

In all the speculations which we have yet seen regarding the outcome of the campaign of 1888, the fact seems to have been forgotten that the voting population is constantly changing—older men dying out, young ones coming upon the stage of action, and large acquisitions being made to our citizenship by naturalization. It is foolish to discuss any such question without taking into account these changes. Then it is to be remembered also that with the masses of the people, where the issues are not such as to powerfully stir men's hearts, their loyalty to party declines. And it will not do to forget that where the force of internal cohesion is lessened, the power to attract voters from the outside is also reduced. These things are true of both the great political parties of to-day. We see the lessening of the power of cohesion in the formation of other political parties—parties based upon one issue, like that of prohibition or the labor question. The tendency at the present is for the people to divide into a number of small parties, rather than congregate in two great opposing armies.

It is probably true, as the Democrats have always assumed, that the third-party Prohibitionists drew most largely from the Republican ranks. It is also most true that the new labor organization draws very heavily upon the Democracy. In point of fact, in the cities where it has already entered upon a separate campaign, over three-fourths of its membership is made up of Democrats. HENRY GEORGE'S paper, the *Standard*, which claims to speak especially for the United Labor party, announces that the latter will go into the presidential campaign with its own ticket, and that it proposes to wipe out both of the old parties. Of course this statement is to be taken like a grain of salt, like a similar one of the third-party Prohibitionists, who have been for several years wiping out both of the old parties, but have not accomplished it to any marked degree. But we do think that the present lack of cohesion of the masses in politics renders all discussion at this time of presidential possibilities, where such discussions are based upon the vote given in 1884, simply worthless. The total number of changes in the entire voting population, plus the number of new voters which have been added in that time, composed of young men who have reached the voting age, and naturalized citizens, are so great as to render all vaticinations valueless. Political prophets, who act as if the voting population had received neither new ideas nor new acquisitions since the last presidential contest, are unworthy of being listened to.

TIRED OF HUSKS.

The New York *Independent*, which mugwumped in 1884, is evidently dissatisfied with the experiment. It declares itself in readiness to support a "good Republican" for President next year, and furthermore declares that if a respectable man be nominated, the bulk of the Republican strength, which was drawn off in the mugwump movement of 1884, will return to the party ranks. The Boston *Traveller*, one of the strongest and most influential newspapers of New England, and whose Republicanism is without shadow of turning, remarks:

> But it is a fair question whether they are wise in waiting till after the nominating convention of next year, before making their return. They wish to support a good Republican candidate. They should recognize that one way to secure such candidate is to resume their place in the party and work for his nomination.

We expressed the same idea in other words in these columns a short time ago, when we said that the best way for the mugwumps to reform the party, in case it needed reforming, would have been to stay in the party ranks and act as a leaven. And we agree, most decidedly, that if they want a good candidate they shall resume their places in the ranks and work for the nomination of such a man. The Republican leaders will not accept dictation from men on the outside, but they should be quite willing to listen to the voice of the Republican masses. The *Traveller* concludes its argument, referred to above, with the following suggestion:

> It is well for the Republican leaders to inquire whether it is not worth while to consult the wishes, the prejudices even, of the mugwumps in the matter of a candidate. Mugwump conduct may not have hitherto been specially commendable, but mugwump votes count.

ONCE in a while GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has a glimpse of the truth in politics. Such a vision came to him the other day at the dinner of the Commonwealth Club in New York, when he remarked that the result of the Presidential election next year will depend very much more upon the candidates than upon the party which nominates them. Any one of the half dozen or more leaders of the Republican party, who have been named as a possible candidate, can carry the same states that Mr. BLAINE carried in 1884. Certain ones might get a few more or less votes in some states, but the same states would cast their electoral votes for the Republican candidate. The question is, "Who is the man who can carry one or more of the states whose electoral vote was given to CLEVELAND?" We must not only secure the states which voted for BLAINE, but enough others to give our candidate a majority of the electoral college. We request every thinking Republican voter to meditate upon this point. Our strongest candidate next year will be the man who can obtain enough votes from the enemy to put New York, or enough other states to get a majority of the total electoral vote, in the Republican column.

THE murder of GAMBRELL, at Jackson, Miss., seems to have thoroughly aroused the people of that state, and every decent newspaper not under the domination of the atrocious ring controlling Mississippi politics has been most bitter in denunciation of the crime and its perpetrators. While it is doubtful, in view of the partisan bigotry and contempt of public opinion which is prevalent in that state, whether the crime will be punished, there is every reason to hope that a political revolution has been started in Mississippi which will overturn the corrupt ring of Democratic politicians and whisky men who rule the state.

AN invention recently perfected in Mississippi, which had its first trial in London a short time ago, promises to revolutionize the cotton seed trade of the South. It removes the coat or soft covering of the seed, so that it can be packed or shipped without danger of heating or sweating. Through its use the Southern planter will be enabled to send his seed to London, where there is a good demand at high prices, and escape from the clutches of the Cotton Seed Oil Trust.

WHO'S YOUR CHOICE?

WHO IS YOUR CHOICE FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE?

Every Republican Voter is Requested to Send Us a Postal Card Vote.

We ask every reader of the BLADE to take the trouble to send us his views on the Republican Presidential nominee in 1888. Take a postal card and answer upon it the following questions. Use only the numbers in answering:

1. Who is your first choice for Republican Presidential candidate in 1888?
2. Who is your second choice?
3. Who is your choice for Vice President?

Sign your name, with your postoffice address, and put *nothing else* upon the card. Address it simply: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Here is a model card as to style—of course you will put in whatever names suit you:

> COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 24.
>
> 1. Blaine.
> 2. Sherman.
> 3. Depew.
>
> JOHN SMITH.

We wish every voter who reads the BLADE to have the kindness to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country, the BLADE having readers in every state and territory in the Union.

Don't fail to give your name, Postoffice and STATE.

Send us your postal card!

GOVERNOR FORAKER'S SPEECH.

The brief speech of Governor FORAKER at the unveiling of the Steedman statue in this city, on the 26th, has attracted a great deal of attention. He drew a distinction, and a much-needed one, between monuments erected simply to perpetuate the valor and soldierly qualities of those to whose honor they are reared, and those which, like the Steedman statue, not only commemorate these things, but are an enduring object-lesson, teaching the loftiest patriotism and the truth that, in the struggle between the states, in which the stain of slavery was wiped out, the sword decided that the United States is one nation, and not a confederation of independent states. We agree with the governor that

> While so much is being said and done in honor of the men who undertook to destroy this government that they might perpetuate the curse and crime of slavery, it is well enough, at least, now and then, to raise a stone and lift a voice in honor of the men by whose heroism and sacrifice their infamous iniquity was prevented of its consummation.

The people of the south pay honor to the heroes of the lost cause, which is a proper thing to do so long as their statues and monuments commemorate only personal virtues and military valor. But there is a tendency, assiduously fostered by designing politicians, to make these memorials glorify the principles for which they fought. It is also the plain truth that they fought or died in an unworthy cause; the political principles they defended and whose justice they submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, had its verdict recorded against them. There is too much of an effort made in these days of the Democratic renaissance to revivify them and again bring them forward as living issues in American politics.

While the effort will be a futile one, it is not the less to be condemned. The whole doctrine of state rights, state sovereignty and secession was elaborated in the early days of the republic to defend the institution of slavery. Slavery is gone, and gone forever, and these doctrines should go with it. They brought on a war which cost the nation a million lives, billions in money and untold misery and anguish. They are false and unpatriotic, and should be allowed to lie forever in the bloody grave to which the war consigned them. The man is no patriot who attempts to raise their uneasy ghosts to disturb the peace of the nation. Let our Southern brethren raise statues and build monuments to those who fought bravely and well in a mistaken and unheroic cause; but let them also teach their children that, while the memories of those men are worthy of remembrance for their courage and devotion, yet their cause was an unpatriotic one, and their mistaken views can have no place in the political gospel of the reconstructed nation.

TWO CENTS A MILE.

The Michigan legislature is discussing a bill to reduce the maximum rate of railway passenger fare to two cents per mile. The bill should pass, not only in the legislature of Michigan, but in those of every other of the older-settled states of the Union. In the first place, two cents per mile is high enough. Second, the roads would be the gainers rather than the losers. We Americans are a restless people, and constantly run to and fro in the earth according to our means. Passenger travel would largely increase if rates were reduced one-third. And the experience of the past has been that a sharp cut in passenger rates has always increased enormously the traffic. If the rate were reduced to two cents, there would be more traveling, men would take their wives and families with them in place of going alone, and the railroads would reap the benefit. As the cost of hauling a train is practically the same, whether the cars be filled to their capacity, or carry only a half dozen people, it does not take a very good arithmetician to figure out that there is more profit in hauling sixty passengers at two cents per mile than in hauling a dozen at three cents per mile. Again, the fact that the two-cent rate was established long ago by the roads in the case of commercial travelers, theatrical companies and other migratory people, shows that the railroads themselves really consider it the proper figure. The inter-state commerce law has abolished ticket commissions and free passes, in this way adding largely to the net receipts from passenger traffic; and the railroads could yield with a good grace, to a reduction to the two-cent basis. They ought, in fact, to reduce it themselves. But as they won't, the state legislatures should step in and compel them to reduce.

IT appears to be a fact that when we bought Alaska of Russia we also bought control of the Behring sea. The authority of the Russian government over its entire extent was unquestioned from 1745 to 1867, when we purchased Alaska; and as, by the terms of the purchase, we acquired all rights Russia possessed, it follows that Great Britain has none of the rights in Behring sea that she has been claiming.

THE Michigan legislature has determined to put the Rum traffic under severe restrictions. The Senate committee has reported a liquor bill as a substitute for the one passed by the House, but more severe—sections being added making saloonists and their bondsmen liable for injuries resulting from the sale of Rum, and prohibiting saloons and liquor selling near public schools and other educational institutions.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A little girl in New York died last week as the result of excessive rope-jumping.

President Cleveland is out with a tall white hat. Summer has begun in Washington.

John W. Keely, having, as he says, completed his great motor, is at work on an improved telephone.

The widow of the late Henry Ward Beecher has taken up her residence with her daughter at Stamford, Conn.

The construction of the earthworks for the new canal between the Baltic and the German Ocean will be begun in June.

Even English writers in English papers assert that the Americans are the best dressed women at the Queen's drawing-rooms.

Girls have gone out of fashion and 27 is the correct age now. Nevertheless "sweet sixteen" is just as sweet as it ever was.

William O'Brien has a very peculiar delivery when speaking in public. He emits each word between his teeth as though biting it.

The horsemen of the City of Mexico are subscribing money to aid the city in repaving the streets so that they may be able to use their horses.

Mrs. Lucy W. S. Morgan, of Ann Arbor, Mich., left an estate of from a quarter to a half-million, not a cent of which is given by the will for charitable or public benefit.

Gov. Bodwell, of Maine, has no intention of going to Europe with Mr. Blaine. He says Mr. Blaine is now in good health, and anticipates great pleasure from his ocean voyage.

The aged Emperor William is in good health, but has taken a dislike to meat which prevents his eating the least bit of it. This fact causes the court physicians some uneasiness.

Ex-Senator McDonald of Indiana is about to abandon his little boom to its fate. He will join the growing army of globe-trotters in June, sailing from New York for an extended tour abroad.

Gov. Thayer, of Nebraska, has mortally offended Editor Rothaker, of the Omaha *Republican*, by giving up the secret that the editor was an applicant for appointment to the police commission.

Daniel Drew, in the palmy days when he was cornering the market and making millions, kept his books in his head, and never lost any money until he began a more elaborate system of bookkeeping.

D. O. Mills of New York, has given about $80,000 for the purpose of erecting a new building on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, which will be used mainly as a training-school for male nurses.

The sale of the crown jewels of France is ended ended, and the proceeds amounted to 6,486,000 francs, or $1,324,752. Tiffany, of New York, bought more than one-third of the jewels, paying $464,720.

Miss Rose Cleveland's proclivities for independent support do not find favor at the White House, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are said to look with much disfavor upon her resumption of teaching.

At the time of the death of George IV. in 1830, there were 328 hereditary peers. There now 477. During this period 335 new baronetcies have been created—278 by Liberals and 96 by Conservatives.

Congressman E. B. Taylor is president of the Garfield club which has been formed in the nineteen Ohio districts. The club will celebrate Garfield's birthday every year by a banquet and speeches November 19.

Lawyer Bissell, Cleveland's former Buffalo law partner, is the latest and most anxious applicant for the Supreme court vacancy. Mr. Bissell has at least one qualification for the place. He weighs 250 pounds.

Clara Morris sometimes sits up all night after a performance, entertaining her favorites with wonderful stories. Then she sleeps all the next day, and nothing short of a life-and-death emergency is allowed to wake her.

This season everything in a girl's costume—dress, bonnet, stockings, gloves, and, as nearly as possible, hair, eyes and complexion—should match. With so much matching isn't it likely to be a season of "matches?"

The Mikado of Japan has issued a decree enforcing the adoption of the European style of dress for Japanese ladies. This order will not oblige ladies who sing in the "Mikado" opera to throw away their present outfits, however.

Eugene Higgins, chief of the spoils-grabbers in Cleveland's administration, is going to Europe next month. If anybody on the other side is interested in that vacant Bulgarian throne it had better be taken in out of the wet.

The corporation of Edinburgh will present Mr. Andrew Carnegie the freedom of the city when he lays the corner stone of the new public library which his magnificent gift was mainly instrumental in providing for Edinburgh.

Princeton college will send a scientific expedition to Russia to observe the eclipse of the sun August 19. Profs. Young, McNeill, and Libbey will compose the party. The observations will be made about fifty miles from Moscow.

Senator-elect Pasco, of Florida, was born in England and hence can never aspire to be President, but he has a great record. He was an active secessionist, a member of the Rebel army, and presiding officer of the last Florida Democratic convention.

Mrs. Jenness Miller has succeeded in exacting a promise from the students of Vassar College to wear a costume without corsets, to be designed by Mrs. Miller. The dress, however, will contain a capacious receptacle for chewing-gum and caramels.

Ex-Gov. Richard T. Jacobs, of Kentucky, who has all his life been a Bourbon Democrat of the straitest sect, has become disgusted with the complete surrender of his party to the ex-Confederates, and at the coming election will support the Republican candidates.

Mrs. Henrietta Weeks, of Elkhart, Ind., was married the other day to Captain C. Anderson, of New Jersey. Each of the parties is upward of 70 years old, and they had not met until the day of the wedding, having arranged their little love affair by correspondence.

Financial genius appears to be hereditary in Jay Gould's family. His son George is reported to have made a pile of money this year, and a younger son has been carrying on successful speculations in oil and railroad stocks. But perhaps Jay gives the boys "tips."

Frederick Douglass denies that he ever expressed his belief in the non-existence of God. He writes: "No such thought is in my heart and no such thought has passed my lips, and I cannot imagine how any man can have inferred such an idea from any words of mine."

"To whom it may concern: Know ye that I, James Trotter, have this day assumed charge of this office." Such is the unique proclamation that each clerk in the recorder's office was obliged to sign to show that a due notification of Mr. Trotter's recovery had been served upon him.

In a late number of the London *World* under the head of "Celebrities at Home," there is a beautiful sketch of "Buffalo Bill, Colonel the Hon. William Frederick Cody, at West Kensington." This shows what can be done with a simple frontier American name when it is properly treated.

Queen Victoria is said to view with pardonable alarm the increasing list of royal guests who are preparing to visit London to present their jubilee congratulations in person. It is understood that Her Majesty's hospitality is to extend only from Monday, June 20, to Saturday, June 25, inclusive.

Jeff Davis is pleasantly mentioned by the DesMoines *Register* as "the greatest traitor in American history, the greatest coward in military annals, the meanest ingrate among the lower animals, and the chief Democrat of the country." Editor Clarkson may expect to hear from the "New South" by return mail.

T. C. Crawford thinks that there is a good deal of humbug about the special war correspondents of London papers, and ventures the assertion that any well-trained reporter of an important metropolitan newspaper in this country could easily outstrip these English specialists with their backing of unlimited money.

William T. Coleman, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Democratic Presidential nomination, is strongly commended by the San Francisco *Call* for the very able and judicious manner in which he controlled the famous Vigilance committee in that city about 30 years ago. This is praise indeed.

What the Parisians can't invent in the way of dress may as well be given up as a hopeless task. They are now wearing dress suits made in one piece. The waistcoat has no back, the shirt consists of front, the cuffs are stitched into the coat sleeves and a single set of buttons fixes on the whole contrivance. Handy, to say the least of it.

Louis Kossuth, the venerable Hungarian patriot, says in a letter: "The burden of more than 83 years weighs down my infirm shoulders. Under this weight the body is deadened, the soul grows blunted; life becomes a state of mere barren vegetating. Man feels then like some time-worn, moldered ruin, which no longer assorts with the world of the living."

Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, though 70 years of age, is tall, lithe, active and quick moving, with a countenance having the flush of a baby's chubby face, a snow-white mustache, and a pair of clear blue eyes. He has been secretary of Pennsylvania, its governor in the stormy days of the war, minister to Russia, and member of Congress for eight years.

The survivors of the Greely expedition are now six in number. Gen. Greely is chief of the Signal Service; David L. Brainard is second lieutenant of calvary at Fort Walla Walla; Julius R. Frederick is sick and crippled at his home in Indianapolis; Henry Biederbeck is a messenger in the Agricultural bureau at Washington; Maurice Connell is a private in the Signal corps at San Francisco; and Francis Long is a sergeant in the Signal corps at New York.

Colonel Jerome Bonaparte's little son, aged 8, who is named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, must be a genuine American, for he recently told his mother that he thought children ought to be consulted as to their names, and should not be named until old enough to choose for themselves. "If you could choose your name," said his mother, "what would it be?" "Powhatan," promptly answered the lad, who had been studying American history at school, "for he was the chief of 30 tribes."

It is said that the President, his wife, Mrs. Folsom, and Col. and Mrs. Lamont will leave Washington next Thursday for Saranac Lake, where they will remain two weeks. Last year when the President went to the Adirondacks the fishing was bad, and he was annoyed by tourists. At this season piscatorial sport is apt to be exciting and successful, and the Saranac Lake region is by no means crowded. The news of the proposed trip was prematurely disclosed by a gentleman in Malone, N. Y.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

The responses are coming in rapidly to our request for the preferences of the Republican voters who read the BLADE as to the candidate of the party next year for the Presidency.

We do not wish to have the contest extend over a longer time than possible, and again urge all to send us their postal cards at once.

Some of our friends favor us with long letters. We have not room to publish them, and infinitely prefer a postal card, with nothing on it but the answers to the three questions, your name and address. Don't forget the *state*, as we are tabulating the returns by states. We have had to throw away a number, because no state was given. Here is the model card:

> COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 24.
> 1. Blaine.
> 2. Sherman.
> 3. Depew.
> JOHN SMITH.

That embraces everything that is needed, and nothing more. Get yours up on that model, and let us have them *at once*.

AN IMPRACTICABLE THEORY.

A correspondent desires to know why the BLADE does not devote more space to the discussion of the Henry George theories. Simply because it is not worth our while. Mr. GEORGE proposes such a change in the system of holding landed property as would end in a practical confiscation of all land to the government, either of the state or of the nation. We know "confiscate" is an ugly word in this connection; but that is just what it amounts to. That is the real meaning of Mr. GEORGE'S theory. In order to put this into practice, it would be necessary to change the constitution of the United States. For it is expressly stated in that document that all powers which are not delegated to the United States by the constitution or prohibited by it to the several states, are reserved to the states or to the people. That is, the federal government has no powers that the constitution does not give it, but they are held by the people or by the states. And it may be remembered that the constitution also declares that the enumeration therein of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people; hence, it is clear that additional powers would have to be conferred upon the federal government, by constitutional amendment, before Mr. GEORGE'S theories could be put in practice in the United States. The adoption of such an amendment is a sheer impossibility. Why, then, waste time and space in discussing the impossible? GEORGE'S theory is no new thing. It has been the dream of socialist theorizers for centuries, one may say, to have some form of landholding in common. Mr. GEORGE and his theories will pass away in time, as so many other reformers and their schemes have gone into oblivion in the past.

THE LATIN AND GREEK CHURCHES.

A cable report comes from Rome to the effect that negotiations are on foot between the Czar of Russia and the Pope, their purpose being no less than to bring about a reunion of the Greek and the Latin (the Roman Catholic) churches. Strictly speaking, the Greek church contains several distinct branches, including not only the one within the czar's dominions, but the church in Greece and the church in the Turkish empire. Besides these there is also the United Greek church, which acknowledges the supremacy of the Vatican while employing the Greek liturgy. The Russo-Greek church is, however, the chief branch, and a reunion between it and Rome would be an ecclesiastical event of supreme importance.

More than once during the last six centuries attempts have been made to heal the breach between the Eastern and the Western church. These efforts have been made partly from political and partly from ecclesiastical motives, and have as often been defeated on one ground or the other. Occasionally formal discussions of the doctrinal points in dispute have preceded the efforts at reunion, but even comparative agreements on this subject were not able to permanently bring about the required result.

Protestantism has also from time to time during several centuries aimed at a union of the Greek church with itself—one of the latest attempts of that sort being undertaken about 20 years ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury taking part in the correspondence. Any effort of Pope LEO in this direction will be watched with intense interest, but the chances are against success. There is nothing to which people hold with more tenacity than their religious views, and the vast majority do not distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. While the differences between the Greek and Latin churches all come under the latter head, there is great doubt whether either would yield its peculiar tenets in any degree.

THROUGH the lack of a knowledge of diplomatic proprieties on the part of CLEVELAND, or the blundering of BAYARD, the young German prince, now on a visit to this country, has not been invited to Washington. To those unacquainted with diplomatic usages, this is the more extraordinary in view of the marked attentions which have just been paid to the wife of the King of the Hawaiian Islands, who, although called the queen, is not in the line succession to the throne. Yet when the Hawaiian minister notified our government that Queen KAPIOLANI intended paying a visit to this country, he was requested to inform her that the government would be glad to welcome her to Washington, and that official notice would be taken of her visit. When, on the contrary, the German minister, VON ALVENSLEBEN informed the government here of the intended visit of the prince to this country, he was not told by any one in authority that the government would welcome him, or give him an official reception. Being notified of this neglect, whether intentional or otherwise, on the part of our government, by the German minister, the young prince is said to have been advised by those who counsel with him not to visit Washington.

IN the cable reports of the burning of the Opera Comique at Paris, mention is made of the finding of a score of dead bodies of ladies, all in full evening dress, at the bottom of a staircase. All these were undoubtedly accompanied by male escorts. Not one of them seems to have had the manhood to stay by the side of his fair charge, with the determination to save her, if possible, or else die with her. Such fellows are a disgrace to manhood. He who would seek safety for himself and leave a helpless, frightened woman to save herself or die alone, is a coward, and unworthy the name of man or gentleman.

SOMEBODY is inquiring as to the whereabouts of JOSEPH MULHATTON, the facile fabricator of telegraphic tales. We don't know JOSEPH'S postoffice address, but are inclined to think, from the similarity in style, that he must be the man who is sending the European political news by cable.

THE new Pennsylvania liquor law has already begun its work, though the date at which it becomes operative has not yet arrived. Saloons are offered for sale in all the leading cities of the state, the Rumsellers evidently being anxious to get from under before the law goes into operation.

THE regular annual report that the peach crop is a failure has been started on its rounds.

HEADACHE.

For a long time I was troubled with constipation, and at one time I was confined to my bed for two weeks with malarial fever, which, my physician said, was directly traceable to

CONSTIPATION.

Finally, after continued urging on my wife's part, I consented to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and after the first trial I experienced immediate relief, headache and all disappearing. After less than two weeks' use of the Favorite Remedy I considered myself completely cured, and I now enjoy better health than I have had for three years. I earnestly recommend this medicine to anyone troubled as I was.—Thos. G. Spence, 164 12th street, South Brooklyn, N. Y. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

CARTOONS are good things, but they generally are partial and one-sided. *Puck* had an illustration of the GUILFORD MILLER case last week of which the New York *Herald* says:

> The two hundred million dollar monopolist, with a locomotive and train of cars behind him, is making his way across Washington Territory as though he owned the continent. He has just lifted his big hob-nailed boot, and at the next step will tread on poor Farmer Miller, who crouches in fear of the impending catastrophe. Miller looks as though he thought there was no power in this country to restrain a big corporation, and he must submit to fate with the best grace he can command. Suddenly, however, a long arm is thrust through a window of the White House, and Mr. Cleveland takes the monopolist by the throat with a hand that looks strong enough to protect the poor farmer against anything or anybody. The startled expression on the face of the land grabber is a study.

The description of the cartoon is good, but the picture does not correctly portray the situation. MILLER would have been protected fully, if Secretary of the Interior LAMAR and Attorney General GARLAND had not taken it upon themselves to reverse the precedent set by a Republican secretary, Mr. TELLER. These two cabinet officials, of Mr. CLEVELAND'S own selection, reversed TELLER'S ruling, and put MILLER under the foot of the "monopoly." If the artist of *Puck* had represented CLEVELAND as grabbing LAMAR and GARLAND by the throat, his cartoon would have corresponded with the facts. CLEVELAND overruled them, and re established TELLER'S ruling. It is hard for the Democrats to improve upon Republican methods.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, the attorney of the Mormon church at the national capitol, expresses the opinion that the Mormons, acting under the new anti-polygamy bill, will be able to carry all the town elections as fast as they are held. The Mormons, he thinks, have discovered that they can conscientiously subscribe to the oath required by the new law, and that being the case, if they are permitted to vote he believes that it will not be possible to prevent the polygamists from being everywhere triumphant at the polls. The officers who administered the oath under the new law were at first disposed to ask questions of those who applied to take the oath, which the Utah commissioners declared to be improper, and the asking of them was subsequently forbidden. Since that time the oaths have been generally taken by the Mormons. The government has not yet begun the prosecutions authorized by the new law, and as yet no intimation is given as to when the new suits will be brought.

THE rural population of Tennessee is strongly in favor of the prohibitory amendment to the state constitution. A convention of the farmers of East Tennessee was held at Knoxville recently, which adopted, without hardly a dissenting voice, a resolution endorsing the constitutional amendment and pledging their support to it. The Knoxville *Journal* says:

> An overwhelming majority of the farmers present will vote for the amendment next September. We take it that they reflect public opinion on the subject throughout this section, and if that be true, it may be set down as a fact that East Tennessee will give a large majority for the amendment.

THE State department is reported to be somewhat embarrassed at the attitude which has been taken by the secretary of legation at Vienna, Mr. JAMES FENNER LEE. The latter has announced that he will immediately resign and leave his post because he was not appointed minister. He claims that he had an understanding with the State department that if successful in removing the difficulties between the two governments caused by the Kelley affair, he should be appointed minister. He fulfilled his part of the bargain, but the secretary of State refuses to live up to his contract.

SEN. MORRILL, of Vermont, is sanguine of Republican success in the Presidential campaign next year. He says:

> I am convinced that Blaine or any other man who may be nominated by the Republican convention can be elected. The Republican party to-day is harmonious and united, and its candidate for the Presidency next year has every prospect of success, no matter who he may be.

RAMESES THE SECOND.

A Correspondent Upon the Non-Identity of the Pharaoh of the Exodus and the Oppressor.

TOLEDO, May 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have been much pleased with your interesting article in the BLADE on "Pharaoh the Oppressor." On one important point, however, I think you are hardly clear. That is, where Rameses II is made out to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus as well as the Oppressor. You say "he was 48 years old at the time Moses went into Midian." As Moses was himself 40 years old at that time, (Acts vii, 23) this chronology would make Rameses II but eight years old when his own daughter, presumably a young woman, found Moses in the basket on the Nile, and adopted him as her son. In the *Century's* article, cited in your editorial, it is stated, apparently on the authority of Maspero, that "Rameses the Great was about 30 years old when he began to reign alone, and he ruled 67 years;" also that "we may estimate with Prof. H. Brugsch....that Moses was born ....in the sixth year of his reign."

Now, as Moses was 80 years old when the Exodus took place—Ex. vii, 7, Acts vii, 23-30—Rameses II. at that time must have been dead between nineteen and twenty years. This agrees with the Scripture account, "And it came to pass in the course of those many days, that the king of Egypt died," Exodus ii, 23, Revised Version. This view is further supported by the account given of Moses by Manetho, and quoted by Josephus, as in the article in the *Century*. It is also corroborated by the extreme improbability that the body of the Pharaoh who was overwhelmed in the Red Sea should have been recovered and embalmed. Everything seems to point to Menephthah II., the thirteenth son of Rameses II., and his successor, as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. This view is the only one which meets the requirements both of the monuments and the Holy Scriptures. DUSTON KEMBLE.

No Scriptural Authority.

GARDNER, Kan., May 23.—EDITOR BLADE:—Having just read the article entitled "Pharaoh the Oppressor," I would like to ask a question. If as the Scriptures state, Pharaoh and his army were drowned in the Red sea, is it not a mistake to suppose that the body that has been discovered was that of Pharaoh? Or was it his body taken from the sea and interred? I presume that I am not the only person that has wondered over this matter. Will the BLADE please explain? MRS. W. J. M.

[There is no direct Scriptural authority for the popular idea that Pharaoh was overwhelmed with his army in the Red Sea. Read over the account of that catastrophe carefully, and you will be convinced.—ED. BLADE.]

A Good Investment.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has just settled a policy for $1,000 in Maryland. It was a twenty-year endowment with a tontine period of fifteen years, and the policy-holder, who had paid $724.95 in premiums, received $1,007.28 five years before the contract matures. This settlement returns to him all that he had paid, with more than 4 per cent. compound interest; and he has, therefore, enjoyed the protection of life assurance for fifteen years without cost.—*New York Mail and Express*.

THE RISE IN COFFEE.

Why the Cup Will Cost $120,000,000 More This Year Than Ever Before.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Coffee is higher than it has ever been before for any considerable period. The coffee situation, therefore, is interesting, not to say serious. Gambling in it is just now wilder than in any stocks or in any other produce.

The price has advanced 100 per cent. in a year; and, if the lowest and highest prices are taken, 150 per cent. If the present situation continues, the coffee-drinkers in the United States will pay $50,000,000 more for it than they paid for it in 1885, and $60,000,000 more than they paid in 1882.

The rise in price is, therefore, equal to the imposition of about $1 on every man, woman and child (whether coffee-drinkers or not) in the country. And if the movement upward continues, coffee will pass out of the daily use of the people and become a luxury. The cause of this startling advance in price is three-fold.

The consumption has increased much more rapidly than the supply. In 1867 the consumption per capita was 4.77 pounds; in 1883, the first year after it was put on the free list, it was 9.67; in 1884 it was 8.59, and it has since increased. The range of prices has been for fair Rio in 1860, 13 cents; in 1870, 10 to 11½ cents; in 1880, 14 to 14½ cents; May of last year, 9¼ cents; now it is about 20 cents.

Another cause is the chance given for gambling by the necessary lack of trustworthy crop reports. There is no concerted news gathering in inland Brazil.

A SHORT CROP.

The third cause is the estimated shortness of the crop in Brazil, which has now just been gathered and will begin to arrive about July 1. The Brazil crop is estimated at from 2,250,000 to 4,000,000 bags.

The expectation a year ago was of a crop of from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 bags. A shortage of 1,000,000 bags from Brazil will keep prices where they now are. The crop in Java also is short. In Ceylon the leaf disease has reduced the production by at least one-half. Thus the supply of the very best coffee is sure to be smaller for this year than it has been for a generation.

To-day the highest figures are paid for Mysore coffee, and it is considered the best grown. Mysore is a part of Upper British India, and the cultivation of the berry is entirely under European control. Thus far the leaf disease, which has spread such havoc in Java and Ceylon, has left British India alone; but how long it will do so it is hard to say.

All attempts to grapple with the disease have proved fruitless, and if it ever puts in an appearance in Brazil, the days of coffee drinking will be numbered. There are those who believe that unless the leaf disease can be fought successfully, it is only a question of time when a cup of coffee will be as great a luxury as a bottle of champagne.

Whether or not the price will be maintained at so high a figure will depend on the future of speculation. The only coffee exchange in the country is that in New York, which now has a great boom. The fever is higher than ever before in the history of the trade. There is more gambling in it than in any other grocery staple.

The present uncertain outlook of the supply has brought outsiders into the speculation. Syndicates have been often formed to bull the market, but in the majority of cases they have failed. The syndicate of 1883, after costing the consumers of coffee over $8,000,000, lost more than it made and brought down several large houses. The principal members of that syndicate were Havre and Rio houses, with some few New York firms added.

THE LATEST SYNDICATE.

The present syndicate which is booming prices is composed of New York, French and Brazilian houses, and is by far the strongest ever formed. There are, however, other outside houses which are bulls on the situation, and several have made a good round sum already.

Messrs. Hard & Kand, who do not speculate in options, but are the largest importers of coffee in this country, have netted anywhere from $500,000 to $750,000. If we consider that a bag of coffee, which a year ago was worth, say $13, is to-day worth $20, the greatest advance having taken place within the last six weeks, the above estimate is not unreasonable, if it is not entirely too small.

Arnold, the "coffee king," has had his share of the spoils, and so has Selligsberg, who acted for the defunct syndicate in 1883. The Arbuckles, who are the largest distributors of coffee in the world, must have netted at least a half million dollars although they were not bulls on the market. Cotton brokers and even Wall street financiers have come into the option market.

What the actual results of the present speculative craze will be it is hard to say; but, if the present conditions continue, the consumers in the chief coffee-drinking countries will have to pay this year about $120,000,000 more for the cup than they have ever paid in any previous year.

BASED ON A VISION.

A Father's Peculiar Dream About the Death of His Son.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 30.—H. W. Clark, of this city, is a clear-headed, reliable man in every particular. His word is good for thousands of dollars anywhere. Of late he has been greatly worried over the death of his son, C. H. Clark, who was shot on the United States steamer Iroquois, at Panama, May 7. It was reported that the boy committed suicide, but the father believes he was murdered, and has written to Secretary Whitney demanding an investigation at once.

He based all his reasons for supposing it to have been murder on dreams he has had. Twice before he has been warned of deaths to occur in his family by dreams. On the night previous to his son's death he had a very vivid dream, in which he saw a man follow his son until he entered his room on the ship, when he saw him fire two shots and saw his son fall dead to the floor.

Soon after Mr. Clark received a letter from Paymaster Patterson, giving the particulars of an affair, which coincided with Mr. Clark's vision, in that death occurred in the room on shipboard, and differing only in the vital point of the person who fired the shot. Mr. Clark believes his dream fully substantiated, as it is by past experiences, and he considers that the fact that his son went below so soon after going on the deck to smoke and went not to his own room, but to that of another officer named Wood, as detailed in a letter from the ship, is a singular and suspicious circumstance.

His theory is that the person who committed the deed, and whose features he saw in the dream but did not know, told Clark when he went on deck that Wood wanted to see him in his room. That person then followed him and shot him as he entered the room and escaped to another part of the ship before an alarm had spread. Mr. Clark's belief in murder rather than suicide is strengthened by the fact that two shots were fired, one at the head and one at the heart, which medical experts in this city declared could scarcely, if possibly, be done by the person receiving the wound.

THE ORGAN WILL PEAL.

A Victory Foreshadowed in Favor of Instrumental Music.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 27.—The twenty-ninth general assembly of the United Presbyterian church of North America, 300 delegates of equal numbers of ministers and laymen is in session. The assembly governs 885 congregations with 100,000 members. The election of a new moderator was a contest of special interest, since it involved the instrumental music issue, on which the church had been divided.

Two nominations were made—Rev Matthew McCormick Gibson, San Francisco, advocate of the organ, and Rev. T. J. Carson, Xenia, Ohio, anti-instrument. The result was a decisive victory for the church organ, and indicates just how this issue will be disposed of later in the session. Rev. Dr. Gibson received 129 votes and the Rev. Mr. Carson 59.

Thousands of Women in Europe

cured of chronic ailments and weakness by the new treatment, fully described in April number of London Obstetrical Journal, a leading medical magazine. Sent on receipt of 10 cents. Esray Hall & Co., 56 Warren St., N. Y. Box 1703. Mention this paper.

A Very Emphatic Dam.

A very remarkable dam is about to be constructed by a water company at the San Mateo canyon, four miles from San Mateo, Cal., in order to form a reservoir. The canyon is very narrow and steep, and 17 feet below the bottom is a solid rock, on which the foundation of the dam will rest. The structure will be 170 feet high, 175 feet wide at the base, 20 feet at the top and 700 feet in length. It will be the largest stone dam ever known to have been built. The dike will have a curvature of 80 feet and the convex side will be upstream. The material will be a new sort of concrete composed of stone. The walls will be perfectly smooth. The reservoir that will be formed by it and the adjacent hills will be about eight miles in length and 150 feet deep in the deepest places. Its capacity will be about 32,000,000,000 gallons. The water will be conveyed by tunnels to the city of San Francisco.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

THE ANNUAL RECORD.

Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution. Caprices of Fortune.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by the Louisiana State Lottery Company during the year ending May, 1887, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF JUNE 15, 1886.

Mrs. Annie M. Cross, Kansas City, Mo.	30,000
J. M. Ricketts, Crested Butte, Col.	30,000
Mrs. J. Clark Fern, Clarion Co., Pa.	15,000
J. W. Williamson, Willow Grove, W. Va.	15,000
Paid Bank of Commerce, Memphis Tenn.	10,000
Paid Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	10,000
J. T. Colby, Willows, Cal.	5,000
Paid L. I. Doize, People's Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
Wm. G. Seymour, 195 Thalia St., New Orleans, La.	5,000
American Express Co., Columbus, Ohio	4,000
W. T. Putnam, 130 State St., Boston, Mass.	2,000
James Carley, Boston, Mass.	2,000
Samuel Pearson, Washington, D. C.	2,000
Joshua Burrell, 2215 D St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	2,000
Chas. J. Summers, Struthers, Ohio	2,000
First National Bank, Pontiac, Mich.	2,000
Anglo-California Bank, (Ltd), San Francisco, Cal.	2,000

DRAWING OF JULY 13, 1886.

Wm. Clem, Monroeville, Ind.	15,000
A. H. Jones, Anniston, Ala.	15,000
Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, 208 Princeton St., East Boston, Mass.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	15,000
W. B. Cushman, Worcester, Mass.	15,000
Jno. H. Bones, 349 W. 45th St., New York	5,000
Henry Sass, 29 Western Ave., Toledo, Ohio	5,000
Carl Tideman, care Meyer Bros. Drug Co., Kansas City, Mo.	5,000
Vito Dilorenzo, cor. Washington and Laurel Sts., New Orleans, La.	5,000
Eug. Lafou, Denison, Tex.	2,000
John A. Stewart, 5 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.	2,000
John W. Miller, Palmyra, Mo.	2,000
Second National Bank, Louisville, Ky.	2,000
E. W. Warren, 358 Main St., Springfield, Mass.	2,000
Frank Lo Cascio, Boston, Mass.	2,000
J. H. Powell, South Vallejo, Cal.	1,200
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	1,200
R. L. Bailey, Thorpe, Tenn	1,200
Thos. Mason & Co., care A. McAuley, 225 20th St., Richmond, Va.	1,200
A. W. Oxley, San Francisco, Cal.	1,200
George Kleine, 608 Sixth St., San Francisco, Cal.	1,200
Mrs. Mary E. Murdock, 641 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.	1,200
T. T. Smith, care Messrs. Lemke & Ulrich, San Francisco, Cal.	1,200
Charles Clifford, St. Paul, Minn.	1,200

DRAWING OF AUGUST 10, 1886.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	10,000
German Bank of Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
Henry Lajore, Holbrook, Mass.	5,000
B. Frank Burpee, 8 Granite St., South Boston, Mass.	5,000
J. N. Smith, Fort Monroe, Va.	2,400
Mrs. C. Goldsmith, 717 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.	1,200
J. Disque, Philadelphia, Pa.	1,200
Jas. J. Clinchey, cor. Clara and Perdido Sts., New Orleans, La.	1,200
Mrs. M. Broderick, 28 Prieur St., New Orleans, La.	1,200
Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo.	1,200
W. D. Wacenult, Montgomery, Ala.	1,200
Mill J. Carr, Concordia, Kas.	1,200
Jno. M. Mason, Kansas City, Mo.	1,200

DRAWING OF SEPTEMBER 14, 1886.

Isaac Wilmarth, Deerfield, New York.	15,000
Alex. Mahen, Carson City, Nev.	1,5000
Jno. Connor, care Cammack and Decker, 28th St., bet. I and K, N. W. Washington, D. C.	15,000
Geo. W. Fouch, Osceola, Iowa	15,000
Amaro Aranjo Bibeiro, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	15,000
Paul Bunker, Oriental Warehouse, 1st and Brannan Sts., San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Paid Exchange Bank of Dallas, Texas.	10,000
T. R. Lee, Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000
Eduardo Marquez del Pino, Lazaro Vila, 322 E 13th St., New York	10,000
Mrs. J. C. Sullivan, Chicago, Ills.	5,000
L. L. Fosse, care H. B. Olsen & Co., 90 Superior St., Chicago, Ills.	5,000
J. G. Lallande, New Orleans National Bank, for a depositor there	5,000
D. H. Bently, Truxillo, Honduras, C. A.	5,000
John R. Durff, Louisville, Ky.	2,000
F. C. Reed, Portland, Dak.	2,000

DRAWING OF OCTOBER 12, 1886.

W. H. Turner, 236 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills.	15,000
Chas. J. Herrman, Muskegon, Mich.	15,000
J. N. Low, Jamestown, Dak.	15,000
London, Paris and American Bank (Ltd.) San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
A. S. French, 25 Ferry St., New York.	15,000
Marcus Stone, 35 Eddy St., San Francisco, Cal.	6,000
Mrs. Mary Logue, collected through Rideout Smith & Co, Orville, Cal.	5,000
Collin Kitchen, 319 South Cherry St., Richmond, Va.	5,000
B. M. Whiteside, Cisco, Tex.	5,000
John M. Manning, 1106 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5,000
Arthur H. Barnaby, 87 North St., Boston	5,000
E. T. Babbit, Denison, Tex.	2,000
G. W. Jackson, Brownsville, Tenn.	2,000
Dow & Boyett, Mojave, Cal.	2,000
Farmers & Drovers Bank, Louisville, Ky	2,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	2,000
Boyd Corwick, Mascoutah, Ills.	1,200
P. A. Bassons, 52 Hawthorne Ave., Chicago, Ills.	1,200
C. H. Graves, Carthage, N. C.	1,200
Wm. Ridgway, New York	1,200
G. H. Smith, 12 W. 23d St., New York	1,200

DRAWING OF NOVEMBER 9, 1886.

Eliza J. Peterson, 53 Moulton St., Boston	15,000
A. L. Beltram, 193 Esplanade St., New Orleans, La.	15,000
T. L. Pindell, Keene, Ky.	15,000
Chas. O. Ekholm, 153 Townsend St., Chicago, Ills.	15,000
Mrs. A. Kinsey, Manchester, Va., through The State Bank of Virginia, Richmond	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Henry L. Valencia, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Traders National Bank, San Antonio, Tex.	5,000
W. M. Brown, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco	2,000
G. Rocco, Stockton, Cal.	2,000
Wm. Tonkin, San Jose, Cal.	2,000
Jas. K. Dozier, Cairo, Ills.	1,200
Daniel McColl, New York	1,200
Miss V. Shaw, through L. Bernhard, 205 West 34th St., New York	1,200
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	1,200
C. Heideurich, care of C. H. Grafenstall, Shakopee, Minn.	1,200

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 14, 1886.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	45,000
Frank Metz, Oshkosh, Wis.	30,000
Fourth National Bank of New York	25,000
Baltimore & Ohio Express, Chicago	25,000
Dan'l Jones, at Theo. Dumas' Furniture Store, 257 Royal st., New Orleans	15,000
Hibernia National Bank, New Orleans	15,000
Parties in New York, through New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La	15,000
F. M. Gross, Crawfordsville, Ga.	4,000
Party in St Augustine, Fla., through John B. Fernandez, Savannah, Ga.	2,000
Wm. L. Giguilliat, Savannah, Ga.	2,000
Wm. P. Brady, 1515 Fulton Ave., Evansville, Ind.	2,000
Linsey Hayden, Evansville, Ind	2,000
Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
Bank of Butte County, Chico, Cal.	2,000
C. J. McDowell, 676 Superior st., Cleveland, Ohio	2,000
J. Prendergast, Baltimore, Md., through Stein Bros., Baltimore, Md.	2,000

DRAWING OF JANUARY 11, 1887.

John Campbell, North Muskegon, Mich.	15,000
Cornelius Becannon, St. Louis, Mo.	15,000
R. E. Knapp, Magnolia, Miss	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
J. Cain, Hunter Wharf, Norfolk, Va., through Marine Bank of Norfolk, Va.	15,000
F. J. Gilmore, Los Angeles, Cal., through First National Bank, of Los Angeles, Cal.	15,000
Ben Kiam, of Kiam Bros., Houston, Texas	15,000
Elva Eller, Princeton, Franklin county, Kans., through E. A. Hanes, Cashier, Bank of Ottawa, Kans.	15,000
Wm. Whalen, watchman Miss. and Tenn. R. R. depot through Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
S. P. Hill, New Orleans, La.	5,000
A depositor through People's Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
Chas. Mitchell, Pecan Point, Ark., through Bank of Commerce, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000

DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 8, 1887.

First National Bank of Fort Wayne, Ind.	15,000
Dr. J. A. Tignor, B. F. Clark, and Miss A. Webb, Rome, Ga.	15,000
Marston & Jordan, 92 Commercial street, Portland, Me.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
T. J. Lester, Jr., through Julius Wells, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Parties in Aberdeen, Miss.	15,000
" Cleveland, Ohio	15,000
" Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
" Smith Falls, Ont., Can.	15,000
" San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Thos. Alexander, Washington, D. C.	10,000
Jas. W. D. Stokes, Detroit, Mich.	10,000
German Bank of Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
E. Rosenheim, 80 Beal street, Memphis, Tenn., through the German Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
G. Barthel, New York	5,000
Geo. Schilly, 7, 9, 11 W. Court street, Memphis, Tenn., through First National Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	2,000
D. N. Vance, Carrollton, Ky., through Carrollton National Bank	2,000
Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal	2,000
Felix Clavere, Los Angeles, Cal.	2,000
C. H. Perrow, Morristown, Tenn.	2,000

DRAWING OF MARCH 15, 1887.

Byron D. Houghton, Oswego, N. Y.	25,000
H. J. Warner, Stratford, Ont.	15,000
Thos. Falvey, Wrightsuille, Pa.	15,000
Peter M. Vermaas, 379 S. Robey St., Chicago, Ill.	15,000
H. Taylor, New York	15,000
Joseph Rosenfield, Houston, Tex.	15,000
William Moeser, Topeka, Kan.	15,000
Joseph H. Ludwig, 430 William street, Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco	15,000
London, Paris and American Bank, Limited, San Francisco	15,000
D. P. Hawes, Decorah, Iowa	15,000
J. C. Dunlop, Pembroke, Ontario	5,000
Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Central City, Dak.	5,000
T. J. Weaver, Trabue, Fla.	5,000
Frank Brock, 518 Potter St., East Saginaw, Mich.	5,000
Union National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.	4,000
Olof Berglund, Darlington, Wis.	2,000
Chas. H. Horner, care of Adams Express Co., Newark, N. J.	2,000
J. E. Harrigan, 128 W. Canton St. Boston, Mass.	2,000
E. B. Kimball, Portland, Me.	2,000
City National Bank, of Dallas, Tex.	2,000
Oliver & Griggs, Bankers, Dallas, Tex.	2,000
El Paso National Bank, El Paso, Tex.	2,000
Germania Savings Bank, New Orleans, La., for a depositor	2,000

DRAWING OF APRIL 12, 1887.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	30,000
W. Thayer, 33 Yamhill St., Portland, Ore.	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
New Orleans National Bank, for account of correspondent from San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
London, Paris and American Bank, Limited, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Mrs. M. R. Newberry, Cheboygan, Mich	15,000
Ambrose Gilliland, Moweaqua, Ill.	15,000
Geo. P. Stackhouse, 2324 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Roy J. Bour, Canton, O.	5,000
C. W. Tweedy, Augusta, Ga.	5,000
W. C. Hammock, Griffin, Ga.	5,000
J. M. Stotts, Dee, Ark.	5,000
A. L. Robb, Atchison, Kas.	5,000
Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal	4,000
Mrs. David Swickheimer, Rico, Col.	4,000
Jno. Raatz, Pottsville, Pa.	2,000
G. Ragin, Clarksville, Tex.	2,000
P. H. Dwyer, Boston, Mass.	2,000
H. T. Davis & B. S. Webber, Portland, Me.	2,000
Chas. C. Keenan, Barnesville, Minn.	2,000

DRAWING OF MAY 10, 1887.

Wells, Fargo & Co., San Francisco, Cal.	75,000
T. J. Lynch & Co., cor. 11th and Locust Sts., Phila., Pa.	15,000
City National Bank of Cairo, Ills.	10,000
National Commercial Bank of Mobile, Ala.	10,000
Bank of Commerce, Louisville, Ky.	5,000
Commercial National Bank of Nashville, Tenn.	5,000
Edwin Le Bars, New York	2,000
Anglo-Californian Bank (L't'd.), San Francisco	2,000
N. Crenshaw, Everest, Kas.	2,000
Bank of California, San Francisco, Cal.	2,000
C. J. Harman, through Corry National Bank, Corry, Pa.	2,000

For full particulars of the Grand Semi-Annual Drawing of June 13, see scheme in another column of this paper to-day.

QUEER QUAIL.

How a Flock Courted and Paired Off.

I once had the pleasure of witnessing the courting and pairing off of a flock of quail. I was sitting so I could look down upon a flat rock that stood up higher than the tops of a thicket of brush and weeds surrounding it near a small brook. I first herd the chatter of the quails in the brush. After holding quite an animated confab one hen quail flew upon the rock and was followed by five or six males. Miss Quail strutted around a few times, apparently not noticing her admirers, assuming coquettish attitudes and putting on more style and affectation than the human dudes of the present day. She finally took a conspicuous position and appeared to devote her entire attention to herself. Her admirers, in the meantime, stood around and looked at each other with defiant eye and mien. They had begun to strut around, spread and trail their wings, try graceful walks and poises, each striving to outdo the others. The more they tried to make a favorable impression before Miss Quail the more excited they became, until they went to fighting.

They fought hard and furiously, until at last one of them, by a fortunate pass, knocked his antagonist off the rock. He did not stop, but pitched into the first one he came to, and then kept knocking one off at a time until there was but one left. The victor took one comprehensive look over the field of battle, struck up a rattling clatter, and walked up to Miss Quail, strutted around a few times with self importance enough for a United States Senator, keeping up a rattling string of—of—well, blarney, I suppose. Finally, they rubbed heads and bills together, walked to the north side of the rock, rose simultaneously and flew away, lighting together, ready for housekeeping. Another hen then came upon the rock with three or four males, and went through the same form of courting, and to the victor—the reward of a wife. So it went until all the hens were mated and gone. After that three males came upon the rock and did absolutely look forlorn and showed it in every motion. They flew in a different direction from all the others. When a male had been whipped or driven off the rocks he nor none of the others would come up again. After the contest started those who began were the ones to win or lose. The whole thing was very like human nature.—*San Diego Sun.*

A Mother Sparrow.

One of the most interesting things I have observed about birds is the instinct, I would almost say intelligence, which the old sparrow displays in feeding her brood of four or five little ones. When the young sparrows are able to fly, but not yet old enough to hunt their food, the mothers fly with them from the trees to the ground, and it is interesting to see her hopping about with the little birds following her in a row, fluttering their little wings and loudly begging for some dainty worm or seed. When the mother finds a morsel she gives it to the first one in the row, and the next little bird gets the next piece found, and so on until she has given every little one its share, without ever giving twice in succession to the same one, and then she returns to the first one, and so on. This is almost incredible, but for several past seasons, and any one can observe it where these birds build their nests, as for instance the trees on Espianade avenue.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Footgear for Ladies.

A lace boot or shoe comes nearer fitting the foot than any other. They clasp the instep, keeping the sole of the shoe well up to the arch beneath, and stay the ankle, both of which will enable the wearer to walk better and with far more ease than when, as is always the case more or less with buttoned shoes, there is too much room given the foot at those two points. Not that overtight lacing is advocated, but just so much as will cause the foot to feel the support of the shoe. Ladies who walk a great deal, especially those having high insteps hollowed out underneath, will certainly find more ease in a lace shoe than in a buttoned one. Dealers will often tell us that they are not in fashion, but they can always be had or made. Skaters need a laced shoe for the same reasons. Gentlemen are wiser than we in this respect. The majority of men have learned to appreciate the merits of a laced boot, and now wear them.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Away Head of Time.

A youngster of the mature age of 10, captain of the Boomer club, a base ball nine in the neighboring city, recently received a challenge from a rival club to play, which he accepted. Before the game took place, however, he prepared two reports for the local papers, either one of which could be used as occasion demanded. One set forth in glowing colors a victorious result for his nine. The other merely left a space for thes core, with this concluding comment: "The game was lost by the Boomers through bad umpiring." This was taking time by the forelock, indeed.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this season. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published nine different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of nine	1 25

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

RUBBER ROOFING.

Cheapest—Best, Fire and Waterproof. Adapted for new or old roofs. Anybody can apply. Write at ONCE for Book Circular. INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO., Indianapolis, Ind. Sample free if you mention Toledo Blade.

The Best and Cheapest Sewing Machine in the World.

READ THIS CAREFULLY.

THE

Blade Sewing Machine.

Is winning new laurels every day, and is making its way into public favor with a rapidity that no previous Machine every did. Why?

Because it is the best Machine on the market, a Machine built upon entirely new principles, and one which will do more kinds of work than any Machine made, and do it as well as the best, and better than most.

Because it is the Handsomest Machine made. Because it is the CHEAPEST. You have been paying from $35 to $45 for machines not so good and not so Handsome.

You Get the Blade Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.00,

Which is less than half the price of the monopoly machines. Because it is a new machine, and not an old one re-built.

And mind you it is a HIGH ARM MACHINE, enabling you to handle your work easily, and is furnished with a complete set of Attachments, withou extra charge. AND IT IS WARRANTED BY THE BLADE COMPANY.

Now read these testimonials, and bear in mind we have thousands just as strong:

INDEPENDENCE, Kas., Aug. 6, 1886.
I have been a reader of the BLADE for some years, and knowing the reliability and responsibility of the same I had confidence to send $18 for the Blade machine and renewal of paper. Both came in due time, and within twenty minutes after the machine arrived at the house my wife was sewing with it. I have waited some weeks so that my wife could give it a thorough trial, and she said the machine is all that you recommended it to be and all she wants in a machines, and she has used all of the standard machines. F. J. MARTIN.

SENECAVILLE, O., Aug. 2, 1886.
The Blade Sewing Machine ordered of you June 7, came to hand the last of June or first of July in good condition; have been using it more or less ever since; it runs light and easy, works well on any and all fabrics either light or heavy. I have used the Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Howe, Singer and Domestic, and I like the Blade Machine better than any of them. A month's use has convinced me that it is all the manufacturers claim for it. Others here talk of purchasing the Blade Machine. SIBYLLA NEYMAN.

If you want a machine order it at once. You should get in your order very soon.

Remember, the Blade Sewing Machine and the Weekly Blade, One Year, for $18.00.

The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

FULL SET OF ATTACHMENTS.

ADDRESS

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE WATERBURY

"Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the Watch for a dollar less than its price or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watches and the BLADE for one year.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over a Million Distributed.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY Co.

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months (June and December).

"*We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.*"

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, June 14, 1887.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

[illegible]

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

[illegible]

TERMINAL PRIZES.

[illegible]

For Club Rates, or any further information apply to the undersigned. Your handwriting must be distinct and Signature plain. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell our Specialties. [illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

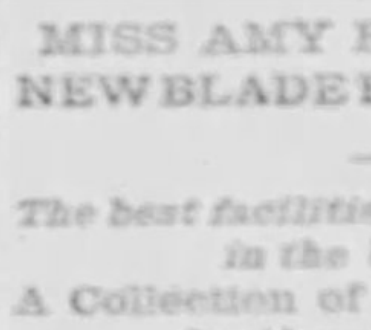
A Remarkable Record. During the past 20 years [illegible] Washington, D. C.

DYSPEPSIA Cured for $1. [illegible]

12 per cent. interest secured by joining the [illegible] Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY The Correspondent, an 8-page paper, devoted to marriage, contains about 300 requests [illegible]

WHY Rent Poor Land, [illegible] Waco, Texas.



D. NEEDHAM'S SONS

[illegible] CHICAGO.

Red Clover Blossoms

[illegible]

THE TOLEDO

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

UNDER CHARGE OF

Prof. E. H. OSTHAUS

AND

MISS AMY R. KIRKPATRICK.

NEW BLADE BUILDING, Toledo, O.

The best facilities for an Art Education in the United States.

A Collection of over 1,000 Paintings for the use of Students.

ALSO THE FINEST ART GALLERY OF OIL PAINTINGS IN THE WEST.

For Particulars, address,

D. Knight Carter, Actuary

TOLEDO, O.

A valuable pamphlet on Art Education sent free on application.

THE BEST

BOOKS

For the People.

[illegible]

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

[illegible]

NASBY IN EXILE

[illegible]

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

[illegible]

HEALTH and BEAUTY,

[illegible]

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE,

[illegible]

BLADE, Toledo, O.

The Household.

MISS EMILY B. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

VIII.

Time is no respecter of persons as we all know. He turns his hour-glass relentlessly until a day is counted off, and then the days multiply into weeks, the weeks into months, and ere we are aware another year is added to the sum of those gone before. If, at its close, we can look back and see that a progressive step has been taken, that while our physical body has become older and therefore nearer weakness and final decay, the spirit has grown strong within, that we possess more of courage, more of endurance, more of the subtle something that enables us to face the ills of life calmly and patiently, to dwell in the sunshine rather than in the shadow, then we need not regret the year's going. I think it was the possession of this peculiar quality of always seeing the best of every thing, more than the absolute knowledge she possessed, liberal in extent as that was, that enabled this friend of mine of whom I have been telling you, always so thoroughly at home under the most trying circumstances. Doubtless, too, you think I have exaggerated her good qualities, that I have looked at her through the magnifying lens of an enthusiastic affection. Perhaps I have, but the fact does not lessen the value of her teachings while I was under her roof tree.

As I said before, time makes no pause, even though it bear the greatest joys into the past, and I found myself within a very few days of my departure from this home of the summer-tide. The desire for practical knowledge, such as my friend possessed, had grown into an earnest pursuit, and I regretted lost opportunities. I suppose it must be so all through life, that we look back, not only upon the "might have been," but upon the "might have done," and regret the blindness that held us unconscious of our possibilities.

Note book in hand, Mrs. Dent and I held her cousin the greater part of the time answering the many questions which we found to ask concerning what had gone before, for often, though one feels that the pith of a thing has been seized and devoured, when it comes to digestion, it is evident that something is lacking.

One day we had just seated ourselves in the cozy sitting room with a storm of queries to rain down upon her devoted head, when a loud outcry was heard and the whole army of little folks came trooping in, Ted in the lead with his hand to his face and the tears pouring over his cheeks. As usual, he rushed directly towards his mother.

"What is the matter of my boy this time?" she asked, taking her handkerchief from her pocket and wiping his eyes.

"A bee stung me, mamma," he said, vainly trying to suppress his sobs.

"Yes, and it was a great big one, too, *awful* big" said little Will, pressing to his mother's side, and gazing at Ted with a world of pity in his eyes.

"Let me see," said his mother, gently removing Ted's hand and disclosing the place, already swelling, where the angry insect had used his only means of fighting a supposed enemy. The sting had been left behind in the wound, deeply imbedded in the flesh. The first thing done was to remove that, which she did with a small pair of pincers, that, by the way, ought always to be at hand. Then calling for the ammonia bottle and a piece of soft linen, she dipped the latter in a solution, made by putting a teaspoonful into a teacupful of water, and laid it upon the wound which was in the cheek, covering it after that with a dry handkerchief. Sending the children, who had carefully watched operations thus far, away, she made Ted lie down upon the lounge, while she sat beside him with his hand in her's, until he grew calm and quiet. Ted was a nervous child, and the shock of an accident was always more potent than the actual pain.

In fifteen minutes she wet the cloth again, and soon after the pain appeared to cease and the little fellow fell asleep.

"Do you think ammonia water is the very best thing to be used for insect bites?" I asked her a little later.

"I do not know that it is," she said, "though it is good. Strong salt and water may be substituted, and salt and vinegar often have a good effect. Sometimes when the pain is very severe, it is well to use the solution hot, or to alternate it, hot and cold, until it is certain which is most agreeable to the patient. Of course it is always best to avoid irritating the nerves by putting anything on which is unpleasant, unless it is a necessity, which, as you know, cannot be dallied with. When the pain is checked, some evaporant, like cologne, bay rum, or alcohol will help wonderfully in soothing, and reducing the swelling."

"What would you do in case of a spider or scorpion bite?" I asked.

"Just the same" she replied, "as for the sting of a bee or wasp. They seem like stings, yet they cause a great deal of pain, and I have seen persons who absolutely fainted away, or who seemed so exhausted that a stimulant had to be used."

After a good hour's sleep Ted aroused, the pain gone, but with a face which presented a decidedly distorted appearance.

"Unlucky little fellow" I said, laughing. "Why is it that you are always getting hurt?."

"Oh, no, Ted is not unlucky," said his mother quickly. "My boy is only careless, and usually has himself to thank for his troubles. Isn't that so, Ted?" she continued, smiling fondly into the eyes which were looking up at her. "Didn't you get stung because you made the bee angry by annoying it in some way, or making it believe that it was in danger?"

"Yes, mamma," he answered; "I was trying to catch it to tie a string around it, as Ned did with the white-faced wasp, and see it fly that way. I did not think about its stinging me."

"I thought so," she said, "and so you had to suffer for your attempt to tyrannize over the poor little insect which, otherwise, would not have harmed you. That is always the way in this world, Ted. So sure as we try to interfere with the rights of any other living thing, so sure does the punishment come. Now you may go out and play awhile, after I have bathed your face with this cologne."

When Ted had gone from the room she said:

"I do not like to have the boy get the idea that he is what is called "unlucky," for in that case he will fancy that he cannot help things going wrong. I would rather make him, or any other child, feel that he only reaps what he sows, that when he is thoughtful and careful, he rarely suffers pain. I want my children to be brave, but not rash, and the idea that they are unlucky, if firmly fixed in their minds, either makes cowards of them, or renders them reckless of consequences which are sure, in this conviction, to come anyway. I believe in the courage that is always hopeful, but never careless, and people who are taught early to think that the worst is certain to come to them anyway will surely not find it in their possession. Forgive me, but I do really think great harm is done by that way of speaking."

"It is only another lecture which I suppose I needed," I answered with mock vexation. "Of course you are right. I bethink me now that I have known grown-up people who were always complaining that everything disagreeable that happened in their lives was 'just their luck,' and I am not at all sure but that very spirit made these misfortunes come to them the oftener. Hope and confidence are apt to beget an energy and determination that brings success and happiness."

"My belief exactly," she responded, and then we returned to the subject of Mistress Emergency's doings again.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be continued.

The editor of the HOUSEHOLD owes an apology to its members for the interruption to the "Mistress Emergency" papers, which was caused by absence from her post for a short time. They will now be continued to the end, which is not far off, but if there is anything not touched upon in the accidents liable to occur in a family, questions in regard to them will be answered to the best of the writer's ability.

E. S. B.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Easel Tidy. Get a yard and a half of white or cream colored momie cloth and put a broad hem across each end. Then have stamped upon it some conventional pattern which can be carried out in tinsel and colors, the latter done in etching. Make the two ends entirely different. A very pretty variety for one end is to pull out threads across and up and down for a space so as to leave it in squares, and then in each solid square make by cross stitches a star in colors. Finish the ends if desired with fancy tassels or drops.

One advantage of this kind of tidy is that, delicate as it is, it may be washed and yet retain its beauty. Usually they are soiled from the dust and smoke, and present simply a grimy appearance. Make a suds of lukewarm water and Ivory soap, and put the tidy in it and let it lie for a half hour perhaps, then lift it up and down from the water, but do not rub it at all. Rinse in lukwarm water, let dry, and then press carefully. If done aright, it will look well, even the tinsel retaining its brightness. The editor saw one which she supposed was just fresh and new, but learned that it had been renovated in the way described.

Now is the time to do fancy work, and "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be a great help in describing articles. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Tidy.—For "M. E. R.," Amis, Kans.—A cheap tidy, and one that will wash: Take a piece of muslin as large as you want your tidy, and turn a hem one inch deep all around. On the end that hangs down it must be two inches. If you have a machine, run the bobbin full of red cotton floss. Turn the tensions so it will leave the floss straight, like a cord. On the right side go twice around it. Leave a space between and work feather stitch, then work something in the middle and ends with the floss, birds or a bunch of pinks is nice. Put some nice lace across the end that hangs down. This makes a very nice tidy. I have several patterns. If "M. E. R." wants them, write to—S. A. SPENCER, Box 1293, Fargo, Cass Co., D. T.

To Ornament Bottles:—I think I can tell "E. C." in the BLADE, March 31, a nice and cheap way to ornament her bottle. Get one pound of rice, pick out the nice clear grains that are whole to use white. Color the rest with Diamond dyes, any shade she may prefer. Dissolve and color in cold water. Lay on paper to dry. Take a very small hair brush and some copal and walnut varnish, with these form your flowers. Birds are nice. Sprinkle the rice on and place with a pointed instrument. Now varnish the remaining part. Sprinkle on the broken and mixed rice, press with your finger, keep sprinkling and pressing until entirely covered. You will have an ornament fit for any center table. Use copal varnish with the white rice. You can make beautiful flower vases out of oyster cans the same way, and will be surprised to see how pretty they look. Ornamenting done this way resembles bead work, but I forewarn you, do not let Miss Mousie inspect them.

The marble vine is an excessive climber, bears balls that are red and white striped, in clusters at each leaf. Can send you some seed if you will send me a ready addressed envelop with stamp.—MRS. J. L. EVANS.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind · o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Raspberry Stitch.—Cast on any number of stitches that will be a multiple of 4 and add 2 more. For instance, 16 and 2 or 24 and 2. 1st row—Purl clear across. 2d row—knit first stitch—k—p—k the second stitch before slipping off the needle (thus making 3 stitches of 1) purl the next 3 tog—k—p—k the next stitch, making 3 stitches of 1—purl the next 3 tog—repeat throughout the row. 3d row—like first. 4th row—k the first—p the next 3 tog—k—p—k the next, making 3 stitches of it before slipping off the needle, etc., thus changing the order of the berries. Remember always to knit the first stitch and change the order of the berries.

This pattern is simple and very easy, and is just beautiful for the upper part of collars. I knit for the edge the narrow shell lace. Knit 38 shells for bottom of collar and the ends, pick up the loops of 30 shells, leaving 4 shells at each end of lace for ends of collar, and as you knit the raspberry stitch at each end of row pick up (the first 4 rows across, 3 loops at each end) so as to make it round the corners nicely, after that only one at a time. When the collar is knit deep enough, then knit shells to go around the top.

I hope this is plain enough to be understood, but if any one does not, or do not wish to make one, and have a year's numbers of Arthur's, Godey's, or Peterson's magazines to dispose of write to me, as good reading matter is hard for some people to get hold of out here in Western Kansas.—MARY STEELE, Dickeyville, Kan.

Correspondence.

THE TIRED WOMEN.—Women are always tired, and a tired woman is pretty sure to be a cross woman, and a cross woman is a plague, nearly as bad as the plagues of Egypt. She neither makes us sorry, nor subdues our stubborn wills, but is sure to arouse all the evil in our natures. The bad will come to the surface quicker than you could sweat out the measles, and frequently a brisk angry fire is the result. But how is she to avoid being always tired. She will indeed have a good many things to avoid. If a society woman, society will exact more of her than she is able to stand. If a mother with a family they will expect more of her than two hands can accomplish. If a church member and willing to work, they work her almost to death. If a school teacher she will be tired to the very utmost without any regard for her feelings whatever. And if a young woman in school or out, there is no law whatever. How are we to effect a change. I do not believe that I am able to prescribe a remedy suitable for all, a cure all. But we will suggest a mild tonic to hold the patients, till a powerful M. D. arrives.

In the first when we have done enough, or begin to get tired, we should stop at once, and go to something else less fatiguing. Many will say "that is easier to teach than to practice." But we must manage our work differently from now, and consider that there will be work and dirt when we will be taking our final sleep or rest, and that we are only by our incessant work and no rest, inviting *old time* with his sickle to strike the fatal blow. If we thought of this I think we would rests more. We need not think the world rest on our shoulders, or that we are its axis. Little will the world care when we are gone; they will rush some other fool in our place; often in our own homes another soon fills our chair. When you do anything do not go at it as if the salvation of mankind depended on your getting through with it in about half of the time that you should take.

I used to follow in this same foolish way. I would not quit till I had accomplished all that I had intended too if it took me till midnight. I am now thankful that I outlived my folly. I was breaking down as fast as possible under this kind of homeopathic treatment, when accidentally or miraculously the tide was turned. To rest myself, I commenced to read an hour each day after the dinner work was over (lying down while I read). I could accomplish more work with much less fatigue than before. I was not always tired to death. By reading I had something for the mind to dwell upon, and could work and almost forget my cares. It soon produced a decided change in my health, besides keeping up with the times in information. If there is one thing I do dislike it is a woman that never reads or knows anything sensible. I would not read light or trashy reading, it is only a light mind that would dwell on these continually, but read something sensible that husband and children may not be ashamed of our ignorance.—MARY L. COCHLEY, Logansport, Ind.

DYEING.—Kindly thanking the editor of the HOUSEHOLD for the permission to use the valuable columns of the HOUSEHOLD, I will proceed to give directions for coloring and dying, but in as brief, yet comprehensive, space as possible. But before I commence I believe it will be better to give a few general remarks. Everything should be clean. The goods should be scoured in soap, and the soap rinsed out. They are often steeped in soap lye over night. Dip them into water just before putting them into preparations, to prevent spotting. Soft water should be used, sufficient to cover the goods—this is always understood where quantity is not mentioned. When goods are dyed, air, rinse well and hang up to dry. Do not wring silk or merino dresses when scouring or dyeing them. If cotton goods are to be dyed a light color, they should first be bleached.

Silks.—Black.—Make a weak dye, as for black on woolens; work goods in bichromate of potash a little below boiling heat, then dip in the logwood in the same way; if colored in blue vitriol dye, use about same heat.

Brown—On silk or Cotton (very beautiful)—After obtaining a blue color as above, run goods through a solution of prussiate of potash, 1 oz.; water, 1 gal.

Crimson.—For one pound goods—alum, three ounces; dip at hand heat one hour; take out and drain while making new dye by boiling ten minutes, cochineal, three ounces; bruised nut-galls, two ounces; and creamtartar, one-quarter ounce, in one pail of water; when little cool, begin to dip, raising heat to boil; dip one hour; wash and dry.

Green.—Very handsome—For one pound goods—yellow oak bark, eight ounces; boil one-half hour; turn off liquor from bark and add alum, six ounces; let stand until cold; while making this color goods in blue dye-tub a light blue; dry and wash; dip in alum and bark dye. If it does not take well warm the dye a little.

Light blue—For cold water, one gallon, dissolve alum, ½ tablespoonful in hot water, 1 teacupful, and add to it, then add chemic 1 teaspoonful at a time to obtain the desired color—the more chemic darker the color.

Orange—For one pound goods, annotto, 1 pound; soda, 1 pound; repeat as desired.

Purple—for one pound goods. First obtain a light blue, by dripping in home-made dye tub; then dry; dip in alum, 4 ozs., with water to cover, when little warm. If color is not full enough add chemic.

Sky blue on silk or cotton—very beautiful—Give goods as much color from a solution of blue vitriol, 2 ozs., to water, 1 gal., as it will take up in dripping fifteen minutes, then run it through lime water. This will make a beautiful and durable sky blue.

Yellow—For 1 lb. goods, alum, 3 ozs.; sugar lead, ¾ ozs.; immerse goods in solution over night; take out; drain, and make a new dye with fustic, 1 lb.; dip until required color is obtained.—CANNA BELL, Box 615, Lansing Mich.

POULTRY.—Last spring I crossed my turkeys by putting a fine full-blooded bronze gobbler with my hens. The result was good. It increased the size and the young were very hardy. I raise the Pekin ducks for family use. We find them an excellent table fowl, as well as the profit one derives in the feathers by making plenty of good beds and pillows. The feathers are fine and soft. I have a pair of pea fowls. I am going to try and raise their young next year, for a roast, Christmas time. I have tried several kinds of chickens, but for my own use I find the Brown Leghorn the most profitable. They are fine layers, very plump, and when young are excellent to fry. Full grown pullets are splendid roasted in the spring (after turkey and duck have had their day) before young chickens make an appearance.

I love my fowls, keep them fat, and they are all very gentle. "Variety of food is said to be the spice of life," *we like it*, all kinds of fruits as well. We are plentifully supplied (for family use) with both large and small fruits. In regard to the land in this section, it is rich and very produtive, rents readily for good sums. As we have never had any Chinamen through this part of the country, I would be pleased to learn something of them. Are they honest, reliable, and neat, good workers? Also, do they make good farm hands? Are they good for general housework, gardening, etc.,—just such work as a man of all work on a farm is needed for when most of the farming land is rented out? For we would be pleased to have such a person—man or boy—to live with us. When he isn't needed on the farm he can make himself generally useful in and about the house. Our family is small. Perhaps some of the sisters would kindly inform me about a Chinaman or boy that has had experience. (Also wages, etc.) I would be very grateful. I will come again some time.—P. O. Box 384, Rockfort. Spencer county, Ind.

HOW THEY CAME TO TAKE THE BLADE.—Let me tell you how we came to be subscribers to the BLADE. Husband is a Democrat, and we settled down in our little cottage on the farm, a young farm and farmeress with only two rooms in which to cook, eat and sleep. About the first question which arose after we had gotten our household effects snugly arranged was, "What paper are we going to take?" Some good Democratic paper, said John. Now, I had read the BLADE a good deal and liked the HOUSEHOLD department very much, so much that I was exceedingly anxious to have it for a guide in my own little household. So I said, "I have always liked the BLADE, dear. The Household department is excellent, and if you could enjoy the rest of the paper, I would like very much to have it." "But it is too 'black,'" said he. Thinking possibly a first domestic storm might be wafted on even so small a cloud, I wisely forebore any further remarks on the subject. However, I immediately sent for a copy of my favorite, which arrived in due time and was placed before him for examination. After carefully examining it, reading a part of it aloud, he looked across the table where I sat with my crocheting, and said: "Well, my dear, I haven't changed my mind in the least in regard to *color*, but so far as other things are concerned this paper can't be beat, and then I like to read both sides of the question anyway, and I guess we might try it a year if you want it." Of course I did, and that evening the order was written. That was some years ago, and the BLADE has been a regular visitor at our house ever since. As our time was growing to a close this year, I jocosely asked John if we had not better take a good Democratic paper, just for a change. "No, indeed," said he; "the BLADE is good enough," and so we want it for another year. We have two little tots now, and I don't see how I could get along with them were it not for the help I get from the HOUSEHOLD. I consider our editor's talks alone worth the price of the paper. Barbara Allen and Alice P. Adams, why don't you, from your homes in the land of perpetual summer, let us hear from that delightful country oftener? Methinks I can almost smell the perfume of orange blossoms and roses while I am reading one of your letters, even though the wind and snow are blowing wildly across our vast prairies and the thermometer indicates 20° below zero.

Won't the lady who wrote from "The heart of the pine woods," write again? I enjoyed her letter very much.

The minds of our working women are now filled with great hopes and expectations in regard to the maturing of plans they have been busy with during the winter. Spring brings renewed life and vigor to all, even in some measure to the invalid.

May the hopes that beat in the hearts of our HOUSEHOLD friends be fully realized is the wish of your sister.—MARGARY, Ill.

Inquiries

Will "Naomi" who assured us in BLADE April 14, that she has a *sure* remedy for cabbage worms, kindly send it at once and oblige "Many Interested?"

I would like to correspond with some woman with reference to coming to Greeley, Col., to work in a small family. Will pay good wages. I would also find good places for a number of girls, if there are any in the East that would like to emigrate West.—MRS. PRICE, Greeley, Col., postoffice box 164.

Would be glad to have some suggestions in regard to a novelty in the way of an amateur entertainment to be managed by girls, who wish by their own efforts to raise some money for a laudable purpose. I thought, perhaps, some of the wide-awake readers of the HOUSEHOLD might have some ideas to spare.—AUNT FANNY.

I would like to know how to clean zinc to make it look like new?—P. J. D.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD ever used a toilet mask, one that is reliable and not as high-priced as Madam Rowley's? If so, will they write direct to me and I will pay postage. Address Box 58, Canastota, Dak.

Can any one tell me if this is worm spasms that my little one has? She commences by screaming, then shakes and throws herself, then gets limp and sleepy. The two first ones were four months apart, the next two months, in shorter time she had a slight one, all of them but the first while asleep. She kept swallowing afterward too. She can't walk, so her bowels do not move without injection. I have given her turpentine and oil but can't get it to operate without using a syringe, and it leaves the bowels more constipated than ever. Can anyone tell what I can give her that will operate, something in small dose? She won't eat oat meal or I can't get her to drink any kind of tea. Is there no way of getting the worms away? Can the editor tell me why those ingrediences do not mix in that recipe given for the skin, the tincture of gum benzoin and rose water? The gum benzoin sticks to the bottle.

SUBSCRIBER.

Cut the gum benzoin with a little alcohol before putting in the rose water.—ED.

If some of the readers of the BLADE will send me a recipe for taning deer hides. I will send one hide ready tanned to the one sending me the first simple recipe by letter. I have a good many deer hides and would like to tan them myself.

JAMES SHANKS,
Fouts Springs Colusa County, Cal.

We are six in family and I am expecting to become a mother again in August. Here we can get no help worth having for love or money, except rarely. I have been trying to get help for six weeks but have not succeeded. I have three sons (ages 2 to 10) whom I am very anxious to bring up to noble manhood, but in the state of my health with all the work to do, washing, ironing, baking, cleaning and sewing, with a house of 12 rooms to keep in order, I feel I am no fit companion for either them or my husband. I am very fond of reading, music, flowers and fancy work, but with the other work that just has to be done, how can I improve myself or children? I would like a girl of 14, and keep her as my daughter if I could find one who would perform a daughter's part. Or I would give an older person a good home if she would just do right. I would treat her as a sister.—MRS. J. F. DACK, Dallas Center, Iowa.

I would like to know if the editor or some of the BLADE readers know any thing that will cure swallowing. I have been troubled with something for about two years that makes me swallow. I have tried doctors and medicine of almost eaerything I heard of, but to no benefit. If any send me a recipe that will cure me and the address, I will reward him in fome way. It is worse an empty stomach.—A NEW READER.

Answers to Inquiries.

I would like to know if your articles under the head of "Emergency" will be published in book form.

I have often wondered if the mince pie recipe which had so much intoxicating liquor in it got into the HOUSEHOLD by mistake, as did that poisonous cough mixture, which was published not far from the same time, if I remember rightly. I cannot reconcile the idea of "pulverizing the Rum power" by eating brandy mince pies, although I have heard one man say they were superior to others. But he had had the delirium tremens.—M. B. SEARLE, Hammond, Wis.

It is very probable that they will. Recipes containing liquors are never intended to be inserted. Occasionally such a thing may occur by mistake in a rush of labor.—ED.

Will the editor or some reader tell an old subscriber what will reduce flesh?—QUITE STOUT.

Change your diet. Avoid sugars and starches, fat meats, gravies and oils. Exercise regularly. Take no wine or beer. Drink lemonade or something acid, but sparingly, and nothing at your meals. Eat no desserts. Make your meals of lean meat, fish, eggs and fruit, but only enough each time for the digestive organs to dispose of easily. Take a hot bath about three times a week, but do not remain in the water more than four minutes at any one time. Rub the body a great deal, as friction assists in keeping up a good circulation which aids in carrying off the particles of fat. If you keep up this *regimen* faithfully and patiently you will reduce your flesh.

"Health and Beauty" will tell you all about how to take care of yourself, and a dollar sent to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., for one will be a good investment.—ED.

Will you please tell me where is the best place to sell silk cocoons. Is there a place in Missouri where you can sell them raw? There is a little boy here who will have some ready in about three weeks. He is a cripple and can not do much. He is paralyzed on one side. Does any one know anything that will help him?—MAMIE CHANDLER, Salam, Richardson Co., Neb.

Write to the "Agricultural Bureau," Washington, D. C., and ask about it. They can also tell you about the silk culturists in Missouri.—ED.

The remedy given for catarrh in the Medical department some time ago, is an excellent one, but very severe if used in full strength. I dilute the whole prescription with four ounces soft water and pour into the hollow of my hand until warmed and snuff it up my nostrils, as I could not obtain post-nasal syringe in our town. I have healed canker sores in the mouth every time by applying its full strength. It is a valuable and inexpensive remedy.

A purple lasting long enough for any ordinary "decorators" painting can be made as follows. White, permanent blue, and crimson lake. Vary the proportions and a great variety of shades may be produced.

An excellent and cheap cleansing fluid is made as follows: 1 qt. deodorized benzine, 2 drs. oil of wintergreen, 2 drs. alcohol, 1 dr. chloroform, 1 dr. sulphuric ether. Use common benzine if you can not get the purified, as the odor soon evaporates. I washed a delicate lilac tinted silk handkerchief that seemed ruined and it was cleansed perfectly and the color refreshed. The whole amount cost me 35 cents. Put the article, if small, in a china wash bowl and pour the fluid on it. Move it about but do not rub and if very dirty add a quart of warm suds made of delicate soap. For spots on coat collars apply with a sponge.

I would like to hear from any who may be taking the course of study in the Chatauqua society of Fine Arts. Do they like it?—MRS. J. B. S.

Recipes.

For French Mustard.—One beaten egg, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of corn starch, and 2 tablespoonfuls of mustard. Mix smooth and pour into 1 teacupful strong boiling vinegar. Very good.—MRS. J. B. S.

Watermelon Cake.—Whites of 8 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, 2 teacupsfuls of white sugar rolled fine, ¾ cupful of butter. Mix butter and sugar together, then add ¾ cupful sweet milk. Put in the well-beaten eggs and thicken with flour. Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, lemon flavor if you like. I do not often flavor with anything. After it is thoroughly beaten take out one pint in another dish; take a teacup and in it put ½ teaspoonful pulverized cochineal (you can pulverize it by mashing on the table with a knife), ¼ teaspoonful of cream tartar and a little alum. Pour a little warm water on this and let stand while you are making the cake, then strain through a clean cloth and pour into the pint saved out. Drop in your cake pan some of the white and a little of the red, and then more white, and so on till all is in. Bake nicely and beat the whites of 2 eggs and 35 teaspoonfuls of white sugar for frosting, and sprinkle red sugar over the top. This is a very handsome cake and as good as I ever baked. Please try and report through the HOUSEHOLD.—MATTIE.

Splendid Washing Fluid.—1 lb. concentrated lye, 5 cents' worth powdered borax, dissolve in 1 gal. boiling soft water, add 5 cents' worth ammonia when cold, keep in jug or glass, ½ cupful to 1 boiler of clothes.—TOPSY TURVEY.

To Raise Beer Seed.—1 lb. light corn bread and 1 pt. of the dough; put each separate in a bleached domestic sack, put in a 2 gallon jar, fill with water sweetened with molasses, let stand 4 or 5 days, skim the top off, use out, and replenish 3 times per day; the seed will begin to form underneath the sack in 5 or 7 weeks. I think they grow much sooner from the dough than from bread. Those forming from the dough are as large as your little finger, over an inch long; they fall off, form into balls as large as bird eggs, and are as clear as hail stones. I sent this recipe out about three years ago, but have made a great improvement on it since that time. Hope all who expect to need beer seed will cut this out and keep it. Lillie Sherwood, did you succeed in raising beer seed? If not, just follow these directions and you can't fail.—MRS. J. L. EVANS.

Victoria Fritters.—Slice a loaf of baker's bread into pieces an inch thick; cut the slices in the center, trimming off the crust, and place them on a flat dish. Take a quart of rich milk, one salt-spoonful of salt, eight beaten eggs. Stir the whole together and pour over the bread several hours before dinner, that it may be equally moistened. Fry in hot butter a delicate brown, and eat with some good sauce.—MRS. H.

Potatoe Cakes:—Take twelve potatoes; boil and mash. Add flour, one egg and a piece of butter, with a little salt. Make into a paste and roll into biscuits. They are improved in lightness by a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in flour. If you wish to have potatoes mealy, do not let them stop boiling for an instant; when they are done, pour the water off and let them stand for ten or twelve minutes over the fire—MRS. L., Abingdon, Mass.

As this is the much dreaded time, "housecleaning," I would suggest to all housekeepers the use of ammonia to clean woodwork, in preference to anything else. Ten cents worth put into the water will clean a large house, and will leave the hands in better shape than soap. I would also suggest to the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD to make of muslin or some bright colored cambric, covers for lamp chimneys. Shape large at the bottom, closed at top. It will protect them from dust and flies, and save housecleaning so often.—MRS. E. S. THOMPSON, Kellersville, Mich.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RICE'S, MINN.
Oscar A McGee
Harry J McGee
Mary E Hiscock
Mabel Holl'nbeck
Maud Martin
Mamie Hubbell
Ada McNeal
Flora Joslin
Elsie Wolhart
J A Russell
J C Joslin
Lottie Joslin
Laura A Russell
Ella A Russell
Olive Chase
Blanche Martin
Olive Hubbell
Nettie McNeal
Belle Shaw
C'stina Dunsm're
Sylvania Burfield
Clarence Chase
Leon Hollenbeck
Lizzie Shaw
Willard W Shaw
Seth Hatchinsen
Charley Foley
A Burfield
Retta Burfield
Ella M Stanton
Albert Sabin

NEW SALEM, MASS.
Geneva Sieg
Belle Sieg
Winnie E Ballard
Bertie A Butler
F L Whipple
Nina L Fisher
Lillian Cogswell
May E Ballard
Bessie J Ballard
Fannie E Eaton
Eliza E Ramsdell
Cath'rine Plumer
Cora J Eaton
F L Chamberlain
W J Whitaker
B W Cogswell
H E Paige
Willie A Fisher
Chas A Reed
Fred F Ballard
D F Carpenter
E E Chamberlain
M W Freeman
Edith M Freeman

BIJOU CREEK, COLO.
Elbert J Kennedy
Laura E Kennedy
Irene A Kennedy

KENDALL, KAN.
Joe C Parrott

LOCKEFORD, CALA
May Allen
Calvin Locke
Ida Mason
Lewis Mason
Theresa Locke
Mertle Mason
Mellie Mason
Hannah Locke
Mamie Thorp
Bertha Mason
Eunice Locke
Geo H Locke

ULYSSES, PA.
Althea Hopkins
Daisy Erlbeck
Nellie Erlbeck
Ella Genung
Agnes Dennis
Alta Drake
Pearl Eddy
Maud Chrisman
May Farnsworth
Annie Turner

YATES CENTRE, KAN.
Willard H Dannat
Wm C Hammond
Matthew E Ward
Walter M Dannat

Names this week, 85. Total, 19,651.

The above embraces all names received up to May 26.

WHY BABY WAS QUIET.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Baby was quiet, as quiet could be,
And a busy, noisy baby is he,
With his quavers and frills, his pounding and beating,
His crying and laughing, his drinking and eating,
His shrill hurrah! though he doesn't mean that,
And his quick, merry shout when he captures the cat.
But in one thing, at least, he's a curious elf,
And likes, unlike babies, to be by himself;
So I leave him alone with his home-made toys,
Such as capture the fancy of three-year-old boys,
And that baby is happy, 'tis easy to tell,
For while he is noisy I know all is well.

"He's up to mischief," poor grandma would say,
If no noise there came from the baby at play,
"He's still when he's doing some mischief," says she,
"And the worse the mischief, the happier he."
One day there was silence—he must be awake,
And I knew he had playthings he hardly could break.

I listened, while still on my sewing intent,
For the best of the bright sunny day was now spent,
"He will soon break out with a laugh or a roar
Or his fat, dimpled cheeks show again at the door."
I thought—then I harkened most anxiously,
But baby was quiet as quiet could be.

Then softly I stole to nearest sill.
To see why the baby should now be so still,
And there, as I stood at the half-closed door,
I saw him most busily rubbing the floor,
Over and over, with brow quite perplexed,
As if sorely his soul was bewildered and vexed.

He was trying, poor urchin, with all his small might,
To rub something out that dazzled his sight;
But it baffled his skill, though he tried it again,
Like many an head that is older, in vain—
For I reckon, the wisest the wide world o'er
Couldn't rub out the sunshine that lay on the floor.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE LARGEST SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

In the northern part of the city of Chicago, where churches are few and saloons plenty, stands a large, three-story brick building, the home of the Central Church North Side Sunday-school, the largest in the world. It is under the auspices of Professor Swing's church, and it stands in the center of a district densely populated with foreigners of nearly every nationality.

The streets fairly swarm with thousands of children, and the wonder is as much where as how thay all live. Every building, from attic to basement, is crowded, a whole family making their home in a single cheerless room, and out of such places, and surrounded by every influence that tends to evil, and few that encourage a noble life, comes the great army of little ones that compose the school.

All the week long they play upon the streets and alleys; many, who are old enough, work, some supporting their wretched parents in idleness; but to a great number of them Sunday and Sunday-school is the one bright spot in all their lives.

How and when was the school started? Nine years ago Mr. Charles B. Holmes, of Chicago, with a heart full of pity for these worse than homeless waifs, rented a small hall in a third story, and announced that he had started a Sunday-school. About four hundred noisy, boisterous boys and girls responded to the invitation, for the most part bent on "having a good time," and determined to give the school as hard a struggle as possible for existence.

The first Sunday will ever be a memorable one, as much for the difficulties it offered as because it was the birth-day of the school. The following Sunday the attendance increased, and so did the disposition on the part of the big boys to run the school on a plan of their own. When Mr. Holmes wanted to speak, they would be seized with a sudden inspiration to sing, and the selections were not always those to be found in hymn-books. But notwithstanding such obstacles, the work was pushed on, and the attendance steadily increased, so that at the end of the third year it had reached twelve hundred. During these first few years three big policemen were kept busy maintaining order and looking after the bad boys, who devised all manner of schemes to break up the school. But with added years has come a radical change. Those same bad boys who made the most trouble are now among the most regular attendants, and nowhere in the country can be found a more orderly, well-behaved assemblage than gathers here every Sunday. The policemen at the door are still retained, but only as a wise precaution in case of fire or some other emergency.

When the fifth anniversary came round, the old quarters, which had long been inadequate, were exchanged for the present home—a fine building 99 by 140 feet, built expressly for the school, containing stores below, and the second and third stories being devoted to the mission work. With these greatly improved facilities, the attendance rapidly increased, until at the present time there are more than five thousand names upon the rolls, and an average attendance of more than half that number

Now let us take a peep at the school as it looks on a Sunday afternoon. Long before the appointed hour, children come pouring in by the hundreds from every direction, completely filling the street. They form in long lines, and all eyes are anxiously directed down the street. When, some blocks away, a carriage is seen dashing around the corner, a great shout goes up, which only ceases after the occupant has smiled and nodded and disappeared through the big door. It is their way—and no mistakable one—of welcoming the superintendent. A moment later and the gong strikes, the doors fly open, and the boys file in on one side and the girls upon the other. Entering, we find a large light hall, with three thousand chairs, which are quietly filled. The superintendent and musicians occupy a high platform at the farther corner of the room, which is triangular in shape.

The school is conducted on a plan original with Mr. Holmes, and one which for economy and grand results cannot be equalled. For convenience, the school is divided into sections of one hundred scholars, each of which is presided over by a teacher, or rather "helper," who, with a word here and a nod there, restrains the overflowing tendencies of youth. With the exception of the infant class of three hundred, who occupy a side room, all the children form one grand class of nearly three thousand scholars, ranging from sixteen years of age down to wee babies in the arms of brothers and sisters sometimes not much older than themselves. This great multitude read, sing, and are taught in perfect concert as one child.

The exercises move along like a well-regulated express train, and the reading and singing alternate without the loss of a moment's time. No books are used in this Sunday-school, for the songs are painted in big letters, that may be read a block distant, on great sheets of heavy paper as large as a door—one verse to a page—and hung on a big easel. As fast as a verse is sung the sheet is turned over. And such singing! it is an inspiration in itself. The leader is assisted by a fine cornet-player and pianist. After several songs, one short prayer is offered, followed by the Lord's prayer, in which all join, and the solemn hush of the vast audience of children, who with bowed heads pay reverent respect, strangely contrasts with the great volume of song that a moment before filled the hall.

After several songs have been sung, the whole school reads in concert appropriate verses of Scripture painted on paper similar to the hymns, the last verse being the subject of the lesson for the day. Then the superintendent addresses the school for thirty minutes. It is not an off-hand, indifferent talk about morals in general—for this is a most critical and exacting audience—but a carefully prepared address, sparkling with an abundance of fresh, bright anecdotes that carry their own lesson, enforcing the subject of the day, and conveying a pointed and earnest appeal for all those qualities that go to make a noble and better life. The children listen as hard as they sing. The enthusiasm of numbers is felt by every one present, and with wonderful effect.

School lasts exactly one hour, and the dismissal is as interesting a sight as was the entrance. A bell sounds, a stirring drum march rolls through the hall, and Sections I of boys and girls rise and march out, following their respective leaders, who carry banners with the numbers of their sections. The other sections remain seated until their signal is given, when they follow with military precision. At the door each scholar calls his number, which corresponds to his or her name upon the roll. These numbers are taken down, and in this way the attendance is checked, and the absentees and sick ones looked after by the mission pastor during the week.

The four great events of the year are the Christmas festival, Easter Sunday, the July Pic-nic, and the Harvest Home. The Christmas exercises are held on a week-day night, and consist of some nice entertainment, a short address by the superintendent, singing by the school, and at the close the distribution of a big mountain of paper bags, each containing an orange, candy, nuts and pop-corn. It is decidedly interesting to watch the expression on the little faces as each receives the simple gift, and the sense of importance and responsibility that attaches to its possession. The rags and cold and hunger are all forgotten; so is the cheerless home to which they must return. For the time the little hearts, which knew few pleasures, are filled with joy, for they have been to "the Christmas."

On Easter Sunday the service is chiefly one of song, and on this occasion many of the finest singers in the city make it their custom to visit the school and lend their assistance with instruments and song. No richer music peals from the finest choirs upon the cultivated audiences of the wealthiest churches; no grander anthems ring—no sweeter hymns are sung in all the land—than are brought to these little ones at Easter.

And do they appreciate it? The crowd of boisterous boys who all the week feel no restraining influence, are for once still; a hush goes over the vast congregation; one could almost hear a pin drop; and as the sweet, pathetic notes of song pour forth, many a little, dirty face, uplifted to the singers to catch every sound, is furrowed with the great tears that unconsciously, irrisistibly respond to some tender chord, the child knows not how or why.

But of all the days in the year, the pic-nic is the one looked forward to and remembered with most interest. It occurs about the middle of July, and is held in a charming grove on the shores of Lake Michigan, some fifteen miles from the city. What is truly remarkable is that no one has ever been injured, either in going returning, or while upon the grounds. As many as can bring with them a lunch, carry it in baskets, tin cans, pockets, bits of cloth, and one boy, for want of any other means, once carried his upon his head, under what might once have been a hat.

On arriving at the grounds the "pic-nic" is turned loose in the woods, and, wild with delight, the children immediately commence a general forage for bird's nests, flowers, butterflies, acorns, frogs and snakes. Swings are put up, ball clubs organized, and a team kept hard at work bringing water for the thirsty multitude. At 12 o'clock they all return to headquarters, which occupy a space two hundred feet square, enclosed by a strong rope. The rations are dealt out, consisting of big cheeses, boxes of herring, barrels of ginger-snaps and crackers, lemonade and ice-cream: and so systematically is this done that every child receives its share, and no more.

Having distributed every crumb of these supplies, the games begin. At one end of the forum stand three judges; at the other the participants and the starter; outside the rope are grouped the eager audience of three thousand children.

First is the jumping race, contested by one hundred boys; then there is the race for boys over twelve, and another for boys under twelve. These are followed by races for the girls, who enter into the sport with as much zest as their brothers. Then come the sack races, three-legged races, running races, and almost every other imaginable kind of race, in all of which the girls compete, and receive their cheers and prizes equally with the boys. A grand tug of war, with hundreds on each side, concludes the tournament.

As the sun sinks slowly out of sight, the tired but good-natured picknickers return, bearing innumerable treasures, to be kept in memory of the event. Some people might not prize them, but to these city urchins they are as gold. Branches, weeds, wilted flowers, bits of moss and bark, feathers and sand, and pebbles from the shore, frogs and toads in pockets, and miserable little minnows in cans, and all sorts of rubbish, at once worthless and yet beyond price, which serve to carry gladness to hundreds of homes.

The sewing-class, including among its members many of the wealthiest ladies in the city, is a most noble and useful work. It meets every Saturday morning from 10 to 12 o'clock, and has an attendance of over eight hundred girls and boys. All work with a will, and the articles, when completed, become the property of the little seamstresses, at once encouraging skill, and helping many hundreds of girls to good warm garments.

The Kindergarten connected with the mission meets every morning, and is attended by five hundred little tots, some of whom can scarcely speak, but who nevertheless, when taken from the street and placed under its influence, develop rapidly. The work of these baby fingers would do credit to many who read this, and the idea of higher and better things received in this way result in untold good.

On Monday afternoon is held the class in manual training for the older boys, who learn drawing, wood-carving, etc. It is largely attended. All these classes are free. In connection with the school is also a free dispensary, officered by three lady physicians. The mission pastor holds church service Sunday evenings for the parents of the members of the school.—*Harper's Young People.*

AUNTIE LU'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Folks do not often cry over a birthday present, but Auntie Lu did this year.

She had a dreadful fever and lost nearly all of her beautiful hair; so that her head looked more like an old woman's than like our pretty Auntie Lu's.

Baby Lu's hair was just the color of auntie's, only it curled in tight rings all over her head, and only the day before auntie said to her, I should think you might give auntie half of your pretty curls, baby. You would have enough left then."

"Does you really want 'em, Auntie Lu?" she asked, her blue eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Of course I do, midget. I'd give five dollars for as much hair as half of your curls would make—if I had it on my own head," laughed auntie.

The next morning, as Auntie Lu was brushing her thin hair before the mirror, the door opened and in came Baby Lu, with a bunch of brown, silken hair in her hands, tears in her blue eyes, and pitiful, trembling lips.

"Here's dest half, near's I could get 'em, Auntie Lu. An', an', mamma says I look frightened. Does I?"

Sure enough! On one side of the baby's head was a mass of tangled curls, but on the other the bare skin showed in many places through the ragged wisps of brown. Baby Lu had divided!

"She thought you meant it, Lu," said mamma, half laughing and half crying, from the door-way. "I found her just as she had finished, and nearly broke her heart by telling her that she looked frightful. All that we can do now is to have the barber trim it all alike. You may have it made into some sort of a head-dress, Lu. No one else can use it; and, really, you must not refuse after her sacrifice."

And it *was* a sacrifice, for Baby Lu was proud of her pretty brown curls. But would you believe it? Auntie hugged and cuddled and cried over that baby a long time before she would take it.

And this is where she got that "real curly hair" that everyone admired so much, long before her own came out in soft, silken ringlets.—*E. H. S. in Youth's Companion.*

Good of the Sort.

"What do you think of that?" asked Simpson enthusiastically as he gave his friend Gibson a fresh draught from his new spring in the meadow. "Just tell me what you think of that for water?"

"That's not at all bad," answered Gibson, rather coldly, "for water."

HOPE VILLA, LA., Nov. 1st, 1886.
MESSRS. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.
Rochester, Pa. *Gents*—I received a sample bottle of your Antidote for Malaria last spring, and have tested it fully in my own case. After failing utterly with quinine, it has cured me permanently, and I would take it before any remedy whatever. There is no unpleasant effect while using, and it leaves none. If you could sell at a lower price, if for introductory purposes only, it would be "bread upon the waters" later, when the world finds it must have it.
Very truly yours,
J. S. WEBSTER.

The Sunday School.

The Commandments.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1887.

Golden Text—Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—Matt. 22: 37.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 20: 1-11.

1. And God spake all these words, saying.

2. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth,

5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6. And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord thy God will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

9. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work;

10. But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

God spake all these words (v. 1). If these were the words of Moses, they might be out of date when Moses was outgrown. But as they are God's words, they can never be out of date until God is outgrown. So long as God is God, what God says is to be heeded because God says it. Those who believe in Moses will be ready to do as Moses commanded. Those who believe in God will want to do as God commanded. So it is that our loving obedience is the test and is the evidence of our living faith.

I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of . . . . bondage (v. 2). God doesn't ask us to obey these commandments merely because of what he will do for us if we do obey. He calls on us to obey them because of what he has done for us already. God has a right to our loving obedience. Aside from his right as our creator and as our sovereign, he has done enough for us individually, soul by soul, to demand the utmost reach of our gratitude, and to make it our duty to find pleasure in doing anything and all things which he can ask us to do. Our greatest benefactor and our truest friend reminds us that it is himself—our greatest benefactor and our truest friend—who speak these words to us. Ought there to be any question of his having a reverent and a loving hearing from each and all of us?

None other gods before me (v. 3). That is, none other gods in my presence, in sight of me. God will not share his sovereignty with any being. Even the Egyptians believed in the one supreme God; but they had a great many other gods in the presence of God. It is a violation of this commandment to recognize any necessary helper of God, any supplement of God. And this is the commonest way of breaking this commandment in our day. There is no danger of breaking through over-loving a fellow-creature, through loving a child, or a wife, or a parent, or a friend, too dearly. It is a frightful error to suppose that. It is not possible for us to have too much love for any dear one whom God has given us. But it is possible for us to think that God's power must be supplemented by man's power, by man's influence, by man's wealth, by man's work. A pastor may lean on God—and a rich member of his congregation; but not without breaking the first commandment. A politician may think that, besides God's favor he must have popular favor, to give him success. A business man may have it in his mind that public sentiment—even against strict right—must be yielded to in his business, although he believes in God as above all. A parent may feel that fashion and wealth have a power that cannot be dispensed with in giving his child a desirable place in life. A professed Christian may feel that Jesus Christ will save him, if only he does enough for his own salvation. All these are ways of breaking the first commandment; not very uncommon ways, either!

The likeness of any form (v. 4). Any form which is recognized as peculiarly representing God, or his attributes, or his work; any form which is reverenced or depended on as in itself securing God's blessing, or as bringing him nearer;—that is what is forbidden here. Valuing a relic or a memento for its associations is one thing. That is not a breach of the second commandment. Valuing a thing because of its representative supernatural influence or power is quite another thing. That is a breach of the second commandment. This commandment can be broken by resting dependence on a horse-shoe nailed up in the front hall, or on a crucifix, or a Madonna, hanging in the bed-chamber. It can be broken by thinking that a fish-bone in one's pocket will ward off the rheumatism, or that a copy of the Bible—with or without the Revision—carried near the heart will promote the prospects of a safe journey. It can be broken by counting a dead mother's lock of hair an amulet or the bread and wine of the communion table as in any sense a supernatural vehicle of grace to the partaker. Breaking the second commandment is a very common thing even among Protestant Christians.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain (v. 7). There are a great many ways of profaning God's name outside of "using cuss words." It is a breach of this commandment to claim to be doing in the Lord's name that which we are really doing in our own; to claim that our violence of temper is "rightous indignation;" that our unkind criticism of a neighbor to his race is "Christian frankness;" that our advice to another to do what we want him to do is "a call of God" to him. The only way of keeping this commandment is by acting and speaking always as God's children, as God's representatives, as with his honor in our keeping, and with honor for him in our hearts. Who of us are not violators of the third commandment?

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy (v. 8). All of us have in mind some days worthier of note than others. It may be the birthday of a loved one; or the anniversary of some personal joy or sorrow; or a day of national prominence. We should feel that we failed in love or fidelity, or patriotism, if we allowed that day to pass unnoted. And if, in addition to our instinctive interest in the day, we had been specially requested by our greatest benefactor and our most nearly loved one to note its coming and to honor its hours, how could it be in our hearts to neglect its reverent observance? One day in seven is God's memorial day. Our Father's day. He who has done everything for us, and is ready to do a great deal more, asks that we shall show our loving gratitude by honoring that day as his day. What a shame that we should ever want to shirk that duty—that privilege which ought to be a delight to us! A New England clergyman was out in the New West with a rough pioneer party. He shared their work and dangers. He wanted them to share his sense of Sabbath duties. Adapting his illustrations to their modes of thought, he said, while preaching to them on one of their Sunday rests: Suppose I had a wheelbarrow, the only barrow in the party, and you wanted the use of it. If I should say to you: 'You can take it and use it as you please six days out of seven; but the seventh day I'd like it for myself,' wouldn't you think that that was a pretty generous thing on my part? Now suppose that, after you had had that barrow all the six days through, and it was brought back to my tent for use just for one day before giving it to you again, I should see one of you sneaking into my tent in the morning to steal the barrow for the only day in the week I had asked for it; wouldn't you think that a pretty mean way of treating me? Yet that wouldn't be a bit meaner than your way of stealing God's time, when he has given you the use of it for six days, and only asks you to let him have it for his own use on the seventh." This Sabbath stealing is pretty mean business—isn't it?—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
SOLD ONLY IN CANS
DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS
NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS
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GLOVE MAKING.

What Gloves are Made of, and How They are Sewed Together.

The headquarters of the glove-making industry in Fulton county are 45 miles northwest of Albany, in Johnstown township. The villages of Gloversville and Johnstown in that township contain a population of about 20,000, seven-eighths of whom are glove-makers. There are upward of 150 glove manufactories in the section. Glove making in what is now Fulton county was begun early in the present century. From an interesting article in *Harper's Bazar* we learn that to-day the gloves manufactured in Gloversville and Johnstown are made of skins brought from the most distant parts of the globe. The great bulk are buckskins and sheepskins, but there are many others which the glove-makers use—among them seal-skin, dog-skin, East India cowhide, and the skin of the South American water-hog. The bulk of the buckskin comes from Mexico and Central and South America. The deer of the tropics is covered with a heavier skin than covers the deer of these latitudes, and the finest sheepskin from South Africa, and is that of the Cape hair-sheep. 'The coarser the wool, the finer the skin,' is a glove-maker's saying. All manner of furs, too, go to Fulton county, to be used in finishing gloves. The business of glove-making in Fulton county amounts to about $8,000,000 yearly. The wages of the most skillful workers—the table-cutters, as they are called—run from $60 to $80 a month; block cutters get from $55 to $65 monthly, and machine girls earn, according to their skill, from $6 to $12, and even $14 a week.

"Skins of which gloves are made go thro' a very exhaustive variety of processes. Some of them are soaked in vats variously from three to four weeks, after which they get a scraping of the 'beam' worker. They are then dried into parchment, then soaked in water, then 'milled' in oil, then put upon the beam again and scoured in oil and natural grease with alkali, being repeatedly dried in the course of this various treatment. After the alkali scouring they are put upon the 'breaking' machine, and are then 'hand-staked' with a blunt tool to render them pliable. Then they go on to the 'bucktail,' or emery wheel, and from there into the identical oil and natural grease of which they were scoured with such pains. Then they are wrung out and colored, then again 'broke,' 'staked' and 'finished,' then smoked, and then turned over to the glove makers, who promptly 'stake' them again, cut them either on the block or by hand ('table cutting'), 'silk' them, sew them, do much else to them, put buttons on them, fit them on metal hands heated by steam, sort them, and put them up in pasteboard boxes in which they are sent to market. The gloves made in Fulton county are of all sorts, and range from a lady's kid to the cowboy's gauntlet splendid with tassels and gold cord."

"Close the door gently,
And bridle the breath;
I've one of my headaches—
I'm sick unto death."

"Take 'Purgative Pellets,'
They're pleasant and sure;
I've some in my pocket
I'll warrant a cure."

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are both preventive and curative.

Bitten by a Rat.

Miss Alvira Delancey, of Boston, went to Arroyo, Porto Rico, to spend a part of the winter at her aunt's plantation there. About seven weeks ago, she was reclining in a summer-house on the plantation, when she was attacked by a rabid rat, which seized her clothes and was tearing at them, when, with rare presence of mind, and more than the average of womanly courage, Miss Delancy caught the animal by the back, pulled it from her dress and threw it to the ground with force enough to kill it. Although naturally much excited by the unpleasant rencontre, Miss Delancy appeared none the worse except for a slight scratch on the arm. But by means of the scratch some poison, which the rat had probably eaten, was communicated to Miss Delancy's system, and she was taken very ill. She was removed to New London, where she now lies in the Cottage hospital in a critical conditon.—*Boston Transcript.*

Queer Story of a Fan.

A very singular story is being told of a fan which was one of the presents received by a bride who was married at her father's country seat at Lenox last fall. This fan was of rare lace, and was one of the most treasured of the presents received. Its sticks had been decorated by an artist well known in this city, and his handiwork had been signed with his own monogram. During the dancing of a Virginia reel the fan disappeared, and no amount of hunting brought it to light, and the matter there dropped. During the past opera season the artist happened to drop into a box, and there saw the veritable fan, wielded by the hostess of the party. The coronet, monogram and all that he had placed upon the fan were there. Upon inquiry it was learned that the fair holder of the fan had come across it in a bric-a-brac shop and had purchased it at a small price. Further investigation disclosed the fact that it had come to the bric-a-brac dealer through a pawn shop. The bride of a few months ago now possessed her much sought after fan.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Parliamentary Language.

You may say that a man is not wedded to the truth.

Or sometimes suffers from a spirit of exaggeration.

Or occasionally finds it difficult to confine himself strictly to actualities.

Or is unfettered by the four corners of hard matter-of-fact.

Or is a past master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing.

Or is partial, in describing nature, to borrowing from the pages of romance.

Or is much given to an artificial recollection of misleading statistics.

Or can not distinguish the false from the true, with a bias toward the former.

Or has a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading character.

But you must not! No, you must not! You really must not—call him a liar.—*Punch.*

What We Are All After.

"Look here, Jones," said a rich fellow to his former schoolmate, who had asked for aid, "this is the second time you've applied to me this month. I'm afraid you don't live within your means." "Ah," said Jones, "I'm just trying to find the means to live within."

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Why did the Women
of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?
Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.
Sold Everywhere.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

PEA NUTS—SPARROWS—CABBAGE WORMS. Will the editor or some one of the readers of the BLADE give the process for raising peanuts? How is the English sparrow to be exterminated? How to prevent or stop the ravages of the cabbage worm?—W. C. M., Roodhouse, Ill. [The mode of raising peanuts is very simple. The first requisite is a rich soil. Plow and harrow it thoroughly. Then take a small shovel plow and cut light furrows about a foot apart, and not over four inches deep. This should be done as soon as the weather becomes mild—say the latter part of April or first part of May, so that the nuts will have time to mature in the fall. Take nuts that have not been roasted; soak these for about two days, in water to start the sprouts. Then commence planting. Place two seeds in each hill, one foot apart. Cover the seeds to the depth of about an inch and a half. When they come up they soon begin to run. They then need to be cultivated. As soon as the blossoms appear on a vine they must be covered over with a light layer of ground. Shoots will run from the blossoms, on which the nuts will grow. The weeds must be kept down and the ground kept loose. As to the sparrow, it is a nuisance and should be exterminated. They are not only driving away our song birds, but depredate upon the farmers' crops in summer time and destroy the buds on fruit trees in winter time when the weather is severe. Last winter several of the little wretches were seen picking the buds from choice plum and cherry trees in the yard of the writer of this. Farmers, as well as people living in the city, will soon be forced to make a war of extermination upon them. In the cities they soil residences. In many places a premium is now placed upon their heads. We know a gentleman who tried to drive them away by throwing red pepper in their nests, but they seemed to enjoy it. He then fed them oats soaked in poison, but they grew fat on it. After trying several ways of getting rid of them, he finally tried a shot gun loaded with bird shot. This worked well. He killed many of them, while the remainder left his premises. They are smart enough to know when there is real danger ahead. One man living here killed over 1,000 of them during a single winter. They made a tom cat happy, as he ate every one of them. A small shot gun and fine shot is about as good a remedy for the sparrow nuisance as we know of, although they may be caught in traps. As to the cabbage vermin, if you mean the cut worm, we know of no certain remedy beyond examining the roots of the plant. If you refer to the slug, which is from a fourth to half an inch in length, or the cabbage caterpillar, take white hellebore and lime dust, one part of the former to five parts of the latter. Sprinkle on sufficiently to barely whiten the plants. This should not be applied after the cabbage is half grown, as hellebore is, to some extent, poisonous. The caterpillar is the larvæ of the white butterfly. As a preventive these butterflies should be destroyed wherever found.—ED.]

M. E. F., Loveland, Colo.: Your poultry is suffering from a disease called scaly leg. This is superinduced by cold dampness, or deficiency of green food. Scrub their legs with soap suds, using a stiff brush, after which apply a mixture of lard and kerosene. The lard must be unsalted.—ED.

MARGARET KNOWLES, Blainfield: The gapes in chickens is caused by a small worm that gets into the windpipe and collects in bunches so that at times they suffocate the bird. When a chicken is seen to be affected, it should at once be taken and placed in a barrel over which a cloth should be thrown. Then put a tablespoonful of lime in a coarse cloth. Put your arm down in the barrel, keeping the covering close around it, and beat the cloth containing the lime against the barrel to make a dust. The bird should inhale this for five or six seconds, when it should be taken out. The quarters of the fowls should be sprinkled with carbolic acid and water—a tablespoonful of the acid to a quart of water. Gape worms may be removed from fowls by taking a couple of horse-hairs and making loops of them. Then take the wing feathers of a fowl and strip it of all the feathers excepting a little tuft at the small end. Wrap the horse hairs to the feather so that the loops will come up well to the point of the feather. Pass the end of the feather with the loops on down the bird's windpipe; turn the feather gently but quickly as possible, and you will bring out the worms.—ED.]

BIG HEAD IN HORSE.—Will you please inform one of your subscribers how to cure big head in a horse.—F. A. B., Minden, Neb. [Big head (osteo sarcoma) is a hard disease to master, unless taken in its earliest stage. Mr. G. W. Bowler, of Cincinnati, some years ago treated several cases of big head successfully. His method was to rub the swollen parts well once a day with this: Mercurial ointment, one ounce; iodine ointment, two ounces. Mix well for use. Give internally at the same time one of the following powders night and morning: Calomel, one ounce; iodide of potassa, two ounces; pulverized gentian root, one and a half ounces. To be made into 20 powders. The animal must be kept in a dry, warm, well ventilated stable while the medicine is being given. That eminent gentleman, Dr. Stewart, applied remedies that are said to frequently cure. They are: When the disease is in its earliest stages, take three pints of blood at intervals of two weeks; in bad cases two or three quarts at intervals of a week. After bleeding, apply common liniment with a small mop to the affected parts. The liniment should then be dried in with a hot iron held over the skin, but in no case allowed to touch. In milk cows, apply for two weeks every other day. In severe cases, use it every other day of every other week, until digestion becomes improved, which is the sign of success. To relieve the other portions of the body, give the horse a tablespoonful of stramonium three times a week, every other week, as long as it may seem necessary. The corrosive liniment is: Turpentine, 1 pt.; corrosive sublimate, 1 oz.; gum camphor, 1 oz. The corrosive sublimate should be powdered as fine as it is possible for the druggist to make it. Do not let it touch you or your clothing. Always turn the liniment into an earthen or glass vessel, and shake well before using.—ED.]

D. L., Kent county, Mich.—For the insect that generally attack onions there are but few effective remedies. The remedy most certain is a preventive one. Different land should be used each year when the pests make their appearance, or the old land renewed by planting it with rye, timothy or millet. In this way the eggs of the insects are destroyed. A remedy recommended is: To one pailful of ashes finely sifted add a quart each of flour of sulphur and hellebore. Mix well together and dust the tops of the onions with the mixture by means of a small bellows or otherwise. A less quantity may be used when there are but few onions planted.—ED.]

W. J. E., Dodge City, Kansas.—We fear your mule is affected in the feet. Examine them and see if they are hot or contracted. If the trouble is in the shoulder, apply for three nights cold water to the shoulder to reduce the heat. Then apply this: Spanish flies, camphor gum, and cayenne, of each 1 oz.; alcohol, 10 ozs.; spirits of turpentine, 6 ozs.; oil origanum, 2 ozs. Mix. Or rub this on: Red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Rub well in a piece the size of a hulled walnut every day. The mule should have about two weeks rest.—ED.]

L. C. B., Richardson county, Neb.—Your fowls are suffering from roup, a disease of the lining membrane of the nasal cavities. The coop should be sprinkled with carbolic acid and water—a quart of the latter to a tablespoonful of the former. Then take a tablespoonful each of pine tree tar and turpentine, and half a teaspoonful of sulphur. Mix and pour on splints placed in an old tin can of any kind, with a vent near the bottom; set the can in the centre of the coop, and set the splints afire when the fowls are on the roots at night. The fumes will open up the air passages. Another way is to wash the heads of the fowls with tepid water, dry them well and annoint the heads with crude petroleum. Put a few drops down each fowl's throat. The birds should be kept in a dry place, free from draughts, until well. No dampness should be allowed about them.—ED.]

CABBAGE LICE.—Farmer, Pine City, Washington Territory: We understand from what you say that you refer to the green cabbage louse, which is at times of a blue color. The best known thing to destroy them, we believe, is tobacco dust. The cabbages should be dusted with this as soon as any of the lice are seen, and before the cabbages are headed up, as after that time the dust can not be used. Pyrethrum dusted on plants of any kind will destroy almost any kind of insect. The trouble is in getting it in full strength.—ED.]

SUBSCRIBER.—Rub this on your horse's shoulder for sweeney: Mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, one drachm; oil of tar and linseed oil, of each four ounces. Mix, and rub on shoulder thoroughly at each application sufficient to cover the affected parts, until the mixture is done.—ED.]

A Lively Dehorning.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—May 22, 1887, I read in the FARM department of the BLADE the experience of a man dehorning cattle and a request for any one to give their views pro or con., so I will give my experience, and if it is worth anything your many readers are welcome to it.

I have a cow that from calfhood up took took a great dislike to colts, and many is the time when I have seen her hooking a colt in the fence corner that I gave a Camanche war whoop, and run with all speed to save the one and kill the other; but by the time I got to the scene of action I was so out of breath that I could do nothing, so of course the cow was the winner, but there came a time when my patience run very low, and my temper correspondingly high. I talked it up with the boys, and they though it would be advisible to take her horns off; but I thought it was cruel, wicked; yes, even wicked. I had read considerable about dehorning cattle, and said that there ought to be a law prohibiting it, and the man that would deliberately and wilfully saw the horns off the whole drove just for his own convenience ought to pay a fine of $10. But just about this time the cow took another twist at the colt. That, with the fact that I had never read of a case that terminated otherwise than good (probably because those cases were never published) convinced me that the thing could be done and should be done, therefore gave orders for the execution to take place immediately. The boys put the cow into the stanchion and nailed a board across just high enough to hold her head in the right position, and commenced sawing away. Up to this time I had taken no hand in the performance; but hearing a racket I thought I would see what the trouble was. She had torn off the board and was scattering things, so I very reluctantly took a hand in and tried to hold her by the horn that was not being sawed; but what was to be done when that horn was off, if we should be that lucky, which looked very doubtful. Just then the cow gave a lurch, lunge, plunge, and struggle all combined, which sent us sprawling. When I picked myself up I found that the cow was down. I jumped on to her to keep her from getting up, and called for ropes and tied every leg. Then I laid a stout plank across her neck, one end under the stable and a boy sitting on the other end. About that time I had concluded to fight it out on that line. In a very short time her horns were off after I tied her. I have changed my mind in regard to dehorning, and think it is no worse to saw a creature's horns off than it is for a colt to have his inwards let out, and is not so dangerous. The cow was giving milk at the time, but it did not effect the flow of milk. She bled some, but not enough to scare me; for it would have taken considerable blood to scare me about that time. I put nothing on to stop the bleeding. She went out to pasture, and I did not see her again till night. She has done no hooking since.—R. J. B., Hammond, Iowa.

Bagging Grapes.

I wish to add my testimony to that of former writers as to the advantages to be derived from bagging grapes. There is in my garden a Warren or Lenoir vine about 50 years old, which for twenty years did not ripen a sound crop of grapes; all rotted more or less. Last year I cut it off at the ground to kill it, but during the semmer it sent out two or three vigorous shoots that ran 30 to 50 feet. This year I put the vines up on trellises and concluded to try bagging the fruit. When it was about the size of No. 6 shot, I put a good many bunches into one-pound paper bags, drawing the bags up to the vine, folding the two upper corners tightly around the stems, and fastening them with one pin each. A small bit of each lower corner was torn off to let out water. When the grapes were ripe, they were the soundest, most perfect and luscious I ever beheld, and at the same time the most beautiful having more bloom than any I ever saw raised without bags. Several other varieties of grapes were tried, all with the some good results. The benefits from bagging grapes will much more than pay for the little time and trouble devoted to the work and assures the ripening of several varieties, which if not bagged, would be worthless. Altogether, bagging grapes was a most useful discovery.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Fruit Trees in Yards.

The only valid excuse for fruit trees in the yard or lawn, is very high priced land. What may be justifiable in New York is not excusable in Illinois. As yet, we on farms or even in small towns, cannot plead the value of space in extenuation for putting trees of ugly contour in our yards, for littering up the grass with wormy fruit during the summer, and having bare scraggy tops and drifted leaves in the ealiest days of autumn. Of fruit trees in the dooryard, the cherry and the Siberian crab are the least objectionable. The top of the cherry may be trained into an attractive shape; a majority of the varieties make very good shade; the leaves are retained fairly well, and the trees do all the better in a thick sod. The cherry is not grateful for cultivation—where does it do better than in the fence row? The cherry is about the only tree that is not injured by the packing of the earth above its roots. It may be planted where many feet will rest above it, and yet will not be injured. It is more difficult to give a compact, nicely rounded top to the Siberian crab; but it can be accomplished. This tree also does well in the sod, and is little injured by tramping around it. Both cherry and crab drop very little fruit before it is fit to be gathered, hence a serious objection to other fruit trees for yard planting does not apply to them. Of all fruit trees, the peach is the least suitable for yard planting. When I see a peach tree in the dooryard, I shut my eyes. Choose as best he can, he who must grow fruit in his yard is not so fortunate as he who can give up his yard and lawn to ornamental shade trees, and grow his fruit where it can be given the cultivation which it needs.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Box Elder, or Ash Leaved Maple.

I can highly recommend this tree as an ornamental shade tree. While it does not grow so rapidly as the soft maple, it is yet what may be fairly termed a rapid grower; and so far as my experience goes, it is vigorous and hardy. July 4, 1876, I planted a box elder, a slip scarcely four feet high. This centennial tree is now 25 feet high, with a spreading, dense top. The leaves are large, and close together; the branches are dense, hence the shade cast is deep. I find that the top outgrows the stem, and must be severely pruned, else the high winds will play havoc. Neither worms nor insects infest the tree. It has a handsome form, and all in all is excellent when shade is first desired, and yet some beauty is demanded.

Horticultural Notes.

Sulphide of potassium has been recommended as a remedy for mildew of the strawberry leaf.

Sugar was made in Dakota this spring from sap obtained from maple trees set out since the territory was settled.

If the soil contain much vegetable matter, bone and ashes will be indicated as a fertilizer for strawberries and other small fruits.

Pour the suds, wash water and dish water, etc., upon a manure pile for making compost. Apply the compost to the kitchen garden.

A good garden and a good cow will go a long way toward cheaply supplying the table of the suburban or village family with good, wholesome food.

Tomato plants will be benefitted by liquid fertilizers. An application once a week, during early growth, may be given. When the plants are ready for blossoming withhold the application.

The more rapidly air is brought into contact with cider, the faster the latter will be changed to vinegar. Draw out a little cider daily and return it to the barrel in a small stream, if cider is to be turned to vinegar.

A good garden, well supplied with choice varieties of vegetables and fruits, is one of the greatest luxuries of the farm and household. There is no farmer but can afford to to have a garden and take care of it in the best possible manner.

THE BREWERS

Banding Together to Fight the Prohibition Move.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 26.—The convention of the United States Brewers resumed this morning, and after listening to reports of the various committees, adopted resolutions appropriating $5,000 for the assistance of the brewers of Michigan, $5,000 for the brewers of Texas, and $3,000 for the brewers of Tennessee.

The money to be used in defeating the efforts of prohibitionists. The sum of $9,000 was also appropriated to the use of the publication committee.

On motion, of Henry Clausen, jr., of New York, an extra assessment equal to one years' dues, was agreed to, to fight the temperance fanatics in various sections of the country.

The nominating committee put in nomination the following ticket, which was elected by acclamation; president, Wm. A. Miles, New York; vice presidents, Henry Clausen, jr., of New York, and Thies J. Lefens, of Chicago; treasurer, J. Chr. Hupfel, of New York.

A vigilance committee of 25 and an advisory committee of fifteen was also elected. St. Paul, Minn., was selected as the place of the next meeting and the convention adjourned.

TALMAGE TO THE NAVAL VETERANS

Why the Seamen Should Not be Forgotten at the Annual Decraotion Day—The Christian Character of Admiral Farragut.

BROOKLYN, May 22.—As this is the time for the decoration of the graves of those who fell in the war, the naval posts invited the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., to preach a sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle appropriate to the occasion, as often in the annual commemoration but little had been said of those who served the navy. Dr. Talmage's text was from James iii. 4: "Behold also the ships." He said:

If this exclamation was appropriate about 1860 years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks for purposes of peace—the Arizona, of the Guion Line; the City of Richmond, of the Inman Line; the Egypt, of the National Line; the Germanic, of the White Star Line; the Circassia, of the Anchor Line; the Etruria, of the Cunard Line, and the Great Eastern, with hull six hundred and eighty feet long—not a failure, for it helped lay the Atlantic cable, and that was enough glory for one ship's existence—and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw sloops like the Idaho, the Shenandoah, the Ossippe, and our ironclads, like the Kalamazoo, the Roanoke, and the Dunderberg, and those which have already been buried in the deep like the Monitor, the Hoosatonic, the Weehawken and the Tecumseh, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchers, and the scarred veterans of war shipping like the Constitution, or the Alliance, or the Constellation that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their portholes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them. If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis, and meaning, and overwhelming reminiscence we can dry out, as we see the Kearsage lay across the bows of the Alabama and sink it, teaching foreign nations they had better keep their hand off our American fight, or as we see the ram Albemarle, of the Confederates, running out and in the Roanoke, and up and down the coast, throwing everything into confusion as no other craft ever did, pursued by the Miami, the Ceres, the Southfield, the Sassacus, the Mattabesett, the Whitehead, the Commodore Hull, the Louisiana, the Minnesota, and other armed vessels all trying in vain to catch her until Captain Cushing, 21 years of age, and his men blew her up, himself and only one other escaping, and as I see the flag-ship Hartford, and the Richmond, and the Monongahela, with with other gunboats, sweep past the batteries of Port Hudson, and the Mississippi flows forever free to all Northern and Southern craft, I cry out with a patriotic emotion that I cannot suppress if I would, and would not if I could: "Behold also the ships."

At the annual decoration of graves, North and South, among Federals and Confederates, full justice has been done to the memory of those who fought on the land in our sad contest, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon. So, ye admirals, commodores, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates, and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out towards sea. Let all land lubbers go ashore. Full speed now! Four bells!

Never since the sea fight of Lepanto, where 300 royal galleys manned by 50,000 warriors, at sunrise, September 6, 1571, met 250 royal galleys manned by 120,000 men, and in the four hours of battle 8,000 men fell on one side and 25,000 on the other; yea, never since the day when at Actium, 31 years before Christ, Augustus, with 260 ships, scattered the 220 ships of Mark Anthony and gained universal dominion at the prize; yea, since the day when at Salamis the 1,200 galleys of the Persians, manned by 500,000 men, were crushed by Greeks with less than a third of that force; yea, never since the time of Noah, the first ship captain, has the world seen such a miraculous creation as that of the American Navy in 1861. There were about two hundred available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships, and here and there an old vessel. Yet, orders were given to blockade thirty-five hundred miles of sea coast, greater than the whole coast of Europe; and, beside that, the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi, and other great rivers covering an extent of two thousand more miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into guffaw of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly, and done with a speed and consummate kill that eclipsed all the history of naval architecture.

What brilliant achievements are suggested by the mere mention of the names of the rear admirals. If all they did should be written, every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. But these names have received the honors due. The most of them went to their graves under the cannonade of all the forts, navy yards and men of war, the flags of all the shipping and capitals at half-mast.

But I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes who have not yet received appropriate recognition. "Behold also the ships." As we will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it cost, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of our navy ran especial risks. They had not only the human weaponry to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into a harbor at the approach of an equinox, or a cyclone, or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of the wisest commodore and admiral, and accident might leave them, not on the land, ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when the torpedo blew up the Tecumseh, in Mobile Bay, and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish Armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks. No digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts, is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla. In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those are who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack tars knew that while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land and bury them with solemn liturgy, and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into the sea or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gunboat there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. How will you find their graves for this national decoration? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them have been gathered into naval cemeteries of the land and you will garland the sod that covers them, but who will put flowers on the fallen crew of the exploded Westfield and Shawsheen, and the sunken Southfield, and Winfield Scott. Bullets threatening in front, bombs threatening from above, torpedoes threatening from beneath, and the ocean with its reputation of six thousand years for shipwreck lying all around, am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy.

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing:

> "A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep,"

the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean, and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But the poetry is all gone out of that ship as it comes out of the engagement, its deck red with human blood, wheelhouse gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a hundred-pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks plowed up, and smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife, and parents and children. Not waiting until you are dead to put upon your graves a wreath of recognition, this hour we put on your living brow the garland of a nation's praise.

O, men of the Western Gulf Squadron, of the Eastern Gulf Squadron, of the South Atlantic Squadron, of the North Atlantic Squadron, of the Mississippi Squadron, of the Pacific Squadron, of the West India Squadron, and of the Potomac Flotilla, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way we would get you not only a pension, but a home, and a princely wardrobe, and an equipage, and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque, and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when, in a naval fight, the flagship, with its blue ensign, goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its Admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy! if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flagship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the admiral, and he watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and he leads you towards the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye, whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

With such anticipation, O veterans of the American navy! I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity.

The sinking of the Weehawken off Morris Island, December 6, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was not rough. But Admiral Dahlgren, from the deck of the flag steamer Philadelphia, saw her gradually sinking, and finally she struck the ground, but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afterwards found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve, and muscle, and bone, and dimmed eyesight, and difficult hearing, and shortness of breath, many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of 23 years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your life-blood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red river expedition, or as though you had gone down with the Melville off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying as did the illustrious Weehawken.

Good cheer, my boys! The memory of man is poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hand-organs on the street to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them have been turned out of office that some bloat of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under thirty years of age who has any full appreciation of the four years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865 inclusive. But while men may forget, God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock. He remembers the forecastle. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury and the heavens glowed with ascending and descending missiles of death, and your ship quaked under the recoil of the 100-pounder, while all the gunners, according to command, stood on tiptoe with mouth wide open lest the concussion shatter hearing or brain. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to him and the world the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected the British navy maneuvered before them for that purpose. In the Baltic Sea the Czar and Czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy I go out with you on the Atlantic ocean where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war-shipping of our three great conflicts—1776, 1812, and 1865. Swing into line all ye frigates, iron-clads, fire-rafts, gun-boats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set, and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the Delaware, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the Constitution, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were: "Don't give up the ship;" and the Niagara, of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Yonder is the flagship Wabash, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder the flagship Minnesota, Admiral Goldsborough commanding; yonder the flagship Philadelphia, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder the flagship San Jacinto, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder the flagship Black Hawk, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder the flag steamer Benton, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder the flagship Hartford, David Glascoe Farragut commanding. And now the squadron of all departments, from smallest tugboat to mightiest man-of-war, are in procession, decks and rigging filled with the men who fought on the sea for the flag ever since we were a nation. Grandest fleet the world ever saw. Sail on before all ages! Run up all the colors! Ring the bells! Yea, open all the port holes! Unlimber the guns and load and fire one great broadside that shall shake the continents in honor of peace and the eternity of the American Union! But I lift my hand, and the scene has vanished. Many of the ships have dropped under the crystal pavements of the deep, sea monsters swimming in and out of the forsaken cabin, and other old craft have swung into the navy yards, and many of the brave spirits who trod their decks are gone up to the eternal fortress, from whose casements and embrasures may we not hope that they look down to-day with joy upon a nation in re-united brotherhood?

At this annual commemoration I bethink that most of you who were in the naval service during the late war are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. If you were of age when the war broke out, you are now at least 48. Many of you have passed into the sixties and the seventies; therefore it is appropriate that I hold two great lights for your illumination—the example of Christian admirals consecrated to Christ and their country, Admiral Foote and Admiral Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In our Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer meetings, and conducted a revival on the receiving ship North Carolina, and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. In early life, on board the sloop of war Natchez, impressed by the words of a Christian sailor, he gave his spare time for two weeks to the Bible, and at the end of that declared openly: "Henceforth, under all circumstances, I will act for God." His last words, while dying at the Astor House, New York, were: "I thank God for all His goodness to me. He has been very good to me." When he entered Heaven he did not have to run a blockade, for it was amid the cheers of a great welcome. The other Christian admiral will be honored until the day when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath, and there shall be no more sea.

> "Oh, while old ocean's breast
> Bears a white sail,
> And God's soft stars to rest
> Guide through the gale,
> Men will him ne'er forget
> Old heart of oak,
> Farragut, Farragut,
> Thunderbolt stroke!"

According to his own statement Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a shipmaster. His father said: "David, what are you going to be, anyhow?" He answered: "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital?" "No," said David, "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy of your habits will never command anything," and his father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life. Captain Pennington, an honored elder of the church, was with him in most of his battles, and had his intimate friendship, and he confirms, what I have heard everywhere, that Farragut was good and Christian. In every great crisis of life he asked and obtained the divine direction. When in Mobile Bay the monitor Tecumseh sank from a torpedo and the great warship Brooklyn, that was to lead the squadron, turned back. He said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says: "I prayed: 'O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?' And a voice commanded me: 'Go on,' and I went on." Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flagship Hartford? 'My dearest wife, I write you and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, and I hope he is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die I am ready to submit to His will in that as all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me. May His blessings rest upon you, and your dear mother, and all your sisters and their children."

Cheerful to the end, he said on board the Tallapoosa in the last voyage he ever took: "It would be well if I died in harness." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately read than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York harbor thunder as his body was brought to the wharf, and well did the minute guns sound and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and the mighty men of land and sea, the old admiral was carried amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, September 30, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

The veterans who sailed and fought under him take your admiral's God and Christ for your God and Christ. After a few more conflicts you to will rest. For the few remaining fights with sin and death and hell make ready. Strip your vessel for the fray; hang the sheet chains over the side. Send down the top-gallant masts. Barricade the wheel. Rig in the flying jib-boom. Steer straight for the shining shore and hear the shout of the great commander of earth and heaven as he cries from the shrouds: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

News of the Week.

RELICS OF THE WAR.

Ex-Governor Sprague Comes to the Fore Once More.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 26.—[Special wire.]—When the lately expired legislature resolved to drag from obscurity and set up on the state house lawn two of Rhode Island's war relics, familiarly known as the Gettysburg and Bull Run guns, there was little thought of the hot dissent and indignation that could be aroused in the bosom of the hermit war governor, William Sprague, at Canonchet.

As regards the Bull Run relic, it was wholly out of personal friendship, and as a personal compliment to the neglected war governor, that the movers of the resolution pushed the matter. The Bull Run gun is inscribed with the name of ex-Governor Sprague, and was identified with him in the part which he took in the first battle of the war, which participation was made famous at the time, alike by his reckless bravery and the sensational feature of the governor taking the field.

The gun was placed by Gov. Sprague in the custody of the Marine Corps of Artillery, and now in a long and bitter letter he refuses to let the artillery turn it over to the state.

The letter is verbose, confused in language and bitter and denunciatory in tone, with a vein of grim satisfaction at the way its writer feels able to block things. As the first public communication that the war governor has taken occasion to send since he dropped out of public existence the letter is notable and has created a sensation that is tempered with good humored pity for the poor recluse at Canonchet.

DEADLY REVENGE.

A Villain Shot in the Court Room While on Trial.

ROCKVILLE, Mo., May 25.—The Jennie Anderson outrage had a tragic sequel yesterday. John Vanderburg, the man accused of committing the fiendish crime was shot to death in the court room just at the conclusion of the preliminary examination.

Last Tuesday a man called at the Anderson residence and asked for a glass of water. Jennie, the popular and accomplished daughter of one of the leading citizens of Bates county, waited upon him. When she came near him he suddenly seized and chloroformed her, and while under the influence she was outraged.

A search resulted in the arrest of Vanderburg, and lynching was prevented only by a doubt of the prisoner's guilt. After the excitement had cooled down Jennie Anderson confronted the prisoner and claimed to recognize him. At the preliminary hearing yesterday the Anderson family were all present, besides many other citizens. Jennie told the horrible details of the crime and the prisoner made a poor attempt to prove an alibi.

The judge had just announced that the prisoner would be held in $10,000 bail when a shot rang out, followed in rapid succession by two more. There was a scamper for the street, and when quiet was restored, the prisoner was dead. No one knows who fired the shots, but as two of the Anderson boys were in the court room, they were put under arrest.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

An Innocent Man Shot Dead by a Wronged Girl's Brother.

ROCKVILLE, Mo., May 26.—The shooting to death of John Vanderburg in the court room yesterday, during his preliminary examination, on the charge of outraging Jennie Anderson, is now believed to have been a horrible mistake, and notwithstanding the victim of some man's lust, identified Vanderburg as the man, yet her identification was of that uncertainty that usually fixes crime on the first person arrested.

Vanderburg was cooking for a camping party four miles from the scene of the outrage at 3 o'clock that afternoon and at five he was again in camp. The coroner's jury censured the judge for not disarming and watching the Anderson boys and Ed. Evans, from whom something desperate was expected, and they brought in a verdict of murder against Lint Anderson, and Ed. Evans.

The testimony shows that constables were watching these men but were thrown off their guard by their composed manner while the judge was reviewing the testimony. Scarcely had he pronounced "hold the defense in $10,000 bond," than Lint Anderson had sent two shots through Vanderburg's body and Ed. Evans fired two more. Friends of the murdered man have been found and declare that they will prosecute to the end.

THE IRON TRADE.

Will be Trouble With the Scale—Large Importations Reported.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 26.—An important but very quiet meeting of the Western Iron association was held yesterday afternoon. Notices of the gathering were issued by President A. F. Keating several days ago, and every important mill embraced in the organization was represented.

The object of the meeting was to discuss the wages for next year and to appoint the committee to confer with a similar body from the Amalgamated association. It was difficult to obtain information on the deliberations of the masters, but it was definitely learned that the scale will not be as quickly arranged as last year.

A discussion on trade showed that unusually heavy importations of foreign material have greatly affected the industry in this country. If affairs continue as during the past few weeks it will be impossible to pay the present scale of wages, it was argued. The Amalgamated association, it is understood, as already stated, will demand the scale of 1883-84, which is practically an increase of 10 per cent. No conference committee was appointed, the matter being left to the members of the different districts.

DYNAMITE AGAIN.

Deeds of a Demon in a Quiet Indiana Town.

VINCENNES, Ind., May 26.—[Special wire.]—A dynamite bomb was thrown against the residence of Mrs. Frances A. Richey yesterday morning. It exploded with a terrible noise, and tore a large hole in the side of the building. The glass in all the windows was broken.

Mrs. Richey, who was sleeping in a rear room, was thrown from her bed. She rushed into the front room and found her 17-year-old son on the floor, he having been knocked senseless by the shock.

About three weeks ago some one battered the front door of Mrs. Richey's residence with a coupling-pin, but escaped without being identified. Last Sunday night, hearing something strike the house, Mrs. Richey's son ran out and found a lighted dynamite cartridge.

He put out the fuse and since then he and his mother have lived in constant fear. Several anonymous letters were recently received by Mrs. Richey threatening her life. Just what has prompted these repeated attempts on her life and that of her son is unknown.

PRESIDENT ADAMS.

How He Would Like to Construe the Thurman Act.

BOSTON, May 26.—[Special wire.]—In a report of Pres. Adams's testimony on Tuesday, an erroneous statement was credited to him. His statement was that the company would be willing to pay $500,000 more than it is now paying under the requirements of the Thurman act, if it could be paid in a lump sum, agreed upon so as to avoid the numerous questions arising out of the construction of the term "net earnings."

That is to say, the company paid last year $1,100,000 as the computed requirements for the sinking fund under the Thurman act. It would willingly pay $1,600,000, if that could be agreed upon as a fixed sum and the questions arising under the construction of the term "net earnings" be avoided.

Coronet's Return.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The schooner yacht Coronet, which beat the Dauntless in the race from New York to Cork, passed Sandy Hook inward, bound from England at 1 o'clock this morning.

HANDSOME MARY ROGERS.

A Trial in New York Courts With all the Material for a Regulation Romance.

NEW YORK, May 25.—[Special wire.]—There is a drama playing every day this week in the Supreme court, before Judge Lawrence. It is a drama of real life, but all the materials that go to make up the regulation romance are here on hand. Just to run them over sounds like the argument of a blood-and-thunder play.

There is a murder mystery, the death of a beautiful young girl, the disinheritance of a noble woman, the hint of illegitimacy, the son of a millionaire dying in a poorhouse, the machinations of the rich and shrewd to keep the money within their grasp, and finally, the struggles of a poor country girl fighting single-handed against lawyers and the power that lies in twenty millions or money.

On the stage the innocent young woman usually triumphs, but in real life and in law, poverty and innocence do not stand much of a chance.

The founder of this drama was John Anderson. Working for John Anderson was a beautiful young woman. The generation of half a century ago all knew Mary Rogers, "the pretty tobacco girl." Everybody was proud of her. John Anderson was proud of her and treated her with rare consideration.

One fine morning pretty, youthful, lovable Mary Rogers was found murdered. There was a great outcry and chase after the murderer. He was never found. John Anderson was arrested at Saratoga charged with the crime, but released, as no proof existed against him.

To this day the murder remains as much of a mystery as ever. Money poured in on Anderson and he retired from business. The ghost of Mary Rogers haunted him. The ghosts of other people haunted him. He was kind of a spiritualist.

In November, 1881, he died. He left nearly $20,000,000. Four daughters and one son survived him. To the son, John Charles Anderson, as residuary legatee, he left the bulk of his property, giving, however, to each of his daughters and grand-children a handsome fortune.

One alone he left out in the cold. This was Mrs. Carr, whose daughter, Mary Maud Watson, is suing to recover a one-fifth interest in the hotel property on the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-ninth street.

According to the testimony John Charles Anderson was taken into partnership by his father and by Felix McCloskey. The son, however, was not allowed to sign checks unless they were indorsed by the counsel and legal friend of the old man, William Bogart. The father said to McCloskey, according to the testimony: "My son is a forger and a thief. He has forged my name to checks. The young man seemed to have great influence over his father. Once when some difference arose between them the son said: "You will have to do as I tell you, otherwise one of us will go to state prison, and it will not be myself."

So old John Anderson unwillingly consented. Dark hints of a horrible domestic scandal have been thrown out now and then. John Charles Anderson is said to be ill, and has not come down from his home in New Haven to testify at the trial. His testimony has been taken in the form of a deposition. His youngest son, Willie, died in the poor house in San Francisco. The father lives in a beautiful country place just out side of New Haven.

So Mary Maud Watson, granddaughter of old John Anderson, is suing for a share of the immense fortune of $20,000,000. She claims that the son, John Charles Anderson, unduly influenced his father against her. On the other hand the opposition claim that Mary Maud Watson's mother was illegitimate, and declare the whole suit a blackmailing scheme. Interesting and highly sensational testimony is expected when William Bogart, the old friend of John Anderson, and others are called to testify.

LANSDOWNE.

He Applauds the Assault Made on O'Brien—The Fisheries.

TORONTO, Ont., May 25.—[Special wire.]—The National club last evening entertained the Marquis of Lansdowne. In reply to the toast in which the club honored him, the governor-general made a long address, which was frequently applauded and interrupted with cheers by the prominent assemblages of citizens around the table. Referring to the fishery question, he said:

I have no indiscreet revelations to make; in fact, I may say that the papers which have recently been made public contain a perfectly full and unreserved history of these transactions. That history is an unsatisfactory one, if we have regard to the length of time during which this dispute has remained unadjusted, to those who believe, as most of us no doubt do, that we are bound not only by considerations of self-interest, but by the close ties of kinship and origin which unite us to our brethren on the other side of the frontier, to cultivate the most neighborly and amicable relations with them.

It must be a source of pain, I would almost say a humiliation, that we should for so many months have been unable to adjust a dispute which, although not without its local importance, is, after all, not one of first rate magnitude. Upon the other hand, it is, I think, satisfactory to know that throughout these intricate transactions we have kept in line with, and been well sustained by, the Imperial government, and that upon no material point affecting any principle of importance has any substantial difference of opinion arisen between us and it.

In spite of all that has happened, I may say—and I speak with some knowledge of the facts—that both governments have shown the greatest anxiety to avoid any local action likely to increase the tension of feeling existing upon the spot. The case is eminently one in which each side ought to make some allowance for the other. If there is any irritation among the New England fishermen, we must not forget that the circumstances of the case renders such irritation perfectly natural, and that we have to deal with a large body of men who for many years past have been in the habit of resorting to our waters without hindrance and who, not from any fault of ours, or indeed of their own, find themselves suddenly excluded from privileges valuable to themselves and hitherto exercised in the most unrestrained manner, and who naturally resent any interference with the exercise of an industry which they have pursued so long without restriction.

If, on the other hand, there is irritation among our people in the maritime provinces, let it not be forgotten that this is the second occasion upon which our commercial arrangements have been dislocated by the abrogation of treaties between ourselves and our neighbors. Those treaties were terminable, and we have no right to complain if they have been put an end to. On the other hand, let not our neighbors complain of us if, in the face of such action on their part, we are driven to take steps for the protection of rights secured to us by treaty and forming a valuable portion of the national estate.

Any government which did not do this would be culpable, and no government has shown itself more alive to responsibilities of this kind than that of our neighbors. If each side will approach the question in a moderate spirit, and with the determination to make some allowance for the difficulties of the other, I feel no doubt that we need not fear the result.

In regard to Imperial federation for Canada Lord Lansdowne had seen no definite scheme on which he could express his opinion. To ask a young country, which needs every shilling of its revenue for the development of its own resources, to sink millions in fortifications and armaments would, he thought, be a most inequitable proposal. In conclusion the Marquis spoke of the kind and hospitable reception he had met with, and said:

Your conduct has in fact once and for all established that the queen's representative in Canada, so long as his conduct in his official capacity has not been impugned, so long as his conduct in any other capacity has not been called in question by constitutional methods in the legislature either of Canada or his own country, may safely leave his public or his private reputation in the custody of your people.

It has shown more, for it has afforded a signal proof, not only of this, but of your abhorrence for the methods of those who seek to achieve by intimidation and persecution what they knew could not be obtained by legitimate courses.

If I could even have had any doubt as to the result, the action of the people has removed it. The appeal has been made to you; by your judgment I am perfectly content to abide.

BALD-KNOBBERS FINED.

Their Plea Was in the Nature of a Justification.

OZARK, Mo., May 26.—Three of the nine supposed Bald-knobbers arrested last Friday charged with whipping John Swearingen, were tried in Ozark, yesterday. The other six took change of venue.

In the trial it developed that two Swearingen brothers and one Williams were barbarously beaten by the Regulators and three women were visited in the same neighborhood and warned to cease unlawful intimacy with certain proscribed male associates.

The Bald-knobber defense was by shockingly filthy stories about the parties regulated. A verdict of guilty was returned and each were fined $100.

ON THE AMAZON.

Smallpox Raging and Much Suffering Reported.

PANAMA, May 26.—Smallpox is raging along the upper banks of the Amazon. So say the traders who cross from the headwaters into Ecuador and the southern portion of Columbia. It is the deadliest disease which afflicts Indian tribes living on the borders of those streams. When the disease declares itself the persons attacked are abandoned by all, and a general shift of encampment is made, either on foot or by canoe.

Whole villages ard deserted and the sick die helpless and alone, while those who flee suffer equally from the perils and hardships attendant on river travel, and from hostile tribes.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

A Ringing Denunciation of the Presbyterian Minority who Still Recognize the Existence of Mason and Dixon's Line.

ST. LOUIS, May 26.—The following is an epitome of the speech made in the Southern Presbyterian assembly by Col. Livingstone, of Georgia, in which he not only spoke in favor of the majority report on a union of the two assemblies, but handled Dr. Smoot, of the minority, with bare knuckles. He said:

"When the majority made the report it was out of no disrespect for the fathers of the church, like Dr. Smoot. The speaker admitted he had represented his people in the legislature at home, but he was not talking as a politician. He was not a politician. Dr. Smoot's speech was made up of bloody shirt, and an attack upon the Methodist church."

He characterized Dr. Smoot as a natural born politician in the pulpit of Christ. He said Dr. Smoot was mad ever since the Federal army came into his county in Kentucky, and they made him step up every 30 days and take the oath. They could not trust him more than 30 days. Ever since that time he had no use for anything north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Dr. Smoot said he would not go if the others went. The speaker suggested rather quaintly that they'd "let him stay." He wanted to know if there was any politics in his predecessor's address concerning Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison. He wondered if a Northern man used language more cutting to Southern people than that was to Northern people.

Smoot was different from Garrison. Garrison would say to Smoot: "Your rebellion caused all the sorrow and ruin." Smoot would say: "Well, you led us to do it." The war was over, and its issues should be buried forever and forever.

As to co-operation the speaker declared that Abraham armed his servants and went down and helped Lot and released him and his family. They did not co-operate any more, because the town was burnt up and Lot's wife was burned into a pillar of salt. Men were supporting the majority report who were born farther down into the heart of slavery and the war than ever Dr. Smoot was.

As to the charge that the majority had doctored the figures, the speaker completely overturned the proofs. It was unfair to the Presbyteries who had not been heard to say they were moving in the matter. The legal presumption was that the silence of the Presbyteries meant their consent. There was no question but that five spoke in favor of it. The others, either cared nothing for it, or favored it.

As to the charge that this movement ought not to follow the business men, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," this Christ had said to certain people once.

The trouble with the Presbyterian church was that there had been too little business about it. The business men were hard-headed and sensible, and a church should have some of their sense.

As to Dr. Smoot's idea of sending missionaries to "convert the New Englanders from their Unitarianism and other isms," the speaker said he would like to be one of the missionaries. They might answer him in some such fashion as this: "Don't you think you Southern Presbyterians had better go back and tend to those million 'niggers' you have down there?" God never intended the separation of his children.

The clause in the majority report specially stipulated that the Southern church did not believe in deliverances on politics. The Southern church went out because the Northern assembly in 1861, in Philadelphia, had declared the citizens to be under the government of the United States, the government *de facto* and *de jure*, and no member of the church should bear arms against it. If this cause was removed, then the church could go back. How many political deliverances had the Southern church made? Many of them?

The people at Omaha had notified this assembly they would accept just what the Missouri synod had accepted. Dr. Smoot had dug up the bloody shirt and waved it, and raked up every cruel thing the Northern church had ever said.

It was not fair to make the Northern church of to-day stand for the church of ten or fifteen or twenty years ago. It would have been fairer to have taken their later declarations as the expression of opinion.

If the assembly did not pay more attention to the overtures now made, the church would lose many border Presbyteries.

The whole matter of church progress and church growth had been hindered by the two conflicting churches in the field. In all other matters the issues and differences of the war were being buried out of sight and the church of God should not be the last to harmonize.

NINETEEN KILLED.

A Fearful Fire in the Celebrated Paris Theater.

PARIS, May 26.—The Opera Comique took fire last night and the whole building was wrapped in flames. Fourteen persons, who jumped from the windows, are dead and 43 injured.

Five bodies, terribly burned, were conveyed to the National Library. Among them was the body of a woman clasping a little boy in her arms. M. Tasquin implored the audience to remain seated until the exits were opened, which they did. If they had made a rush for the doors the loss of life would have been terrible. The scene outside was one of the wildest excitement. Nineteen persons are known to be dead.

The artificial fire apparatus, which had been placed in position in readiness for the burning of the palace in the second act, rolled down from its place near the roof and exploded below. Woman, half-clad, carrying costumes, fled from the stage screaming. The members of the chorus were terrified. Some of the latter fled with nothing on but tights. The flames spread with such rapidity that in fifteen minutes the stage was a vast furnace. Several actors escaped by climbing to the roof, where they were rescued.

The flames shot out of every window, forcing the crowd into the narrow streets, where the crush was terrific. A ballet girl says there were 150 persons on the stage when the fire broke out. Only a fortnight ago M. Steenackers called attention, in the Chamber of Deputies, to the dangerous condition of the Opera Comique, the oldest theater in Paris.

The killed include four firemen. There was not a frantic rush in the theater, but it is believed that the staircase became blocked. The iron curtain was lowered in front of the stage. This prevented the fire from spreading immediately to the auditorium and allowed the audience time to escape. Many, unable to trust themselves to walk the narrow ledge or cornice around the building, jumped off. One woman coolly walked all around the cornice, while the flames were bursting above her, until she reached the fire escape. The victims are almost all singers.

The bodies of the ballet dancers who lost their lives by the burning of the Opera Comique are lying in heaps in the ruins of the theater. The firemen assert that many of the bodies are lying in the upper galleries.

The number of persons killed greatly exceed the previous estimates. An excited crowd surround the ruins, which are guarded by a military cordon. Many distressing scenes are witnessed.

ANTI-SALOON.

Republicans of New York Hold a Meeting in Cooper Institute.

NEW YORK, May 26.—Cooper Union was well filled last night at the meeting of the National Anti Saloon Republican committee. Hon. Albert Griffin, of Kansas, called the meeting to order. Judge Noah Davis was made chairman. Ex-Secretary Wm. Windom, of Minnesota, denounced the saloon evil. Theodore Rosevelt spoke in the same strain. Letters of sympathy were received from Senators Hoar of Massachusetts, Wilson of Iowa, Edmunds and Morrill of Vermont, and Blair of New Hampshire, and from numerous representatives and governors of states. Among the governors, ex-governors and lieutenant governors were: Martin, of Kansas; Larrabee, of Iowa; Foster, of Ohio; Crosby of Michigan, and Plum of Illinois. Ex-Governor Foster says: "I identified myself with your organization and am a Republican without any qualification of the term."

WOLVES IN ARKANSAS.

Two Men Fatally Injured—The Animals at Large.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 25.—[Special wire.]—A letter from Fulton county, Ark., says: James Smith and John Howell, who were passing through that county on Monday, were attacked by a pack of hungry wolves.

Two leaped on the horse and seized Howell by the neck, wounding him so seriously that he died.

Smith was dangerously wounded, but succeeded in escaping to the house of Jack Arnette, closely followed by the wolves. From there they went to a creek near by and attacked James Thompson, one of a fishing, fatally wounding him and seriously injuring a companion. A party started out to hunt them down, and succeeded in killing one, but the others are still in the neighborhood.

The socialists have taken advantage of the strikes in Belgium to make demonstrations at various places. They have held several meetings at which violent speeches were made and the red flag was displayed.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mexico experienced a slight earthquake Sunday.

President Cleveland caught no fish Saturday.

Cardinal Gibbons will sail for New York on the steamer Umbria. He will embark at Queenstown.

Count Herbert Bismarck has left London for Berlin.

Mr. Jay Gould is suffering with an attack of neuralgia.

Cardinal Gibbons has sailed from Queenstown for New York.

Insurance Commissioner John K. Tarbox, of Massachusetts, is dead.

Mr. Daniel Manning has left Baurnemouth for Liverpool. He is well.

Queen Kapiolani and suite have sailed for Europe on the steamer City of Rome.

Mr. Gladstone has gone to his home at Hawarden to spend the Whitsun holiday.

The graves of the Federal dead in the National cemetery at Memphis have been decorated. Congressman L. C. Houck was the orator.

A postal clerk named Zaleveski has absconded with registered letters, at Vienna, containing bank notes to the amount of $75,000.

After a three weeks' visit in Toronto the governor general and party have returned to Ottawa.

Young's Mineral Oil company, of Glasgow, announces a loss of £38,324 on the year's workings.

The anniversary of the battles of 1870 around Metz will be celebrated this year with unusual eclat at Berlin.

The introduction of West Nashville to the public was a brilliant success. Over $100,000 worth of lots were sold.

Mr. Claus Spreckles, the California millionaire, with his wife and daughter have sailed for Europe on the steamer Saale.

George Frey, New York furniture dealer, has made an assignment to John M. Karsch, with preferences amounting to $3,000.

E. T. Jennings, of Middlebury, Vt., has bought of A. A. Kitsmiller, Lexington, the bay colt Tom Hendricks. Price, $2,100.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian church at St. Louis is still discussing the question of uniting the churches north and south.

Nine days have been spent in an attempt to get a jury to try Jake Sharp. The work was resumed this morning, but there is still a vacancy.

Archbishop Williams, of Boston, and many Americans attended the papal consistory held in Rome. The pope was in good health and voice.

Monsignor Galimberti, Papal Nuncio at Vienna, says that a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Italian government is only a matter of time.

The Empress of Austria will become patroness of the Home for British governesses, which is to be founded in honor of the jubilee of Queen Victoria.

German workmen in an Augsberg factory violently resisted the introduction of Czech workmen, and six arrests were made. A strike is expected.

The board of Regents of the Grant Memorial university at Athens, Tenn., unanimously conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon George W. Childs.

Fifteen hundred persons attended the President's reception in East room Wednesday. He shook hands with each, and the reception lasted nearly an hour.

The Michigan Senate has passed the bill to punish operators of "bucket shops" by a fine of $1,000; also to fine the renters of property for such purposes.

Forty bodies have been recovered from the Udston coal pit at Blantyre. Many unrecognizable limbs blown off bodies and horribly charred, were found.

The Nobels' and the Rothschilds' petroleum conduits near Batoum have been destroyed with dynamite. The outrage is said to be the result of trade jealousy.

The London *Standard* this morning says: "It is stated that Mr. William O'Brien will not accept the seat in Parliament for Northeast Cork, to which he was recently elected."

A dispatch from Berlin says: "In an interview to-day, Prof. Virchow asserted positively that there was absolutely no danger in the Crown Prince Frederick William's malady."

Col. J. S. Herrick, pioneer journalist and paymaster during the war, personal friend of Garfield, prospective public printer had Garfield lived, has died at his home in Cincinnati.

It is reported that the Sultan of Turkey has dismissed a number of officials holding high positions in the palace who were discovered to be engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow him.

Chas. Danegon, a Canton bricklayer, went home drunk, picked up a butcher knife and murdered his wife. He says she drove him to the deed because she joined the Salvation army.

The differences between the management and employes of the Pottsville, Pa., Iron and Steel company, have been adjusted. Seven hundred hands that struck have resumed work.

Joseph Chamberlain urges upon the supporters of the English government's Irish policy, the necessity of organizing, and warns them that if they fail to do so they will surely be beaten.

O'Brien has cancelled his appointment in Philadelphia for June 2. The Land Leaguers attribute it to the interference of Fitzgerald, and regard it as a personal affront to President McCaffrey.

The Chicago Republican and Democratic county central committees have nominated a joint judicial ticket, consisting of three Democrats and as many Republicans, as candidates for the Circuit court.

The President has appointed E. Henry Lacombe, of New York city, to be additional Circuit judge in the second judicial circuit, and Richard N. Schooley, of Rochester, N. Y., to be commercial agent at Port Rowan, Canada.

The work of searching for the bodies in the Paris Comique fire continues. A number more have been exhumed. An official statement says 50 bodies are already recovered, but it is estimated that at least 200 persons lost their lives in the fire.

Considerable excitement has been created in Denver over the death of the trotting stallion J. W. South, who, it is reported, died from the effects of poison given him to defeat him in a 2:30 race for which he was entered. He was valued at $10,000.

An Evansville, Ind., dispatch says: Business men and banks throughout the country are warned against a man calling himself P. L. Sutherland, who claims to represent a tobacco manufacturing company at Henderson, Ky. He has committed several forgeries.

The colored national base ball league seems to have melted down to three clubs. The Gorhams, of New York, Lord Baltimores, of Baltimore, and Pythians, of Philadelphia, are the only teams able to keep up, and they will arrange a schedule among themselves.

When the train bearing Editor O'Brien steamed into Bonaventure station, (Montreal), there was in waiting an immense concourse of people who took the horses from the carriage occupied by O'Brien. Singing "God save Ireland," the carriage was drawn to St. Lawrence hall, from the balcony of which O'Brien made a speech.

The London *Daily News*, commenting on O'Brien's Canadian trip, says: "The tour was ill-advised, but he atoned for his error by the courage he has displayed, and thanks to the brutality of his opponents, the harm he might have done to the cause of home rule has been more than compensated for by the indignation of a majority of Englishmen at his treatment."

The good templars' right worthy grand lodge election of officers resulted as follows: Right worthy good templar, John Finch, Evanston, Ills.; R. G. W. counsellor, William Turnbull, Glasgow, Scotland; R. W. vice templar, Jessie Forsythe, Boston; R. W. G. secretary, B. F. Parker, Madison, Wis.; R. W. G. treasurer, Uriah Copp, Lodi, Ills.; R. W. G. superintendent of juvenile templars, Mrs. A. A. Brookbank, Indiana.

A Washington special says: President Cleveland will actively commence his campaign for the next Presidential nomination in the last week of September next, when, if nothing happens, he will leave Washington for St. Louis, and probably take in Cincinnati and Indianapolis en route, and possibly drop down to Louisville. It is said that he will then swing round and return via Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and New York. It may be before the time for his journey Westward arrives the circle may be enlarged so that it may include a section of the solid South.

Governor Oglesby has appointed the honorary commissioners to represent the state of Illinois in the centennial exposition of Ohio, to be held at Cincinnati as follows: John Ulbock, Decatur; Col. Fred C. Pierce, Rockford; Orville A. Snedaker, Jerseyville; Daniel Perry, Carmi; Lorenz Bull, Quincy. He has also appointed Dr. N. H. Smith, of Paris, commissioner for Illinois at the centennial celebration of the first American settlement made in the territory northeast of the Ohio river, at Marietta, April 17, 1888; also to industrial educational exposition to be held at Columbus, O., in the autumn of 1888.

The Millers' National association has closed its session in St. Louis. It resolved in favor of restoring the merchant marine; protested against the tax imposed by Brazil on flour, while wheat is entered free; protested against the discrimination of railroads against flour in favor of wheat; discussed the question of gambling in wheat and appointed a committee to consider it. The next meeting will be held in Buffalo. Officers were elected as follows: John Crosby, president; C. H. Seybt, vice president; F. H. McGill, second vice president; executive committee, elected by states, consisted of old members.

A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

Beaten to Death in an Asylum by the Attendants.

ANNA, Ill., May 25.—[Special wire.]—A farmer named Pedro died in the asylum here and was buried three days later, the physicians declaring that the cause of his death was a broken blood vessel. Since then suspicions of foul-play have been aroused, and to-day the body was exhumed.

Evidence of terrible illusage were plentifully exhibited by the remains, and a coroners' inquest was held. The jury has returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from wounds inflicted by attendants at the hospital. One side of the face was badly discolored, the jaws were broken and the chest presented a horribly bruised and lacerated appearance.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Talmadge preached Sunday at the National Drill, Washington.

New York correspondents are booming Sherman for the Presidency.

Nearly 20,000 men are idle in Chicago, in the building trade, and great distress is feared.

Memorial Day was more generally observed on Monday than it has been for years before.

Michigan is all torn up over the report that paupers are whipped in the Berrien county poor-house.

The National drill closed at Washington Monday, most of the prizes going South, much to the dissatisfaction of impartial witnesses.

The fire in the Newburg theater at Vienna on Saturday night was of trifling account. It resulted from an accident to an electric cable.

The work of trying to get a jury to try Jake Sharp still progresses. The prisoner did not seem much relieved at his three days' rest.

Gaudaur easily defeated Hanlan at Pullman, in 20:29. Hanlan says he was not well, and Gaudaur says it was the hardest race he ever rowed.

A Brussells dispatch says the miners in the Liege district have resumed work. In the Borinage and Centre districts and at Charleroi very few strikers have returned to work.

R. T. Richardson, editor of the *Northwestern* has shot and killed O. B. Willard, editor of the *Times* at Loup City, Neb. The trouble originated over personalities in each paper.

Editor O'Brien has arrived in the United States from Montreal. He spoke at the Boston theatre Saturday evening, and $2,000 was raised for the evicted tenants in Ireland.

The loathsome smell from the ruins of the Opera Comique in Paris, is interfering with the work of searching for the bodies and shows that there must still be many bodies under the debris.

Samuel Prinkey stabbed his wife with a penknife at Connellsville, Pa., inflicting fatal wounds. The couple have been separated for several weeks, and jealousy is supposed to have prompted the deed.

The clearing house exchanges of 37 American cities show for 34 cities an increase and for three a decrease. The total exchanges was $937,127,838; increase, 9.5; outside of New York, 329,283,314; increase, 26.5.

William B. Dolan interferred with Policeman John Klebba, who was trying to quell a disturbance in Detroit, and was shot and instantly killed. Mrs. Connor, grandmother of the deceased, died last night from the effects of the shock.

It is reported that the Pittsburg stove molders have decided to stand out firmly for an advance in wages, and they will refuse to sign the agreement asked for by the manufacturers. This postpones the settlement of the strike indefinitely.

The grain porters at the Avonmouth docks, Bristol, who struck against the use of elevators in unloading vessels, have gone back to work, the employers having promised to use elevators only when they were insufficiently supplied with manual labor.

Four union men near the Natronia salt works, Pennsylvania, where the men are now on a strike, were attacked by three non-unionists and severely beaten. One of them, Mr. Green, a Knight of Labor, was shot through the right lung, and is not expected to live.

The six-days' cushion carom billiard match, 1,800 points (300 points per night), for a purse of $1,000 and the championship of the world, between Maurice Daly and Wm. Sexton, has ended. Daly coming out an easy winner. The score stood: Daly 1,800, Sexton 1,182.

Mr. George E. Lemon, general treasurer of the Logan fund, has completed and transmitted to Mrs. Logan a detailed statement of the source of the respective amounts of subscriptions to the fund, as well as the disposition of the money. The aggregate subscriptions paid is $63,034.45.

Saturday the boiler of the Natchez cotton factory exploded with terrific force, entirely destroying the engine room and the pickery above it, bursting in the walls of the main building and causing the roof to settle in the center of the building. When the explosion occurred 450 men women and children were in the factory. The killed are: George A. McNeal, A. R. Foster, Jessie Hatchcock and Ernest Alexander (colored.)

Following was the visible supply of grain in store and afloat on Saturday, May 28, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange: Wheat, 43,212,250 bushels; increase, 193,683 bushels. Corn, 13,073,611 bushels; decrease, 140,926 bushels. Oats, 3,750,268 bushels; increase, 22,359 bushels. Rye, 277,276 bushels; decrease, 67,769 bushels. Barley, 212,515 bushels; decrease, 8,625.

THE PHOSPHATE TRADE.

A Syndicate Organized to Control the Business.

COLUMBUS, S. C., May 28.—Phosphatic circles in this state are agitated over well-founded rumors that a wealthy and powerful syndicate, including several Northern millionaires, has been organized in which all the phosphate miners and mining companies have joined for the purpose of controlling and keeping up the price of crude rock.

Such a syndicate was in existence a year or two ago, but it only embraced the miners of land rock, the river companies failing to come into it, although they kept the price up to its figures. About a year ago, however, there was a depression in the market, and tee river companies made a break, which was followed by the dissolution of the land syndicate.

The new plan contemplates the joining of forces. David Roberts, the well-known phosphate manager of Charleston, is to be the manager, and is to be given absolute control of every ton of crude rock mined in the state, with power to sell at such rates as he may fix. A material advance in price may therefore be looked for at an early day.

This is one of South Carolina's greatest industries. Last year the aggregate production of phosphate rock was 449,703 tons, of which 381,603 tons were exported and 68,000 tons were consumed by the local fertilizer manufacturing companies. The aggregate value of this production was, in round numbers, $2,000,000. Large quantities of this rock are shipped to Northern ports.

MORE CHINESE.

Five Thousand of Them Start for America —Celestial Affairs.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—[Special wire.]—The steamer City of New York arrived yesterday with mail intelligence from Hong Kong down to May 5, and from Yokahama to May 13. The Chinese have declined to subscribe money for a new Chinese railway, and in consequence the Competoir des Compete de Paris has contracted to lend the Chinese government 3,000,000 taels for the purpose.

Five thousand Chinese left Hong Kong for America during March and April, fearing the new treaty would deprive them of some of their privileges.

Rear Admiral Schufeldt of the U. S. Navy, has commenced a libel suit against the proprietor of the *Shanghai Courier*, growing out of an article in reference to the Admiral's presence and motives in Corea.

The Tokaid railway between Yokahama and Odawara was completed May 2, and is open to travel.

The Japanese naval department has decided to make the standing fleet to consist of 50 war ships and several cruisers.

The police regulations of Germany are being adopted by the Japanese Police Bureau.

A NEW DEAL.

The Employer to Protect Those Who Protect Him.

CHICAGO, May 25.—Members of the executive board of the National Association of Builders, have left, after issuing an address to the builders and trades exchange, Chicago, and to all affiliated bodies of the National Association of Builders, and to the general public.

The address of the committee recommended that every builders' exchange throughout the country adopt the following:

> To encourage all workmen who wish to have an opportunity to freely work untrammeled by improper requirements of involuntary associations, and be protected in their work, it will be wise to create and establish at once a bureau of record in connection with this association, where any and all workmen may put themselves on record as assenting to the principles of individual liberty announced in Chicago and by and through which the workmen so assenting will be kept at work, protected in it in preference to those who deny these principles, thus instituting, for the first time, a union wherein the employer and employe shall be joined and their interests considered as common.

HE MAS MURDERED.

Medical Science May Lead to the Arrest of the Criminal.

GLEN COVE, L. I., N. Y., May 25.—Dr. Watson, who made the autopsy on the body of Capt. Thomas H. Carpenter, which was found a short time ago after having been in the water six months, says Carpenter was not drowned but was undoubtedly dead before put in the water.

This confirms the theory that he was murdered by some person who was on board of the schooner Long Island with him when he sailed from New York, November 18, and who after robbing him of a large amount of money and his watch, threw his body overboard and ran the vessel ashore at Sea Cliffe, where it was found two days afterwards.

NO MIXED MARRIAGES.

The Catholic Church will not Allow the Seeds of Dissension.

TORONTO, Ont., May 31.—[Special wires.]—Archbishop Lynch has issued the following order to all the priests in his diocese in Ontario:

> You will please announce to your people that we have determined to grant no dispensations for mixed marriages when the woman is a non-Catholic. Experience of many years has proved that a Protestant mother cannot raise her children Catholics, and she is thus unable to comply with the essential condition on which such dispensation is granted. They may apply to Rome directly if they will.

MRS. HETTY GREEN.

A Financial Battle Against C. P. Huntington.

NEW YORK, May 27.—[Special wire.]—Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, whose great wealth and financial ability have made her a power in Wall street, and whose personal eccentricities have been made the theme of many a newspaper article, has caused a new sensation by refusing to become a party to the agreement entered into between bondholders of the Houston & Texas Central railway.

This road is a part of Huntington's Southern Pacific system, and Mrs. Green, by her action, has actually pitted her wealth and her cunning against the wealth and cunning of C. P. Huntington and his associates.

Wall street men, usually very gallant where women are concerned, have no very great liking for Mrs. Green and her close business methods, but on the other hand they are not particularly in love with Mr. Huntington, whose genius for driving a bargain is a matter of common fame; so they will watch this contest with intense and lively interest.

Mrs. Green evidently means business, and it is probable that she will bring a suit to maintain what she considers to be her rights in the re-organization of the Houston & Texas Central. C. P. Huntington and his associates own the stock of the Houston & Texas Central, which they picked up at a very low price, said to be near 10.

The bonds of the road are widely held, Mrs. Green owning about $1,000,000 of the general mortgage bonds, besides a large amount of the first and second mortgage bonds. The road does not run through a very productive section, but owns an enormous grant of public land, and its future is believed to be bright.

It defaulted on the interest two or three years ago, and some time after the bondholders held an indignation meeting in the office of A. Foster Higgins and somethings were said about Mr. Huntington which were not very pleasant.

It was even intimated that Huntington was engaged in a scheme to wreck the property in order to get it more securely in his grasp. Finally, however, the bondholders appointed a committee. This committee arrived at an understanding with Mr. Huntington, and a plan of reorganization was drawn up.

The bondholders' committee have all along counted on the support of Mrs. Green. With that object in view, Mr. Quinlan was put on the committee and repeated conferences have been held at the Chemical bank.

Mrs. Green attends to all her business personally, though her husband, who was once president of the Louisville & Nashville, is living and is a shrewd business man.

It is stated positively that Mrs. Green promised to place her bonds with the committee in assent to the reorganization plan as soon as holders of a certain amount of them had done so.

All was serene and peaceful until Monday, when the committee discovered that Mrs. Green had changed her mind. Members of the committee, however, use a stronger term than "changed her mind." They say she "deliberately broke her promise," and while disinclined to make a public attack upon a woman, did not disguise their disgust at her conduct.

Her action, it was declared, was indefensible, and Mrs. Green's action two years ago in withdrawing her half-million-dollar deposit with John J. Cisco, which many believe was the immediate cause of the failure of that old established house, was recalled.

Mrs. Green, it is understood, believes that by holding out, now that all the other bondholders have assented, she can force Mr. Huntington to make a private settlement with her on better terms than the other bondholders will get.

Mrs. Green is the daughter of a New Bedford (Mass.) whaler, who left her a comfortable fortune, fourteen years ago, which she has increased by her own exertions, till now she is believed to be the richest woman in America.

Her last great feet in the financial world was when she suddenly sold out all her interest in the Georgia Central road during a hot fight for the control of the company. She had for years supported the administration party, but deserted them, sold all her holdings and left her old friends to defeat.

DUN'S WEEKLY.

The State of Trade—The Inter-State Act—General Business.

NEW YORK, May 28.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly trade review says: The most important news of the week, also the best, is that crop prospects are decidedly improved. Our own agents telegraph: Wisconsin—Local rains have helped agricultural districts; Minnesota—Rains throughout the Northwest very materially improve crop prospects; Kansas—Prospects excellent for exceptionally large crops, recent copious rains of great benefit; New Orleans—Crop prospects generally good.

These are samples of the favorable despatches from nearly all quarters. The fear of injury thus far seems satisfactorily removed and if harm to wheat or cotton is to come it must be from climatic influences in the future.

This good news for a whole country is disheartening; however, when financial propects have come to depend upon the success of gigantic speculations for an advance in the prices of products. The financial future is also affected by the large receipts of the treasury, amounting for ten months and twenty days to $31,612,867 more the receipts for the same part of the previous year. At the same rate the treasury must take from the markets a very large sum every mouth after last call for 3 per cents, matures, July 1, and Washington dispatches state that the administration will purchase bonds with great reluctance, if at all.

The last statement of New York banks showed an increase in loans and reserves because Mr. Manning's bank was for the first time included, but the drain of money to Chicago to meet the needs of speculation still continues, a return to that point from the interior being retarded by real estate and other activity, extensively prevailing.

Foreign commerce does not improve. April's imports exceeded exports by $15,973,973. The excess was equalled in one month in 1882, after a partial failure of crops and in no other month since 1872. New York exports to May fall 11.7 per cent below those of last year, with imports exceeding those of last year by 17.3 per cent. which would foreshadow an excess of $14,000,000.

Prevailing speculations rather than interstate act cause decline in exports, for shipments of grain by lake and rail are made without regard to local rates. In cotton exports are hardly a quarter of those of May, 1886, and artificial prices for pork product also cause a decrease in shipments. The interstate commission has not revoked its order of suspension, but all information tends to the belief that it will do so and points to the rigid enforcement of the act.

THE GROWING GRAIN.

Conditions Favorable for a Good Crop.

CHICAGO, May 30.—The following crop summary will appear in this week's *Farmers' Review*: Local rains throughout Western states, more or less, have broken up the drouth and improved the condition of winter wheat, noticeably in Indiana and Ohio. Twenty-three counties in Illinois report winter wheat, 83 per cent. Cumberland, La Salle, Marshall, Moultrie, Scott, Douglass and Johnson counties report 100 per cent. Fourteen counties in Indiana report winter wheat 87 per cent. The average reaches 100 in Madison, Miami, Monroe, Rush and Spencer counties. The weather in Indiana is now favorable to winter wheat. Eleven Ohio counties report the average condition above that of last week. Prospects are much better. The condition of winter wheat, 88 per cent. are reported in seven Michigan counties. The average reaches 100 per cent. in Grand Traverse and Shiawassee counties, and ranges from 75 to 95 in others.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The weather crop bulletin of the signal office for the week is as follows: Temperature—weather slightly warmer than usual in the Mississippi valley, thence westward to the Pacific coast and from Southern New England westward over New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. It has also been slightly cooler than usual in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Virginia and the South Atlantic States, but in all agricultural districts east of the Rocky Mountains the average temperature for the week differs slightly from the normal.

General Remarks—Throughout the entire agricultural district the weather has proved especially favorable for growing crops; reports Sunday morning, May 29, show that favorable conditions of rain fall and temperature yet continue except in Michigan, Illinois and Southern Minnesota, where needed showers are to-day predicted.

FORTY-THREE STOWAWAYS.

Some put Ashore but Many Arrive Safely in Quebec.

QUEBEC, May 27.—[Special wire]—Before the steamer Thanemore, which arrived here yesterday, left the Mersey, a number of stowaways were discovered on board and landed. Seventeen more were found when the vessel was off the coast of Ireland and were put ashore, and when the ship was well out to sea sixteen additional free passengers turned up, making in all 43 young men and boys who had secreted themselves on board the vessel at Liverpool. Those who came out here seem to be smart, active lads, ranging in age from about 14 to 16 years.

MEMORIAL DAY.

A Monument Unveiling to the German-Americans.

CHICAGO, May 30.—About 5,000 German-American citizens, veterans of the war, soldiers, and others, flocked to the Boniface cemetery this morning. The object of the gathering was to witness the unveiling of the soldiers monument, a beautiful work of marble and granite. It is the first monument raised in Chicago to perpetuate the heroic deeds of German-American soldiers.

IN NEW YORK.

Business Generally Suspended and the Day Given to the Dead.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The streets in the lower part of the city to-day were deserted and there was a general suspension of business. All public buildings were closed. The postoffice was open until 10 o'clock, and there was one mail delivery. The custom house was open for an hour. The streets in the vicinity of Union and Madison Squares were crowded. A large number of people went to Riverside Park and Gen. Grant's tomb. Thousands of people came from New Jersey and Brooklyn to witness the parade.

From 9 until 10 o'clock Fifth avenue and the cross streets, from 59th street to Madison Square, were blocked with a mass of humanity. At 10 o'clock the procession started, headed by the 10th regiment band, of Albany, which preceded the Old Guard. These veterans acted as an escort and guard of honor to Gov. Hill, who, with his staff, were followed by carriages containing Gen. Sherman, Mayor Hewitt, and Gen. Sickles and other invited guests.

A squad of mounted police preceded the First brigade, N. G., S. N. Y., which acted as escort to the veterans. Gen. Fitzgerald was followed by the Seventh regiment in command of Col. Clarke. The 69th regiment, Col. Cavanaugh in command, was out in full force and a full display of the green above the red in plumes.

The second place of honor in the national guard escort was accorded the 22d regiment, and then come in third order the 15 divisions of the Grand Army of the Republic and memorial organizations, and the tattered battle flags were carried proudly by the scared veterans. Walters Post No. 32 carried 15 of the tattered banners. The parade was interspersed with carriages containing maimed and invalid veteans of the several posts who were unable to march with their comrades.

AT LOGAN'S TOMB.

Beautiful Ceremonies at the Grave of General Logan.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—A short distance from the Soldiers' Home cemetery lies the cemetery of Rock Creek church, where the remains of Gen. Logan are entombed. Special exercises were held at the tomb, something similar to those which were held last year at the grave of Gen. Grant, at Riverside park. The Logan Guard of Honor had charge of the ceremonies, as it was at their motion that it was determined to pay this tribute to the memory of Gen. Logan.

The guard was composed of 45 members and served as a guard of honor while the remains of Gen. Logan lie in state in this city. Mr. Fred Brackett was the commander, W. S Odell the secretary and A. Van Doren the treasurer. The guard was escorted by the Citizens' Corps, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Handsome floral tributes will be sent by the following organizations, to be placed at Gen. Logan's tomb: The department of the Potomac, the department of Illinois, the United States Grant Post, of Brooklyn, and the Chevalier Bayard Consistory of Chicago.

The exercises at the tomb were as follows: Prayer, Rev. Dr. Newman; poem, Prof. E. C. Townsend; oration, Thomas H. McKee, of Kit Carson Post. The Orpheus Octette club furnished the music. The guard carried Gen. Logan's corps flag, which was tendered by Mrs. Logan for the occasion. The Logan Invincibles, of Baltimore, accepted the invitation of the Logan Guard of Honor, of this city, to participate.

A Big Day in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 30.—Though not a legal holiday, Decoration Day was generally observed. The graves in Green Mount, Western Baltimore, Laurel (colored) and other points where the fallen soldiers found a resting place, were decorated. Thousands of people visited the cemeteries.

After the flowers had been placed upon the graves at the National lot, Rev. B. F. Clarkson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, conducted religious service and Rev. R. H. Pullman delivered an oration. There seemed a greater desire than ever before manifested to do honor to the dead.

SHERMAN AND MORTON.

Ohio's Senator is Agitating the New York Correspondents.

ALBANY, May 28.—[Special wire.]—A gentleman who has recently returned from Ohio, where he has been in conference with the friends of Senator John Sherman, gives a correspondent what appears to be the well-defined policy of Senator Sherman in the interest of his Presidential aspirations. That Sherman is already in the field, there can be no question.

"Senator Sherman," said the emissary, "when the proper time comes will show a strength and following in New York that will surprise Mr. Blaine and his friends more than they have any idea of."

"Sherman has his friends in Ohio well trained. He has the entire Republican machinery in his control, and there will not be courage enough on the part of his enemies in Ohio to make anything like a formidable opposition to his nomination.

"Sherman will soon have his interests in New York so well guarded and protected that he cannot be deprived of the vote of this state in the national convention.

"Senator Sherman's plan," he continued, "is to capture the state of New York through the influence of Levi P. Morton, who is the senator's choice for his associate in the ticket as Vice President. Sherman's friends in Ohio understand this, and all the work that is being done has been done with this object in view.

"Sherman will not willingly consent to having any other than Morton on the ticket with him. Morton, too, is ambitious to contribute as much as possible to the successful downfall of Blaine in revenge for the part Blaine took in the late senatorial contest when Frank Hiscock was elected over Morton.

The recent visit of Murat Halstead and Deacon Richard Smith to New York was for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Morton relative to the plans to carry on the campaign. The anti-Sherman element, which in 1884 was headed by I. F. Mack, of Sandusky, has been whipped into line, and he does not now oppose Sherman's nomination.

"The Sherman organization in this state (New York) is far more complete than any one knows of, except, of course, Mr. Sherman and his friends and managers."

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

Mrs. O'Brien's Celebration of the Queen's Birthday.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 25.—Mrs. Patrick O'Brien created a sensation in the lower section of the city, yesterday, by celebrating Queen Victoria's birthday in a very peculiar way.

She draped the entire front of her house in black, and black streamers ornamented a portion of the interior. She is the most patriotic Irish woman in town and meant to have all the neighbors understand that she has no respect for the Queen.

The front of the house was also decorated here and there with large mottoes not complimentary to the Queen. One of them read: "God save Ireland, from the widow of John Brown."

Crowds gathered in front of the house all day and night.

The street was impassable for a block in the vicinity of the house. The crowd was composed of the Irish element throughout, and Mrs O'Brien was cheered time and again. The celebration wound up by the burning of effigies of the queen and of Lord Lansdowne. A huge bonfire was built, and while the effigies were being burned the crowd howled in joy and discharged an abundance of fire-crackers.

LAKE LINDEN'S LOSS.

The Damage Heavy and the Workman's Share Large.

HOUGHTON, Mich., May 25.—[Special wire.]—About $12,000 has been raised for the Lake Linden fire sufferers, and it is being expended to supply the most pressing wants. The people saved some of their clothing, and now have provisions.

What they need most is money to aid them in rebuilding. Most of the contributions will now be expended in putting up small shanties to accommodate families living in the school house, the churches and the convents.

There are 30 families in the former, and there are probably 150 crowded in places of that kind. Over 200 families lost everything except the clothes they had on. The best judges estimate that it will require $100,000 to put them on their feet again.

They must have houses, furniture, clothing, and begin to prepare for next winter, for as soon as one winter is over here the poor man must get ready for the next. It is hardly possible to say more than that the lowest estimate of the loss is $1,000,000, of which the poor workingmen lost over one-half, and most of them have no insurance.

CHICAGO WORKMEN.

The Next Six Days Will Bring the Crisis in the Great Strike.

CHICAGO, May 30.—The next six days are liable to witness the critical period in the great strike of the building trades. For four weeks strike has followed strike, terminating in a lock out, affecting to a greater or less extent almost every trade here.

Fully 17,00 men are idle, and it is stated upon good authority that over 1,000 first-class mechanics have left the city.

A careful estimate shows that wagas to the amount of $900,000 has been lost to the strikers.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of capital which has been diverted from the building trades.

Well-known eastern capitalists have instructed their Chicago agents to make no investigations into the adjustment of the strike, and in several cases large enterprises will be dropped until next year, and perhaps forever.

The master masons, realizing that so long as the trades unions were governed by their present laws and customs, the strike was liable to be duplicated at any time, resolved to make a supreme effort to force the abolition of the abuses of which they were conspicuous victims.

The code of principles and working rules adopted would, if enforced, result in the complete abolition of the unions now constituted. The developments of the last week have demonstrated that if this is accomplished it must be done by the master masons.

They formulated the plan of campaign and have asked the kindred trades to indorse their code of principles and follow in their footsteps.

The response to that, it appears, was not so enthusiastic as expected by Messrs. Prussing, Downey, Tapper and other prominent contracting masons.

The master carpenters adopted the platform, but nullified their action by refusing to set any date upon which it was to go into effect. The recollection of a desperate struggle with their men, in which the honors were admitted to be even, had a restraining effect upon this powerful organization.

A resolution will be offered at the next meeting of the master carpenters making 9 hours a days work, but from present indications, will be defeated. The conservative element in both master masons and carpenters is composed of those contractors almost entirely dependent on union labor.

In many cases another protracted strike means bankruptcy to the smaller contracting carpenters. Many of the leading master carpenters are owners of sash, door, blind and planing mills, the ownership of which gives them a great advantage in a strike or lock-out.

An analysis of the situation proves the strike has resolved itself into a contest between the master masons and their employes, the bricklayers and hod-carriers, who have formed and offensive and defensive alliance.

The other trades represented in the Builders' and Traders' Exchange, are in a state of armed neutrality, and while in active sympathy with the master masons, are afraid to render any practicable support.

The master masons will depend almost entirely upon bricklayers from other cities. The next few days will demonstrate to what extent this source can be utilized.

The answers to the advertisements Saturday were encouraging, and it is believed that plenty of good men can be secured. The leaders of the bricklayers promise that no violence will be offered to any of the imported bricklayers. Every effort will be used, however, to induce the newcomers to join the union, and all the stratagem of modern strikes will be brought into play.

KILLED IN COLLISION.

A Car Wheel Flies Out with Fatal Effect —The Dead and Dying.

ALTOONA, Pa., May 28.—Last night as the fast line west express was nearing Kittaning Point, the wheel of a car on a freight train bound east burst and the car crashed into two passenger coaches with terrible effect, killing at once four men, and injuring many others. The killed are: Dal Graham, son of ex-Speaker Graham, of Allegheny, Pa.; J. H. Stauffer, of Lewisville, O.; Wymer Snyder, a one-legged man of Shamokin, Pa.; John Dorris, a newsboy, of East Liberty, Pa. Frank Cue, of No. 75 East Thirty-third street, New York, will die, and Charles Beidelman, of Brinfield, Noble county, Ind., is dying.

The injured are: A. Agen, of Fayetteville, N. Y., head and side injured, not seriously; Clara Albert, of Flint, Mich., slightly injured; Rev. John Afred, of Beaver Falls, Pa., slightly injured; Hattie Lickett (colored), of Alexandria, Va., not seriously injured; Rev. R. H. Porter (colored), of Detroit; Edith Guise, aged 11, traveling with her mother, was prostrated by the shock but was not injured to any extent. No passengers occupying sleeping or parlor cars were injured. The accident was an unavoidable one and the worst that has happened for years on the Pennsylvania road. The injured persons were brought to this city and made as comfortable as possible.

Four more have diedi swelling the list to eight.

A MINE HORROR.

The Imprisoned Miners Crying for Relief From Their Tomb.

GLASGOW, May 28.—A terrible explosion has occurred in the Udston pit at Blantyre, a village in Lanarkshire eight miles from this city. Two hundred and twenty miners are entombed in the pit, and it is feared that all have perished. The shaft is completely blocked with debris caused by the explosion.

Further particulars of the explosion in the Udston pit show that the number of men entombed was less than first reported. Forty-five miners who were imprisoned in the upper seam of the pit were rescued, but one of them died.

The others are suffering, however, from the effects of the shock and fire damp. Access to the lowest seam where 70 men are confined, is found to be blocked by the debris tumbled down by the explosion.

It was in this seam that the explosion occurred, and it is not believed that any of the 70 men down there can be rescued alive. It is even thought they are all dead now.

There are 70 other men still imprisoned in the middle seam. Hopes are entertained of saving most of these. The volunteers working for their rescue can hear them calling for help. Cries of: "Come!" "Help!" "Come quickly!" have been heard

WHIPPING THE PAUPERS.

A Shocking State of Affairs Reported from Berrian Co., Mich.

LANSING, Mich., May 27.—[Special wire]—Bishop Gillespie of the state board of Corrections and Charities has unearthed what promises to be a scandalous exposure of brutality practiced on poorhouse inmates.

At a special meeting of the board the Bishop made a report of inspection May 9 of the Berrian County poorhouse at Berrian Centre.

He says the pauper inmates are punished by whipping; idiots and insane patients are confined in the same apartments with other inmates and there is a general condition of filth and foulness.

On motion of Commissioner Wyman Secretary Starrs was instructed to write to the county superintendent of poor at Berrian and ascertain the facts as to the practice of whipping paupers and by what authority it is done.

Bishop Gillespie had not secured specific cases of brutality but if on investigation it is found that whipping is an established custon, Circuit Judge Smith will be asked to put an end to the abuse. The board will also undertake to remedy the other evils reported.

DEADLY ACONITE.

A Joke Which Will End in the Demise of One of the Jokers.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 31.—[Special wire.]—In East Nashville, yesterday, John G. Bernal, an old man, a painter, and very much addicted to joking, went into a drug store, and going back to where Clerk Donelson was putting up medicine, said: "George, I'm tired of living, what will kill me?"

Donelson, who was measuring aconite, said: "Here's something that will kill you mighty quick if you drink enough," and pouring out an ounce graduate full he handed it to Bernal, who took it up and drank it. Donelson thought the old man was joking, and was terribly frightened when he saw the poison disappear.

Six or seven physicians labored with Bernal, but could not save him. Bernal said he had no idea of killing himself, and no idea that the glass contained poison.

Earthquake and Cyclone in Arizona.

NOGALES, Ariz., May 31.—[Special wire.]—There was a shock of earthquake here yesterday afternoon which in its severity created much excitement, though no damage was done. Ten minutes afterward there was another shock, but it was very light.

Sunday evening a terrific dry cyclone visited this city. It came from the mountains on the east side of the town and swept away a great many Mexican shanties and unroofed several more substantial buildings. No one was injured.

TO TAKE THEIR MEDICINE.

The Administration Preparing a Dose of Revenue Reform.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—For some days there has been more or less informal talk in administration circles on the tariff question and from intimations dropped in those quarters it may be announced that Secretary Fairchild is seriously contemplating a movement, with the approbation of the President and his colleagues, looking to a concentration of the Democrats in the House and the Senate upon a measure of tariff reduction.

After careful inquiries it has been ascertained that every member of the cabinet is favorable to such a programme. After the experience of the past two Congresses, the President is convinced that but one course remains open to the Democratic party, and that is the formulating of a bill to reduce taxation. It is proposed to make the bill an administration question in the House, and thus bring it before the people as a distinctive issue upon which the Democratic paaty will stand in the next campaign.

Judging from the present situation of affairs among the party leaders it will take a large amount of pressure to bring the opposite views of Messrs. Carlisle and Randall together. It has been suggested in treasury circles that the Kentucky whisky influence, the tobacco men and the protection Democrats can only reach a basis of settlement by pooling their differences and evolving some sort of a compromise.

If this should fail a bill will be prepared at the treasury supposed to strike between these conflicting interests. Sec. Fairchild is very decided in his advocacy of reduction of revenue from customs.

The necessity of some action of this kind, he thinks, will make itself felt very soon. The accumulation of surplus will now go on steadily and will lead to a formal action on his part before the cabinet as soon as the first indications manifest themselves in the monetary operations of the people.

The theory of reduction will be in placing raw materials, like iron and wool, on the free list and reduction of rates on certain manufacturers. There is an idea, notwithstanding the ruinous importations at present rates, that certain manufacturers of iron and steel can stand a reduction. Members of the administration believe there is a point at which modifications of the tariff can be made without detriment to American industries.

TWO CAR BARNS BURNED.

Over 1,300 Horses Burned—Killed by Fright—Loss Over a Million.

NEW YORK, May 27.—Flames broke out at 1:30 a. m., in the south end of the Belt Line stables on Tenth avenue, between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets. The fire was got under control at 4 o'clock. The stables with their contents, and the frame houses on the opposite side of Tenth avenue and down Fifty-fourth street, were destroyed. The loss will not be much less than $1,000,000.

Elizabeth Walsh, aged 76 years, one of the occupants of the house No. 504 West Fifty-eight street, which burned, was sick in her bed. The police rescued her and brought her to the sidewalk, where she expired from the fright and shock.

Later estimates show that the loss by the fire will not be covered by a million dollars. The stables are a complete wreck and the tenements on the streets facing the stables are also burned. There were 1,400 horses in the stables, 100 of which were saved.

The police have examined the ruins but found no traces of loss of life. The old woman who died from fright is believed to be the only victim.

CINCINNATI, May 27.—At 1:40 a. m. the general fire alarm called help to the burning street car railway stables near the site of the old Brighton House. The stable is nearly 400 feet long, and contained about 150 street cars and over 300 horses. A number of the horses were saved, but there is still a possibility of a loss of from $100,000 to $200,000.

NOON.—The loss is now estimated at $1,325,000. The fire raged from 1:30 o'clock till day-break. The sun rose upon a scene of desolation, but with the tired firemen masters. The bodies of 1,300 horses were roasting in the ruins of the stables. more than 100 families, mostly very poor people, had been rendered homeless and any number of people had been prostrated by the heat. Men, women and children wandered all night aimlessly over the ruins of their wrecked homes, bereft of their all, and bewildered at the sudden and crushing blow.

The insurance will be less than $500,000.

KISSANE SUMMONED.

The First of the Suits for Forgery Committed Years Ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—[Special wire.]—The whereabouts of William Kissane has been definitely learned. He is not secluded in Victoria, but remains at his ranch near Sonoma. Deputy United States Marshal Hopkins went to Sonoma three days ago, commissioned to serve a subpœna in the case entitled "Chemical National bank of New York against William Kissane, alias William K. Rogers," an action brought to recover on certain alleged forged notes in possession of the bank.

Hopkins states that on arriving in town he began inquiry among citizens of the place as to where Kissane could be found. The answer invariably was that he had gone to British Columbia, coupled with denunciation of his supposed persecutors.

The deputy says, however, he found him at his ranch and served the papers on him. Hopkins says other suits of similar character will be started. The deputy says in Sonoma county the feeling against Kissane's prosecutors is extremely bitter.

THE FISHERIES.

The Law to be Interpreted Alike for the Fishermen of Both Countries.

OTTAWA, Ont. May 31.—[Special wire.]—In the Senate last evening, Mr. Powers moved that in opening this House it is the duty of the government of Canada to see that any arrangements for the admission of United States fishermen to the territorial waters of Canada, which may be entered into between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, special provision shall be made that fishermen of the latter country when within the waters of Canada shall be subject to the laws and regulations by which Canadian fishermen are for the time being governed.

He strongly condemned the unfair way in which Canada has been treated by the United States in regard to the interpretation put on Article 21 of the Washington treaty by placing a duty on cans containing fish. The government of Canada should close up any avenues of misconstruction by the United States which had proved such a grievance in the past.

Senator Haythorn, of Prince Edward Island, urged an increase in the number of the fishery police. The American people, he said, notwithstanding their energy, and intelligence, were difficult people to negotiate with. If another fishery treaty were to be concluded, the government should see that the rights of Canada were respected under it.

Mr. Abbott, leader of the government, said he was glad to see that the fishery question was looked upon as of great importance by both political parties. The question raised by Senator Powers was very much like the question raised after the Fortune Bay affair. The American fishermen in that case undoubtedly broke the laws of Newfoundland which the Canadian fishermen were bound to respect. Her Majesty's government took the view that the law ought to be obeyed by all alike. If that was disputed by the American government it was equally maintained by the British government.

The Dominion government would bring this matter before the Imperial authorities to see that the rights of Canada were maintained.

The motion was unanimously adopted.

MORE DYNAMITERS.

Deeds of Demons in the Coke District.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., May 31.—Coke strikers made an attempt to-day to blow up a coal shaft at Davidson with dynamite, while four men were at work.

The charge of dynamite was thrown down the shaft, and exploded without injuring the men, although the sides of the shaft were damaged.

The workmen quickly ran from the mine when they were fired upon by four men. More than a dozen shots were fired, but none of them took effect.

The executive board of the miners association are now in session at Everson considering the strike. It is thought measures will be taken to secure a conference with the operators and that the strike will be settled.

Mrs. Grant at the Grave of Her Husband.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Early yesterday Mrs. Grant stood at the tomb of the hero Appomattox, and entering placed her personal token of flowers upon the steel casket within, though a narrow space filled with foliage. Hers was the only offering of blooming flowers. All else was heavy leaved and dark green plants. Then Mrs. Grant went away to her home not to be present when public should come to the services there.

Vetoed Again.

ALBANY, May 31.—Governor Hill has vetoed the Vedder high license bill, passed by the late legislature.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

To Increase Coast Defenses—Gabriel Dumont's Case.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 26.—[Special wire.]—For some time past a movement has been on foot in favor of the return to Canada of Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant in the Northwest rebellion, but his friends urged him not to leave the United States, as it was not known whether the amnesty of July, 1886, covered Dumont's case.

In an answer to an inquiry in Parliament, Mr. Thompson, the minister of justice, said that the amnesty extended to all persons who engaged in the Northwest troubles, excepting such as committed homicide, otherwise than in actual warfare. Continuing, he said that it must be within the knowledge of Gabriel Dumont whether his case was covered by the amnesty or not. The minister's reply provoked considerable laughter, but it left Dumont's friends in as much doubt as ever as to whether he would be unmolested if he returned to the Dominion.

The Dominion government will proceed forthwith to increase the defenses of British Columbia. A battery of artillery will be established at Esquimalt, near Victoria, and, with a view to making the corps thoroughly permanent, the Imperial authorities have been asked to send 100 men of the British army reserve to form a nucleus.

The fact that these men will be drawing pensions from the Imperial government will be a guarantee against desertion.

The name of the Canadian National Park in the Rocky Mountains has been changed to the "Rocky Mountain Park of Canada."

M'CABE'S ESCAPE.

The Pulpit Takes Up the Question and Censures the Officers.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., May 31.—It is now twelve days since James P. McCabe, the condemned murderer of Michael Reilly, who was to have been hanged on the 26th instant, escaped from the jail in which he was confined at Honesdale, Pa., and all efforts for the capture of the fugitive, though stimulated by the reward of $1,000 offered by Sheriff Medland, have proved fruitless.

It is pretty well established that a fund was raised by the murderer's friends to assist in his escape, and that some of these friends were on hand when he made his way out of the jail to spirit him away to his hiding place.

The public feeling of indignation over the murderer's escape found expression Sunday from the Honesdale pulpits, when all the clergymen dwelled upon the deplorable failure of justice that had occurred in their midst.

The conduct of Sheriff Medland and the two deputies who had the culprit in special charge on the night of his flight was vigorously and pointedly condemned as savoring of gross neglect of duty if not of actual complicity in the murderer's escape.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

The Southern Blood Failed to Cool and Death Resulted.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., May 31.—C. R. Jackson shot and killed Peter Frazier Saturday. The tragedy was the result of a quarrel of ten years' standing, when both men were living in Texas.

Frazier sold a bunch of cattle to Jackson and said he received in pay counterfeit money, and he demanded a return of the stock. Jackson denied the claim and accused Frazier of swindling and dealing in counterfeit money, of which charge Frazier was convicted and served five years in the penitentiary.

On being released he moved to New Mexico, where he came in contact with Jackson, and for years they have been watching for each other. Saturday they met and exchanged shots.

SHERMAN IN ILLINOIS.

The Ohio Senator to Talk to the Western Legislators.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Sen. John Sherman left for Springfield on the 8:40 train this morning over the Chicago & Alton road. He was met at the depot by a number of prominent citizens.

The Union League club had chartered a special train, which was elegantly fitted up, and made the journey of the Senator much more pleasant than it would otherwise have been.

Before reaching Springfield, it is expected that the special train will be met by Gov. Oglesby, Senator Cullom, the state officers and the reception committee appointed by the legislature, who left the latter city on an early morning train for that purpose.

The state party will board the special train and the entire company will resume their journey to Springfield. There Senator Sherman will be the guest of Senator Culiom. Senator Sherman will return to Chicago Thursday, and on the evening of that day a public reception will be tendered to him.

REFORMED EPISCOPALS.

The General Council Adjourns to Meet in Ottawa.

PHILADELPHIA, May 31.—The general council of the Reformed Episcopal church adjourned last evening to meet in Ottawa on the last Wednesday in May two years hence. The vote as between Boston and Ottawa for the place of the next meeting resulted in favor of the Canadian city by 26 to 22.

Before adjournment the committee on doctrine and worship recommended that the synod of Canada be permitted to formulate such version of the "Book of Common Prayer" of the church of England it may deem fitting, and submit such plan of revision of that book to the committee on doctrine and worship, the committee to report to the next general council. This was agreed to.

BEATS THE RECORD.

Lived One Hundred and Twenty-Two Years and Died with Measles.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 26.—[Special wire.]—Amy Avant (colored), working on the plantation of Maj. James Reaves in Marion county, died Tuesday, of measles, at the advanced age of 122 years. She was remarkably well preserved and retained all her faculties up to the time of her fatal illness, previous to which she claimed that she had never taken a dose of medicine.

During the last cotton-picking season she took her place regularly in the cotton fields and always performed a good days work. Her age is well attested by family records.

Cattle Quarantine.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—The commissioner of Agriculture has declared a rigid quarantine against Cook county, Ill.; the counties of Baltimore, Howard, Carroll, Prince and George, Maryland; West Chester, New York, Richmond, Kings, Queens, and Suffolk counties, in New York. These orders have been certified to the governors of all states and territories. To-morrow warnings will be given railroads against a breach of quarantine. Rewards have been offered for information leading to the detection of a violation of the quarantine regulations.

Cleveland in the Mountains.

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 27.—President Cleveland and party passed through this city at 9:40 this morning. A stop of a few minutes was made. President and Mrs. Cleveland appeared on the rear platform of their car in company with Collector Smalley, and were greeted with enthusiastic applause. The President made no remarks.

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FRENCH AFFAIRS.

The New Ministry Must Fall—De Freycinet the Next.

PARIS, May 31.—The refusal of Amiral Jaures to accept the office of minister of Marine is attributed to a conversation he had with M. de Freycinet, who told him that a cabinet headed by M. Rouvier must soon fall, and that when it did he (de Freycinet) would form a ministry himself which should include Admiral Jaures.

M. Barbey, the new minister of Marine, is a senator, and was formerly in the navy. His appointment is only provisional.

It is affirmed that although Gen. Ferron, the minister of war, will now preside at the coming fete at the opera house, which was looked forward to as a demonstration in favor of Gen. Boulanger, the latter still intends to be present, and in the uniform of a general. Anxiety is expressed lest his presence may result in some disturbance.

PARIS, May 31.—M. Rouvier's statement to the chamber of deputies of his policy, will be brief. He will urge financial reform and retrenchment. The new budget will be prepared in accord with the recent vote of the chamber. He will maintain the Goblet Cabinet's Military bill.

He will also announce the determination of the ministry to resign, unless they obtain a majority of the Republican votes in the Chamber.

Gen. Boulanger, upon retiring from the ministry of war, issued an order of the day thanking those who co-operated with him to place the country's defenses in a condition to stand any test, and urging the officers of the army to show devotion to their professional duties and fidelity to the constitution and laws.

In conclusion he says: "I shall be the first among you to give an example of both military and Republican discipline."

Gen. Ferron, upon assuming the duties of the war office, also issued an order of the day, in which he says: "I count upon the absolute devotion of all, and am confident that the various arms of the service will continue to resolutely progress.

"The armies which surround us continue to increase in military training, and for us to remain stationary would be a backward step which would seriously imperil the country's interests.

"Like my predecessors, I shall unremittingly pursue a policy of military reform, and shall devote my whole time to increasing the defensive forces of France.

The moderate republican papers cordially welcome the new ministry. The monarchist press receives it rather favorably, but the radical and independent papers are decidedly hostile.

The *Gaulois* says that demonstrations in favor of Gen. Boulanger are threatened in the Chamber of Deputies and at the military fete at the opera house to-night.

Affairs of Germany.

BERLIN, May 30.—When the Reichstag reopens, the government will be interpellated on the ukase of the czar prohibiting the purchase by foreigners of real property in the western provinces of Russia. The discussion is likely to raise the whole question of obnoxious new laws aiming at the suppression of Germans residing in Russia. The property ukase arouses a more intense anti-Russian feeling than the increase of the iron duties, or the threatened increase of the import duties on coal. The practical effect will be the ruin of a host of Germans unless they forswear their nationality. Foreigners, or the offspring of foreigners, must, after this week, sell their landed property to Russians and clear out of Russian territory. They cannot bequeath or surrender their property to other than Russians.

A similar measure is intended to apply to the property or business interests of aliens in town or country. While Russia is thus driving out German traders, and excluding German iron and steel, the Czar's financial minister appeals to German bankers for assistance. The sentiment of the country is becoming awake to pending negotiations between German syndicates and Russia for new loans. These include the last internal emission of 100,000,000 paper rubles. The next gigantic scheme is for the conversion of all the gold loans of the Russian Empire, amounting to 770,000,000 rubles. The Discount Company, with the Bleichroders and Mendelssohn have announced a new Russian 4 per cent. loan. Another minor scheme now attracting the attention of the Bourse is the issue of a loan of 2,500,000 rubles for the extension of the Moscow and Jaroslaff Railway. This activity in Russian financial affairs is producing increased confidence in Russian securities, and is exciting a tendency to war speculation, but popular feeling is likely to put a decisive check on the employment of German money in Russia unless the tariff and trading hospitalities are abated.

The English Alarmist Abroad.

LONDON, May 30.—Sir Charles Dilke's concluding article on European politics, which appears in the new *Fortnightly Review*, has created a veritable sensation. The alarmist statements contained therein are not new, but confirmed as they are by the highest continental and scientific and military authorities, they will doubtless make many converts to the views he expresses. The chief points of the article are embodied in the corroborated assertions of Mr. Dilke that the ports of England could easily be invaded by such a fleet as any first class foreign power could send against them. With the present means of defense Great Britain would be utterly powerless to prevent France and Germany from landing an overpowering force in the very heart of London. Moreover he says upon the same authority the British fleet would be unable to hold the Mediterranean against France without the assistance of Italy. He advises the government to make no attempt at retrenchment, but rather to hasten the inauguration of extensive reforms in the military, and naval systems, and to very largely increase the armaments at the various British fortresses and coaling stations.

Colin Campbell's Liabilities.

LONDON, May 27.—Lord Colin Campbell has consented to be placed in bankruptcy in accordance with the decision of the Bankruptcy court on the petition of the Duke of Marlborough. His liabilities are 9,000 pounds, including 6,000 pounds for costs incurred in prosecuting his divorce suit against his wife.

The Poles Agitated.

VIENNA, May 27. Three hundred telegrams have been received by Polish members of the Reichsrath imploring them to make an effort to persuade the government to protest against the Russian decree which forbids foreigners from acquiring landed property in Russian Poland.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, June 1, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Increase	$1,122,400
Loans—Increase	1,380,100
Specie—Decrease	683,400
Legal tenders—Increase	1,007,200
Deposits—Decrease	3,195,200
Circulation—Decrease	1,200

The banks now hold $5,779,600 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	May 31.	May 24.
4½'s coupons	110¾	110⅝
4's coupons	129½	129½
Pacific 6's of '95	126¼	126

New York Stock Market.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Noon.—Money is easy at 4½@5 per cent; bar silver, 95⅛. The stock market was moderately active at 11 o'clock, when the coal stocks became prominent for activity and strength. Advances, however, were for fractions only, and late in the hour the market became again quiet to dull and prices yielded small fractions. At noon the market is dull and rather heavy.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 93½; L. S., 97⅞; Pac. Mail, 55⅛; N. Y. C., 113⅝; D., L. & W., 139⅛; J. C., 81⅞; Erie, 34⅞; Erie 2d ex. c, 104¾; W. St. L. & P. —; do. pref. —; N. P., 32¾; N. P. p'f'd, 62½; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash., 68½; Texas Pacific, 34⅜; Union Pacific, 61⅞; Missouri Pacific, 110¼; C. S., 62⅞; Western Union, 77¾; Kansas & Texas, 32¼; C., B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; M. L. & W., —, L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac., —; Oregon Trans., 34¼; Omaha, 53⅜; Omaha pfd., 117; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, 94; Phila. & Read., 47; Del. & Hud., —; N. W., 125¾; St. P. & M., —; L. E. & W., —; L. E. W. pfd., 58⅞; Hocking Valley, 33½; New York & New England, 59¾; P., D. & E., 38½; Consolidated Gas, 85; Wabash, —; St. P. & D. —; Richmond T., 39½; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 63⅜c bid.

NEW YORK, May 31.—3:00 P. M.—The stock market was extremely dull but steady during the first two hours of the afternoon. Closed firm and strong when the best figures of the day were reached.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country during the past week was of fair proportions. The vollections have been fairly good.

THE MARKETS.

Markets a Little Lower.

At various points to-day the markets for wheat were lower, closing with a tame tone. At Chicago the clique holds June firmly. The exports from New York were large; elsewhere moderate. The showing of the visible supply was disappointing, the figures exhibiting an increase of 194,000 bushels. There is nothing in the situation to warrant a sharp improvement. The visible showing had a weakening tendency, and prices may show a reaction from to-day's figures at the noon sessions. Corn was dull.

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Toledo Grain Market.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, the market for cash wheat was active. Prices were a fraction lower but steady. No. 2 soft Red Lake Shore and Wabash 89¼c, ⅛@¼c lower respectively; No. 2 soft Red D. & M. and Union, 89c; No. 2 soft Red, 87¾c; No. 4 Red 84c; rejected Red 83c, Wabash.

For future delivery trade was fairly active in No. 2 red wheat. Prices a little lower.

	May	June	July.	Aug.
Sales to-day		57000	26000	117000
" yesterday		41000	115000	205000

Seller June, 88½@88⅝c, latter to close, ⅛c off; seller July, 86¾c, ⅜c decline; seller August, 85½c and finally 85⅜c, ⅛c depressed; seller December, 89¼c, ⅛c lower.

Cash Corn—But little done. No. 4, 40c. Oats and clover seed neglected.

AFTERNOON CLOSE: Wheat, June, 88⅝c bid; July, 86½c bid; August, 85⅜c, sales; December, 88⅝c bid, 89¼c asked. Corn—Cash, 39¼c bid, 39¾c asked; June, 38⅞c asked; July, 41¼ asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

There was an active market for all kinds of seasonable products this morning. Butter is plenty at prices given. Eggs hold well. Vegetables are getting more plentiful. Cucumbers sell at full prices. Potatoes, meats and salt steady. Prices are steady and about unchanged. Butter—Best quality, 15c; next quality, 13@14c. Eggs, 12c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; carlots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c; turkeys, 11c. Vegetables—Onions, $4.00 per barrel; cabbages, new, $3.75 per crate; cucumbers, 60c per doz.; asparagus, 5c per bunch; lettuce, 5c per pound; potatoes, 65@70c per bushel; new potatoes, $5.50 per bbl; radishes 20c per dozen bunches; strawberries, 12½c per quart; spinach, 20c per bu.; pie plant, 20c per doz; pineapples, $11 per 100; peas, $1.40 per bushel. Fresh meats—Beef, 6@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 7c; lambs, 7½c; calves per lb, 7@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.00. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Apples, per bu., $1.00; oranges, per box, $3.00 for Messinas; lemons, 20c per dozen $3.50 per box. Hides dull; green hides, 6c; heavy steers, 6½c; cured hides, 8c. Wool, 28c.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, May 31.—2:29 P. M.—Wheat—May, 88⅛c asked; June, 88¾c; July, 85⅞@86c. Corn—June, 37⅝c.

NEW YORK, May 31.—3:00 P. M.—Wheat—June, 96¼c asked; July, 95¾c bid. Corn—June, 46⅞c bid.

MILWAUKEE, May 31.—Wheat steady; cash 83⅞c; June, 83⅞c; July, 84⅛c. Corn dull; No. 3, nominal. Oats steady; No 2 white, 30⅛c. Rye steady; No. 1, 61c. Barley firm; No 2 at 58c.

KANSAS CITY, May 28.—Wheat weaker; No. 2 red cash, 72½c bid, 73¼c asked; June, 72½c bid, 73¼c asked; July, 74c asked. Corn steady; No. 2 cash, 32½c bid, 32⅝c asked; July, 33½c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 27c bid, 28½c asked.

DETROIT, May 31.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 88½c; Michigan red cash, 89½c; No. 2 red cash, 89c; June, 89c; July, 87c; August, 85⅞c; September, —c. Corn 41c asked. Oats—No. 2, 30c asked; No. 2 white, 32½c asked.

BALTIMORE, May 31.—Wheat—Western lower, closing weak; No. 2 winter red, spot, 95¾@96c; May, —c; June, 95⅛@95½c; July, 93⅝@93⅞c; August, 91¾@92c. Corn—Western lower and dull; mixed spot 45½@47c; June, 46¼@46¾c; July, 46½c bid. Oats steady and dull; western white, 36@39c; do mixed, 34@35c.

CHICAGO, May 31.—1:00 P. M.—Wheat—closed steady; cash, 88⅛c; June, 88⅛c; July, 85 9-16c. Corn easy; cash, 37¼c; June, 37¼c; July, 39c. Oats easier; cash, 25⅛c; June, 25⅛c; July, 26 7-16c. Rye at 54⅛c. Barley, nothing doing. Flax seed, $1 12½. Prime timothy seed, $ 82. Whisky, $1 10. Pork steady; cash and June, $23 50. Lard about steady; cash and June, $6 37½; July, $6 47½.

ST. LOUIS, May 31.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500 head; market is steady; natives, $4 40@4 60; butchers' steers, $3 60@4 25; Texans, $1 90@4 10. Hogs—Receipts, 20,000 head; market active and stronger; butchers', $4 80@4 95; packers, $4 70@4 85; Yorkers, $4 50@4 65; pigs, $3 75@4 45. Wheat—Market quiet and firm; No. 2 red cash, 89c; May, 89c; June, 86⅛c; July, 82½c; August, 82c. Corn—Market is quiet and firm; cash, 37@37⅛c; May, 37⅛c; June, 36¾c; July, 36⅞c. Oats—Market is dull and weaker; cash, 27½c; June, 26¾@26⅞c. Pork dull and lower at $15 00. Lard at $6 20. Whisky is steady at $1.05.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Wheat—Market ⅛c lower and heavy, with a fair speculative business; receipts, 618,676 bu; sales, 96,000 bu No. 2 red May, 96½c@96 15-16c; 1,224,000 bu do June, 96⅛@96 13-16c; 848,000 bu do July, 95¾@96 1-16c; 424,000 bu do August, 93¾@93⅝c; 496,000 bu do December, 95¾@96c. Corn—Market was ¼@⅜c lower and heavy; receipts, 193,250 bu; sales, 504,000 bu; mixed western spot, 46½@48c; do futures, 46⅞@49½c. Oats—⅛@¼c lower; receipts, 58,000 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; western, 34@41c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $8 00@8 50. Pork, firm; new mess, $16 00@16 25; old do, $15 25@15 50. Lard dul and lower; steam rendered, $6 80. Butter dull and declining; western, 12@18c. Eggs—western fresh, 12½@13c. Sugar steady; crushed, 6 1-16@6⅛c; powdered, 6@6 1-16c; granulated, 5¾c. Molasses quiet; 50 deg. test, 20½c. Coffee firm; fair rio, 20¾c; good do 21c; prime do, 21½c. Turpentine quiet at 36½c.

Live Stock Markets.

EAST LIBERTY, May 31.—Cattle—Market slow, 15@20c lower. Twenty-three thousands cars cattle shipped to New York to-day. Hogs—Market dull; Philadelphias, $5 10@5 15; Yorkers, $4 75@4 90; common and light, $4 50@4 75; pigs, $4 25@4 50. Twenty-two cars hogs shipped to New York to-day. Sheep—Market dull, 10@15c lower.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Hogs—Receipts, 16,000 head; market active and strong and 5@10c higher; pigs, $3 70@4 40; light, $4 50@4 80; rough packing, $4 60@4 80; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $4 80@5 10. Cattle—Receipts, 7,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3 75@4 65; canning and butchering, $2 30@3 80; stockers, $2 70@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; market steady; common to choice, $3 00@4 50.

KANSAS CITY, May 31.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,300 head; shipments, — head. The market was about steady. Sales of good to choice shipping at $4 00@4 25; common to medium, $3 50@3 90; stockers, $2 60@3 25; feeding steers, $3 30@3 85; cows, $2 00@3 65. Hogs—Receipts, 8,600 head; shipments, 1,000 head. The market opened strong, closing weak; sales of good to choice, $4 55@4 75; common to medium, $4 15@4 50; skips and pigs, $2 50@4 00. Sheep—Receipts, — head; shipments, — head. The market was firm; sales of good to choice, $3 00@3 50; common to medium, $2 00@2 75.

Philadelphia Wool Market.

Traffic dull; prices steady; stock light. Ohio X., fleece, 32½@33c; medium clothing, 37½c; pulled super, 32@32½c; pulled, fine super, 34c; pulled, choice fine super, 36c; pulled merino, 29c; pulled back, 27c; pulled, 28c; scoured defective, 49c.